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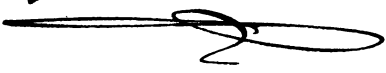
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Songs, Poems and Prose



John Wheaton Evans Tapper

Presented
to
Maggie, & Harry Brower
by
their loving Cousin,
John H. E. Vaguer.
May 18th 1898.
with
all good wishes.




Yours sincerely,
W. E. Lippin
t

Songs, Poems and Prose

BY

JOHN WHEATON EVANS TAPPER

AND

*DEDICATED MOST AFFECTIONATELY TO HIS DEAR
FATHER AND MOTHER*



PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION,
AND SOLD ONLY BY THE AUTHOR. PRICE EIGHT SHILLINGS NET; OR BY
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1897

[Entered at Stationers' Hall]



James Wilson
New Can. H. E. Sp.
1877

Songs Poems and Prose

JENNY VILLIERS STANS TAPPER

AND

**DEDICATED MOST AFFECTIONATELY TO HER MOTHER
FATHER AND BROTHER**



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DEDICATION.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I herewith dedicate and present you with a copy of the first edition of my first book, being fully persuaded that the pleasure it will give you in receiving the same will only be equalled by that which I experience in the giving.

Its contents have occupied spare intervals of my time during the past twelve years, and have been unto me a sweet source of interest and delight. Year by year the children of song and the yeomen of theology have come, bringing with them the materials wherewith I have built up this argosy of thought.

It is therefore with varied feelings of pleasure at a work accomplished, and of anxious solicitude respecting its future, that I now launch it forth on the ever restless waters of the sea of life.

God speed thee well, thou bonnie bark ! May thy cargo rejoice and bring comfort unto the hearts of many ! Time alone may reveal the fruits of thy voyaging, the ports thou shalt enter, the corsairs and the friends thou shalt meet, till cometh those days when, like some old wreck neglected and alone,—

Battered, bruised and broken,
From thy conflict with the ocean,—

thou liest on some unfriendly coast, given over to the mercy of the waves and resistless decay.

Perchance, e'en then thou mayest prove useful to kindle the fires of thought of some wayfaring discoverer, like as the wreckage of ancient ships full often maketh the winter fires of those who search the beaches.

That I might be able to complete and present you with a copy of this book ere the days of your earthly pilgrimage came to an end has throughout its compilation ever been before me, and has proved a very great incentive spurring me on towards that consummation. I therefore most heartily rejoice that in a year which is, and shall be regarded as, most memorable,—inasmuch that in it our beloved sovereign Queen Victoria (whom all loyal Britons revere and look upon as their national mother) completes the longest and most glorious reign in British history,—I can celebrate its publishing; and thus give to you and myself some special reason to for ever keep it in remembrance.

Situated in this quiet little country village, called, rather singular to say, after Bragi, the Danish god of poetry—for the ancient name of Brawby was Brage-bi, which means, the Bi or village of Bragi—the years have flown swiftly and not unhappily.

'Tis true I have often longed for beautiful Devon, and dear old Torquay, and Babbacombe, though Kirkdale, Lastingham, Rivaulx, Byland, and Kirkham have natural beauties and historical associations peculiarly their own; yet one of the chief and great wants of my heart has always been your loving presence and society, which have ever meant home for me.

For twelve years, like the swallows, I have journeyed southwards and spent my holidays with you. The homeward journey has invariably been bright and glad-some, and the welcome at the end of it worth the year's absence and a thousand journeys. Each mile, however, of departure, has been, as Goldsmith puts it, 'A length'ning chain.'

Ay, every year I feel it harder to leave you. Well do I remember my first leaving home. What a wrench ! What a breaking up of the family nest ! You going to the Scilly Isles, Maggie remaining at Babbacombe, and I journeying to London, with a feeling in my throat and a pang at the heart which were almost too much for me.

The incidents of that time are indelibly fixed on the tablets of our memories. Usually of a joyous and cheerful disposition, I do not think I spoke a dozen words throughout the journey, but kept thinking and saying to myself : ' I have no home now : I must make one for myself.'

Eighteen years have sped their flight since that eventful time of transplanting, and the home is not yet made, and God alone knows if ever it will be. I have, however, during this time fully realized the truth of that sacred saying, viz., ' A man's heart deviseth his way : but the Lord directeth his steps ' (Proverbs xvi. 9).

It is verily not in any man's power to do this, or to do that, as he desires. ' If God will ' is the lesson and motto which he learns from experience.

One other thing have I also learnt most thoroughly, and that is, with God's help alone, to be self-reliant,

and to put no reliance or confidence in the help of man. Truly wretched indeed is he who relieth on the favours of his fellow-men for sustenance or getting on in life. 'He that putteth his trust in man leaneth on a broken reed, that will wound the hand of him who clings to it for succour in the time of need.'

It is indeed far better and wiser to rely on God to help you through life, and, looking up to Him as your Father and Friend, to do your level best to get on. You can then rest assured that all will be well. The experience of God's children has proved this; for under such circumstances they have said with Abraham of old, 'Jehovah - Jireh,' and it has come to pass. David, another friend of God, also beareth witness of the same, saying: 'I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor His seed begging bread. In truth, God still governs the world, and blessed are all they who put their trust in Him.

One finds by experience that there are many acquaintances and many professing friends, but few real ones in this world. Of the few real friends which God has given me in passing through this wilderness, and for which I sincerely thank Him, I esteem you, my dear father and mother, to be the best.

I greatly rejoice that He who rules all things has spared us to each other up to the present, intact as a family, and with the blessings of health, right senses, natural and material comforts, and spiritual gifts.

When I reflect on these mercies, my very gratitude reproaches me for my utter unworthiness, whilst it extols the loving kindness, tender care, and infinite compassion

of that great Almighty and true friend of humanity to whom we, His children, taught by the Incarnation of Himself, look up and call, 'Our Father, which art in heaven.'

Every day and always I thank Him heartily for vouchsafing to us your dear lives. Who can estimate the effect of good parents on their children's future? The home training makes separately the man, the individual, and, collectively, the nation; insomuch that it has been truly and beautifully expressed that

' The hand that rocks the cradle
Rules the world.'

In that training, my dear parents, you have excelled by love, by example, and by precept; so that I can rise up and call you blessed.

Never did your fondness and love turn to foolishness by allowing me to have my way in everything;

But with reproof's strong hand
And counsels clear,
You trained my growing fancies
Year by year.

In thee, my dear father, I find amid thy many sterling qualities the attributes of true manhood. Thou art, as all who know and have known thee can testify, characteristically brave, lovable, and honourable.

As for thee, my dear mother, words fail me in expressing thy goodness of heart, thy patient gentleness, and thy pious, God-fearing, high principles. My father was blessed indeed when he married thee; and Maggie and I are thrice blessed in having you both.

We feel proud of you, and I gladly take this opportunity of confessing it, and proclaiming your worth to those who choose to read.

May the Almighty One spare your lives to us for many a year to come ! is the earnest desire and prayer of

Your ever-loving son,

JOHN W. E. TAPPER.

BRAWBY LODGE, BRAWBY,
PICKERING, YORKSHIRE, N.R.

December 8, 1897.

PREFACE.

LONGFELLOW, one of the sweetest of bards, thus sings :

' We want some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.'

If, happily, the following songs and poems may be considered as applicable to the above description, and by their influence they soothe the restless spirit, and bring peace unto the tired and careworn mind, then shall I indeed feel well content.

J. W. E. TAPPER.

BRAWBY LODGE,
December 8, 1897.

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QUEEN VICTORIA.

SOVEREIGN Lady !

Who for more than half a century
The sceptre of these Isles hath swayed,
I, with all true and loyal hearts,
Thee greeting give.
Since first thou cam'st, a blushing maid
Of eighteen summers, to the British throne,
How vast, how mighty, have the changes been !
In art, and science, power, and wealth,
The State hath grown,
'Neath thee its head ;
Our honoured Queen !

Thine Empire,
Like a rugged oak,
By boisterous winds
Tempestuous tossed and buffeted,¹
Hath strewn its British acorns
Far away in distant Lands ;

Queen Victoria

Where flourishing their rootlets spread,
Till some have grown to stately trees
Of vigorous life ;
Whose branches, blossoming
Full fair in every Sea,
Foretell to future far-off years,
One solid grand Confederacy,

Which shall eclipse
The states of Egypt, or of Rome,
Assyria's might, or Macedon ;
And, unlike them,
Shall remain a mighty power
To tell Posterity
How won the British Race,
Through colonization's skill,
A victory in every Clime,
O'er tribes and kingdoms,
Rude in Nature's strength,
Which shall endure
Throughout all Time.

Could Alfred hither stand,
How would his heart rejoice !
To view the Glory of thy Reign,
Thine high-souled purity of court,
Thy private and thy public life,
Unsullied by a single stain.

Thy sympathy and touch,
In all thy People's weal ;
Which loud proclaims thee to the World,
Far as the Saxon tongue can tell,
Or speech appeal,
A mother great in Israel !

Thou needest not the Roman Triumph,
Nor the palm of warlike conqueror,
For deep embalmed,
Within the hearts,
Of millions of Our Race,
Thy fragrant memory shall keep,
Together with thine early love ;
Whose fame with thine,
United, verdant, shall descend,
A legacy of nobleness,
Till History and Time,
Their course shall fully end ;
With every earthly honour,
Pomp and state ;—
Albert and Victoria,
The Wise, the Good, the Great !

AN ALLEGORY.

EVENTIDE, fair handmaid of the night,
Her twilight mantle had arrayed
With glories of departing day ;
Reflected o'er the purple hills
From clustered cloudlets rosy red,
Woven with amethystine hues
And gem-like links of living gold ;
As a tired, way-worn traveller
Drew nigh in his lone pilgrimage
Toward the place whereon once stood
A temple of the ancient Greeks ;
Its noble beauty famed far,
In many lands with wisdom's lore.
Now, so silently beautiful,
Abandoned to resistless decay ;
Its marble columns strewn around
In picturesque confusion ;
Each pencilled by the matchless hand
Of bygone centuries of time ;
Grown o'er with tangled woodbine,
And clustering reeds and roses.

Here, then, he paused, and sat him down
Upon the granite base of an Ionic shaft,
Whose marbled whiteness soared on high,

All veined and moulded exquisite,
Surmounted by its beauteous capital.
Like Pharaoh's daughter with her maids,
So stood this stately pillar mid its peers,
Soft white amid the Syrian blue ;
And seemingly did gaze upon the Youth below,
Who rested there beneath the cooling shade
Of ruined wall and buttress.
Wearied by the noontide heat,
And blinding glare of desert sands,
The soothing, strengthening freshness
Of this quiet spot amid the hills
Filled him with delicious feelings
Of tranquil peace and restfulness.

Birds of fairest plumage
Made resonant the air
With rills of melody,
As fluttered they
From spray to spray,
Or perched upon the ruins old.
While clinging and twining
Round the sculptured stone,
'Gainst which he wearily reclined ;
And mounting with its tendrils fair
Towards the sunny blue,
In fragrant festoons hung

An Allegory

The choice moss-rose of Chusistan,
Its knots and clusters blushing bloom,
Shedding aromatic incense round.
And by his side, seemingly
More delicately beautiful,
More exquisitely fragrant and fair
To the fancy of the youthful traveller,
Than all its mossy peers,
Nestled most confidingly
A fragile, fairy-like Rosebud ;
Bewitching in its purity
And graceful loveliness ;
Its rare aroma and gentle tenderness
Dispensing round a soothing charm
Of sweet, refreshing power,
Which brightened all the soul
And cheered the inward man ;
That made him strong again,
With glorious dreams of hope,
And thoughts of future days . . .
Lulled by the quiet calmness,
Tranquilly he fell asleep ;
Nor did he wake again
Until the golden eye of dawn
Peeped forth from aerial lattice,
Mid the eastern horizon ;
Smiling, blushing, soaring,

Mounting ever upward,
To its throne on high ;
Scattering round its ether way
The crimson garlands of the sky ;
Dispersing with its radiance
The misty shades of night ;
And brightening all the scenery
With golden waves of light ;
Kissing, too, the sleeper's eyes
With beams of happy morn ;
Awaking him to roam again
Across the dreary desert plain ;
To feel once more
The sultry noontide heat
On glowing sands,
O'er which the feet
Were goaded with a burning pain,
Till cooling shades of dewy eve
The western sky once more did weave,
With colours of departing day ;
That bade again him shelter seek,
Whilst moon and stars their vigils keep
All through the night with lustrous ray.

Reluctantly he disengaged
The dew-besprinkled tendrils
Of the charming floweret rare ;

Whose perfect form reposed at rest
Upon his breast with loving trustfulness ;
While sadly, firmly thus he spake :
‘Tis better thus to leave thee
In this thy home of beauty,
Rocked by the breathings of the wind,
To dreams of gentle innocence,
And by the smiles of morn caressed ;
Whilst murmuring bees around
Melodious make the balmy air ;
Than to take thee from thy parent stem,
Thou, the most endeared to them !
The tenderest, daintiest bloom of all !
And bring thee far away with me,
Mid scenes full rude
Of nature and of men.
Though shielded by my fondest care,
A bud so delicate, so rare !
Could ill endure the noontide sun,
Whose daily course has now begun ;
Its parching breath would quickly take
Thy life away, and rudely make
My life so sad and desolate,
That henceforth all my journey here
Would lonely hardship be severe ;
Then poor indeed my lot would be,
Who only now am rich in love,

When cast on such a lonely sea,
In dreary solitude to rove.'

Speaking thus, he upward stood,
And grasping firm his trusty staff,
He took a last, long look around,
O'er all the dear remembered ground ;
And by Providential chance once more,
Upon the winsome little flower
His eyes did rest ; and in them showed
Intense, unutterable love.
A tender, silent, sad farewell.
Then nobly turned away,
And disappeared along the path
Which led into the wilderness ;
Within his heart a secret fire,
A sweet pain unknown before ;
Delicious as the fragrant breath
That cometh with the early dawn,
Cheering him when faint and weary,
'Neath the trials of the desert,
'Neath the burning, sultry noontide ;
Re-invigorating his manhood,
By the sweet memory of a Rose.

Composed at Tresco, Isles of Scilly, in the old Coastguard Watch-house, during the month of April, 1884. It is one of my earliest attempts at Poetry, and therefore I value it on that account, and also for the associations producing and connected therewith.

THE FIGUREHEADS.

A LONG, low shed ; in front a lawn
Of level fresh-cut grass ; o'erhead
Old beams of oak and timbers rude,—
Whose cobwebs spoke of quietude,—
Mingled with the granite gray,
Whose hoary walls defy decay,
And have for ages stood.

From rocky eminence, beyond
The trees and close-cut lawn,
Tresco Abbey's towers look down,
O'er all the cultivated ground ;
And are mirrored in the Lake below,
Whose cooling waters slake
The thirsty creatures round.

Here, surrounded by the Sea,
Whose frolicsome waters laughingly
Roll up the sandy crescent bays,
And fall in curls of silvery sprays,
Upon the pebbly stones and land ;
Thence to retreat a joyous band,
And sound in murmurs far away,

We view in silent relic throng,
The victims of that murmur song :

Battered, bruised, and broken,
From their conflict with the Ocean ;
Here from the king his golden crown
The monarch billows hurled ; and wound
Him mid their misty motion.

The warrior, too, whose sturdy form
Had often pressed against the storm,
Now with the monk in garments free,
Repose together silently ;
And jolly tars in blue array,
With pretty lasses bright and gay,
Rest ever by the Sea.

What visions do these conjure up !
Of joy and sorrow in life's cup ;
Here a thousand workmen kneel,
And rivet home the mighty keel
Of some huge Ship. Then, one day,
With banners bright and emblems gay,
She from the stocks doth steal.

Whilst deafening cheers on either side
Proclaim the Ocean has his Bride ;
Then soon, with sails well set and trim,
As a white swan upon the wing,
The good ship leaves the harbour's mouth,
And takes her way toward the South,
With kind, brave hearts within.

The Figureheads

Years speed away, but to that port
From whence she went in beauty forth,
She ne'er has come again ;
To soothe the orphans' weary pain,
With favour of a father's smile ;
And win them for a little while
From poverty's strong reign.

Perchance, for days all things went well,
And every heart was light ; but who can tell
Or did the chill sea fog, old Ocean's rime,
Envelop her with shadows grime ?
Till suddenly from out that gloom
A vessel cleft them to their doom,
Within ten minutes' time.

None reached the Shore from off that Wreck,
Nor stepped again another deck ;
Now, only an Old Figurehead
Remains in memory of her dead,
Who sleep beneath the sounding Sea,
In quiet calm as tranquilly
As those on downy beds.

Others struggled mid the foam,
Where the stanch *Schiller* found her home ;
Those rugged rocks of dark gray form,
Round which the billows and the storm

Do love to dash and madly play,
Casting high the glistening spray,
Have witnessed sights forlorn.

Sights most piteous to behold,
Immovable, stern, solid, cold,
Those rocks have seen, and loudly heard,
Above the storm and scream of bird,
The cry that comes in agony
From some poor soul despairingly
Struggling on with hope deferred.

But why thus dwell on sight and scene?
Such fearful nightmares of life's dream;
They struggled with the wild sea-foam
In death's cold agony alone;
Yet now, we trust, in peace they rest,
Beneath the Ocean's heaving breast,
And breakers' hollow moan.

Their lives were as the grains of sand,
Tossed by the waves upon the Land;
Upon Eternity's dim shore,
Where many millions gone before,
Do rest them from the ills of life,
With all its struggles, all its strife
A silent, peaceful band.

The Figureheads

Thus, too, our years are passing on,
As shadows on the hills, then gone
For ever from this World of Pain ;
Say, shall we ever meet again,
Where storm-winds ne'er assail,
And cause the cheek of health to pale,
With death upon the Main ?

Farewell, Old Relics of the Deep !
Your silent ranks do ever speak
Of many a Ship and her brave Crew
That sailed the World of Waters blue
Long years ago ; and say in words,—
The echoes of the distant surge,—
Ye are sailing onward too !

In a shed in the gardens of Tresco Abbey, Scilly Isles, are a collection of Old Figureheads of Ships wrecked and lost around the Isles, and from the feelings evoked at the sight of these battered and Silent Relics of the Deep I composed this Poem in the Coastguard Watch-house, May 21-22, 1884, whilst on a visit there.

THE CLIFF.

'Twas Eve, and the blushing Sun
His crescent course had duly run ;
Reflected clouds of varied hue
Their tinted shadows changing threw
Athwart the rippling waters.

Seated 'neath a mighty Cliff,
Whose aged and giant form was lift
High toward that heavenly throng,
Which sailed in radiant garb along
The peaceful Evening azure,

I viewed its rugged beauty,
Stern as a Sentinel on duty !
Lifting high its hoary form ;
Breasting both the Calm and Storm,
Bearing each with dignity.

As Gibraltar, Guardian of a Sea ;
Well garrisoned by Britons free,
Presenting stern thy face to Ocean,
And within, all animated motion,
So art thou, Old Cliff, to me.

Thy shadow falls upon the Deep
Which sleeps so gently at thy feet.
It seems as if thine Enemy,
Who 'gainst thee wars incessantly,
Had tired, made a peaceful truce.

Father of a wild and lonely scene
Thou for Centuries hast been.
Oft sheltered by thy soaring height,
Through sultry day and wintry night
Weary flocks by thee find rest.

The Cliff

Around thy old red sandstone face
The swallows swift each other chase ;
Or from within a niche of stone,
Where safely rests their little home,
Look boldly down, secure from man.

Confiding here on dizzy ledge
Grown o'er with lichens, moss, and sedge,
The rockdove builds her nest ;
And with gray-headed daws doth rest
Calm, trusting in thy shelter.

Here rabbits, too, find safe retreat
From hounds and foes they dare not meet,
And swarms of wild bees safely hive ;
In fact, the Old Cliff seems alive—
For timid ones a happy home.

Young hazels cluster'd here and there,
An emerald beauty mid the air,
Adorn thy sheltered rifts,
Kind Nature's sturdy gifts,
To decorate thy sterile frame.

Here oft the throstle pours its lay ;
Perched on some budding hawthorn spray,

His song bursts forth from that high chair,
Flooding all the ambient air
With glorious waves of melody.

And nestling in thy shadowy nooks
The early primrose shyly looks
From out its rocky, airy cell
Upon the yet uncovered dell
Where roams the truant schoolboy,

Who looks at it with longing eyes,
To secure it vainly tries ;
Views the dewdrops in its cup—
Again essays to clamber up,
And fails him as before.

Out nigh the distant horizon,
Where lingers yet the parting Sun ;
White sails glance in the Evening ray
Like phantoms of the dying day
Now so calmly stealing onward.

Oh, rugged Monarch, stern and lone !
Thou art the fortress, and the home
Of timid ones ; a mighty tower,
When deadly dangers darkly lower ;
Impregnable security !

With one more gaze, Old Cliff, at thee ;
Thou hoary warrior by the Sea !
I, too, will seek my Home, and rest,—
As wearied birds, their sheltered nest,—
Comfort there to find, and Charity.

The Cliff here referred to is that at the east end of Oddicombe Beach, Babbacombe, where I have often spent many a happy hour, both as a boy and as a man.

THE SWALLOW.

HAIL, beautiful Herald of Spring !
Telling that Winter is gone ;
With joy I behold thee again,
And list to the charm of thy song.

When Youth with curls entwined my face,
And beam'd from either eye,
With boyish glee I lov'd to trace
Thy wand'rings through the Sky.

Now flitting like a silver flash,
With breast of white display'd ;
Anon, a quick, a sudden dash,
A darker hue betray'd.

Now lost to view in mazy dance,
Afar from human sight ;
Then swift returning, as a glance
Shot from the realms of light.

While thus about in airy ring
Ye frolic all day long
Upon your swift, untiring wing,
And warble forth your song.

While ye each other quickly chase
Through ambient fields of air ;
What bird can beat thee in that race,
Or with thee e'en compare ?

Then skimming o'er the meadows green,
All deck'd in Summer's pride,
With suit of gold and silver sheen,
Meet for the river's bride.

Or else beneath the ivied bridge,
Where broken waters play,
All through the arches, and the ridge,
In gleams of silver spray.

There thou the Fisher dost beguile,
As o'er the River's brink
He sees thee brightly skim awhile,
Where cattle love to drink.

The Swallow

Or glancing with a sportive wheel
Athwart the water's breast,
Thy dusky pinions noiseless steal
Thee onward to thy quest

Of merry insect tribes, who sing
In murmurs all day long,
Till suddenly thy flashing wing
Betokens their last song.

Then, too, the Schoolboy wond'ringly
Regards thy mud-built nest
Of curious, cunning masonry
Hang 'neath the eaves at rest.

Thus Youth and Age are pleas'd with thee,
Bird of the wand'ring wing,
That comes to us so reg'larly
Each fresh returning Spring.

THE GOLDEN BAR.

THE Golden Bar by Menavarre
Is clad in robes of silvery white
Of foaming waves, that wildly rage
Through darkness of the night.

The Golden Bar by Menavarre

Is wrapt in clouds of snowy spray ;
As billows hoarse roll on their course
Throughout the stormy day.

The Golden Bar by Menavarre

Shouts with a thousand lions' roar ;
When lightnings flash and thunders crash
And storm-waves dash upon the shore.

The Golden Bar by Menavarre

Reposes, calm, serene, and free ;
When the little boat doth quietly float
On the breast of the sleeping Sea.

The Golden Bar bears up the spar

Of ships long lost in Neptune's swell,
Whilst screaming loud the seagulls crowd
To feast on the tinted barnacle.

The Golden Bar betokens war ;

When line on line the waves decline,
All tinged with red, to their Ocean bed
Like leaves in Autumn time.

The Golden Bar reflects the Star

When the Moon smiles on the deep ;
And tranquilly the sounding Sea
Is rocked by gentle winds to sleep.

The Song of the Waters

The Golden Bar is heard afar
When due Northwards blows the wind ;
And billows rude, a multitude,
Their favourite playground find.

O, Golden Bar ! thy waters are
A type of Death's great Mystery ;
For past their roar the Golden Shore
Lies ever calm and peacefully.

The original is a range of submerged rocks near the huge giant rock called Menavarre, to the north of the Island of Tresco, Scilly Isles, Cornwall. Here, during calm weather, the Fisher's boat may frequently be seen, for the place has many advantages preferred by pollack and other fish. In rough, stormy weather, however, the scene is completely changed ; then, the stanchest Ship that ever sailed the Seas, or braved Old Ocean's gales, would, if caught upon the Bar, be but the plaything of the giant billows which roll onward in stately grandeur, line on line, towards it, and then with tremendous roar, heard for miles around, tumble over, and break into a leaping, tossing, seething, chaotic mass of white boiling waters. This may truly be considered one of the Sights of Scilly, and one that those who have seen it will always remember.

THE SONG OF THE WATERS.

ONE Eve beside the Village Brook I stood
With face towards the West,
Whilst lovely hues of sunset fell
Athwart its peaceful breast.

Like poet's dream,
The glorious scene
Was mirrored on my soul.

The Heavens were as a tinted lawn
Of blossoms, rich and gay ;
Reflected from that border land
Beyond the Gates of Day.
So fair amid the blue !
So fresh of every hue !
It thrilled me through with rapture.

The little Village nestling mid the trees
Did ever and anon
Send forth, resounding to the breeze,
The fragments of a song ;
Or urchins shout
As in and out
They frolicked on the Green.

And in the Meadows fed the kine,
Or stood in thoughtful mood,
Upon the banks in placid line,
Of tranquil quietude ;
A lesson to
The babbling crew
Of discontented men.

The Song of the Waters

The screaming peewit wheeled o'erhead
In well-assumed alarm,
As zealously it strove to guard
Its speckled eggs from harm :
And at my feet
In echoes sweet
Rolled on the Murmuring Brook,

Singing, like the Waves upon the Shore
When peaceful is the Night ;
And on the waters shines the Moon
With mystic, silv'ry light ;
Whilst up the Sands
In joyous bands
The shadowy breakers roll.

Telling of the Meadows and the dark blue Hills
In lonely beauty far away,
Where from a mossy, rock-hid spring,
Throughout the live-long day,
Like virgin's tear,
So cool and clear,
Its waters drop in crystal spray.

Of willows casting flickering shades
Upon the flowing tide ;
Concealing deep, dark, curious pools,
Where grayling love to hide,

And here await
The tiny bait
The current brings to them.

Of silent, shadowy bends, o'er-arched
By avenues of trees ;
Where oft the kingfisher doth flit
His finny prey to seize,
His colours bright,
A pretty sight,
To charm the eye and please.

Of steep, o'er-hanging, lofty bluffs
Well pierced with many holes ;
Where colonies of martins dwell,
And troops of water-voles.
Where wild bees hive,
And otters dive
Or swim among the shoals


Of pebbly flats in channels wide,
With coves and sandy reaches,
Where oft the lonely heron hies
To wade along the beaches.
Where like a flash
His beak doth dash
On minnows, snails, and leeches.

Of grassy banks all daisy pied,
Or thick with weeds o'er-grown,
Where frequently with skilful cast
The angler's fly is thrown
To fish which rise
To take the prize
But gain the hook alone.

Of shelving places, where the meadows slope
Away toward the brink ;
Where merry lambkins often play
And cattle love to drink ;
While on the tide
Bright bubbles glide
Like fancies in the Lives of Men.

Of sandy ledges where the minnows crowd,
And water-wagtails play ;
Of half submerged oaken stakes,
The haunts of pike by day ;
A moss-grown pier,
Where year by year
The shepherd cleans his flock.

Of calm, clear pools, reflecting trees and sky,
Bridged over with a plank,
Where blue-backed swallows love to fly
With many a sportive prank ;



On lightsome wing
Quick circling,
And keen, bright, wandering eye.

Of rapids, where the rushing waters whirl
In eddies round and round,
O'er shallow banks of rugged clay,
A bloodless battle ground !
Then clear as glass
They swiftly pass,
To gain the distant Sea.

All dashing, and flashing, the feathery spray,
To crystals as pure as pearl ;
Then rippling on with a soothing song
And many a wavy curl ;
Whilst round about
The lusty trout
Quick snatch the straggling fly.

Thus onward moves the Sparkling Brook
With waters all alive ;
Its glassy, liquid flowing stream
Bears on its moving tide
Cresses green, and weeds,
Flowers, buds, and reeds,
The fringes of its borders.


The Song of the Waters

Past cot and farm, through vale and dell ;
 Winding like a silken cord
Through ravines, where the red deer dwell
 Beside the forest ford ;
 Where hawthorn wild,
 The woodland's child,
Delights the eye with bloom.

Where trailing honeysuckles wind their stems
 Around the trees and rocks ;
While in the sheltered, shadowy bends
 Grow sweet forget-me-nots
 Of starry hue
 And deep, dark blue,
Bright groups of silent beauty.

Past reeds and rushes, where the duck,
 The coot and water-hen
Oft find a shelter for themselves
 From prying eyes of men ;
 And rest secure,
 Though still endure
The sounds of dog and gun.

By mill and weir, with bridge and pier,
 Across the foaming tide ;
Where mosses rank adorn the bank,
 And ferns both tall and wide.



Where turning round
With joyous sound
The mill-wheel churns the tide.

In small, tumultuous cataracts
Of waters white and strong ;
Whose rushing, leaping, bounding waves
Are full of life and song ;
As on their course
They murmur hoarse
Throughout the livelong day.

So ever on, and deep'ning as it goes,
A tributary bright,
The Brooklet to the River flows,
There closely to unite
In bonds for ever
Which none can sever,
Save He who made us all.

And thence toward the Mighty Sea,
Whose billows evermore
Proclaim that future Vast Eternity
Beyond this Earthly Shore,
Where weary rest
Amid the blest,
And God alone doth Reign.

The Song of the Waters

That Night again amid my Dreams

I saw the Streamlet glide ;

And heard again as distant bells

The music of its tide ;

To rise and swell

As an Ocean shell

Re-echoes the surges of its home.

It spoke to me of a gladsome time

In years long, long ago ;

When Boyhood's rosy morning prime

With Youth was all aglow ;

And free from care,

And swift as hare,

I bounded like the Brooklet's flow.

How soon those happy Schoolboy Days flew by !

Full well do I remember ;

Till eagerly I longed to cast

The ties of School asunder ;

But now, alack !

I wish them back,

With all the Master's Thunder.

Then came the Maiden whom I loved

With eyes of winning glow ;

And glossy, beauteous, blue-black hair,

Like bloom upon the sloe.

She won my heart,
But oh, the smart !
Death claimed her for his own.

Then sought I in the World's broad Battlefield
To win a share of Fame,
And write on Time's deep-dinted Shield
The lustre of my name.
And thus remove
The pangs of Love
By hard Work and Renown.

Alas, alas ! as Time sped by,
I found no Comfort there ;
But only Schemes and Vanity,
Which made the Heart despair
And left me lone—
Yea, all alone
Among my Fellow-men !

Yet onward still this Course of Life
Through varied Scenes doth run
Toward that Heav'nly land of Rest
Beyond the Setting Sun.
Already to mine ear
In accents sweet and clear
The music of that Land is sung.

Composed at Brawby, July, 1885. The Rye and Seven are the
Rivers from whence the various Scenes are taken.

THE EVENING BREEZE.

SWEET messenger of Eve !

I love thy soft caress,
As Daylight, loth to leave,
Still lingers in the West.

I love thy gentle Song ;
As through the Country lanes,
Thine anthems peal along ;
With fragrance of the plains.

Thy breath is nectar sweet,
Like honey from the bee ;
Borne on thy pinions fleet,
From mountain, moor, and lea.

'Tis sweet to hear thee pass
O'er rocky Cliffs at Night ;
Making music mid the grass,
That crowns their rugged height.

With wondrous soothing sound,
And lonely wild refrain ;
Thine airy chariots bound,
To join the restless Main.

There, filling with thy gale,
Upon the starlit Sea,
The white and rustling sail,
Of many an Argosy

Which rest upon the Bay,
Like Seagulls fast asleep,
Whilst moonbeams round them play,
And sportive billows leap.

Anon amid the Pines
That skirt a mountain road,
Whose rugged pathway winds
By many a lone abode,

Thy minstrel Song is heard,
Deep, vigorous, and free,
Fresh as the Carol of a bird
And full of Melody.

Thy voices are like Friends
Lost in the long ago ;
Whom Heaven kindly sends
To woo us from our woe.

I feel their soothing thrill
All through my being leap,
Bright as the sparkling rill,
Strong as refreshing sleep.

Thus thou dost cheer me on,
Breath of the Evening wind,
Till weariness is gone,
And care is left behind.

THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

FRIEND, wouldst thou hear me speak
Of one I love full well ;
Then listen to my verse,
As I the Story tell.

A little Village nestling down
Amid a Yorkshire dale ;
A rural Cottage near the Beck,
The centre of my Tale.

Its walls are cob of ancient date,
The roof is thatched, and green
With lichens, moss, and waving grass,
And house-leeks up between.

Low is the door with wooden latch,
And trellis-work around ;
Where oft mid shadow of the porch
The owner's seat is found.

When Summer days are warm and fair,
And bees go humming by ;
And like a blossom flits along
The beauteous butterfly ;

When garden plots are all aglow
With wealth of fragrant flowers,
And clustering roses bud and blow
Through all the balmy hours ;

Then, with a Homer on his knee,
Or book of Holy Writ,
Beneath the shadow of the porch
He loveth oft to sit.

But when stern Winter wraps the earth
With many a snowy fold ;
And days are short and nights are long,
And winds are fierce and cold ;

He seeks the shelter of his cot,
The comfort of his chair ;
And whilst the Winter wars without,
A Summer's peace is there.

There glows the ruddy fire of peat,
A kettle swings above ;
A cat lies sleeping on the hearth,
And everything is snug.

The Old Schoolmaster

Dark shelves of oak hang on the walls,
Replete with golden store
Of brilliant Authors long since dead,
And Greek and Latin lore.

Behind a Screen of antique make,
That cuts the room in two,
And where the tiny window-panes
Permit a distant View,

There oft you'll find my Worthy Friend,
As speeds the day along,
Conversing with the Ancient Bards
In lays of glorious song.

A tall Old Man with silver hair,
And cheeks like apples red ;
With honest eyes of tender blue,
That o'er his face doth shed

A lustre of the Olden Days,
In years long, long ago,
When with his Sunny Youthfulness,
His soul was all aglow.

When in the old Cathedral School
He taught the growing Youth
To conjugate, decline, construe,
With judgment and with truth.

But now his Teaching Days are done,
His Friends have passed away ;
Of those he made in Manhood's Morn,
Scarce one remains to-day.

Like ripe Fruits drop from off a tree,
He saw them one by one
Fall from the Tree of Life away ;
They ripened and were gone.

And now he loves to contemplate
On those whom once he knew ;
And trusts that the Great Architect
Those Friendships will renew.

I often went to visit him
Towards the Close of Day,
When Evening tints were in the West,
And all the Sky was gay.

There would I stand and look awhile
Before I entered in,
And view the Old Man in his chair—
A picture for a king.

Upon his brow the golden light
Of Eventide did play,
And in his Eyes the Light of Heaven
Was brighter than the Day.

It seem'd like Sacrilege to break
Those Meditations deep ;
Those Glorious Dreams of Happiness,
From thoughts profound and sweet.

Yet would my shadow on the wall
Oft catch his eyesight dim ;
A sudden turn, a winsome smile,
He bade me enter in.

Then he would talk of Shakespeare,
And of the works sublime ;
Of Plato, Aristotle, Milton,
Colossi for all Time.

Anon, my Faith was strengthened
'Gainst sceptic doubts and fears,
When in the simplest language,
His eyes suffused with tears,

He told how God had kept him
Through many an evil hour,
When Satan hurled about him
The vigours of his power.

And how a sweet Communion,
A sacred, holy Joy ;
A Peace that passeth utterance,
A Bliss without alloy,

Had long been his through Trust in Him,
So often light esteemed ;
Who from all base and worldly thoughts
His heart had gently weaned :

And knit His Presence there instead
With binding cords of love,
To whisper as the passing breeze,
Of perfect Life above.

Thus far removed from busy Towns,
From turmoil, vice, and din,
He lived amid the Country fields
A life that few can win.

He breathed the Air so fresh and pure
From meadow, moor, and lea ;
He heard the Thristle pipe its song
With voice of melody.

All Nature was his Open Book,
And spoke to him of God ;
He saw Him in the starry height,
And in the dewy sod.

He heard Him in the rustling breeze,
The thunder and the rain,
When brooklets swell to roaring seas,
And desolate the Plain.

The Old Schoolmaster

And thus he shrined Him in his heart,
And every Day drew nigh
Toward that Land where none need part,
Eternal in the Sky.

The original of this Poem is Mr. William Bogg, of Brawby. He was formerly Assistant-Master in Rochester Cathedral School, and afterwards at the Grammar School, York ; then with a Mr. Naggs, a well-known and respected Master of a School at Scarborough ; and, finally, for a short time he took charge of the Brawby School previous to its coming under Government Inspection. The old gentleman is hale and hearty, though ninety years old, and, with the exception of Hearing, has the use of all his Faculties. He is a sincere Christian, and I would there were many such. He is a splendid Greek and Latin scholar, and is fond of Reading and Translating his favourite Authors in these Languages. He also loves to make Copies of Engravings, and with a common blacklead pencil can wonderfully imitate them. The Bible and the Poetry of British Bards are also beloved by him. I often go and have a chat with him, writing down on a slate what I wish to say. This Poem was composed at Brawby, March 8-13, 1886, since which time Mr. Bogg has died—September 23, 1893, aged ninety-one. I happened to be at Babbacombe at the time having my Holidays.

SNOWDROPS.

SNOWDROPS, with your Snow-white Bells,
All nodding in the Wind ;
How beautiful amid the dells
Thy fairy forms we find !

While yet the keen, cold wintry Gale
Re-echoes wild and shrill,
From many a sere and leafless Vale,
And barren lonely Hill.

Each speaking of returning Spring,
And death of Winter keen ;
When feathery minstrels sweetly sing,
And every copse is green.

Fresh growing by the Hawthorn Hedge,
Bright clust'ring in a row ;
Thou dost its dark-brown colour edge,
With line of virgin snow.

Sweet peeping by the Cottage Door,
Or in God's Acre lone,
Where rest alike the rich and poor,
Known only by a stone.

Fair Emblem of a Life to come !
A Life of joy and love,
When these our Earthly Days are done,
In the Sunshine of God's Love.

Dear Snow-flowers of our Youth,
Would we were Pure as thou !
Then Innocence with Love and Truth
Would smile upon our brow.

INSCRIPTION FOR A DIAL.

VITA similis est umbrae
Supra horologium coniecta ;
Nox tandem venit,
Dies nobis consumpta est ;
Ecce umbra est fugita !

TRANSLATED.

LIFE is like the Shadow
Upon a Dial thrown ;
Night comes at length,
Our Day is spent ;
Behold, the Shadow's flown !

Composed about the year 1888, and translated for me into Latin by
dear old Mr. William Bogg, who was then alive.

AN INCIDENT.

ONE wild, rough day in March,
When winds piped loud and long,
I sauntered forth amid the Fields
To listen to their Song ;
And view Dame Nature in her mood,
As roared the Tempest by ;

As quickly sped the louring clouds,
 In fragments thwart the Sky.
The woodland trees and hedges bare
 Sang like an organ loud,
As to the Fury of the Storm
 Their rugged branches bowed.
The rooks in circles flew about
 Their lofty, Airy Town,
And clamoured loudly as each gust
 Brought fresh disaster down.
Whilst driving on the Drifting Gale,
 Like Seaboat on the Sea,
A Seagull as a snow-white sail
 Was seen alternately
To wheeling rise, mid the frowning Skies ;
 Or turn against their might ;
As some brave soul, with courage whole,
 Will battle for the Right.
Quite shelter'd by an Hawthorn Hedge,
 The growth of many years,
I mused upon the Lives of Men,
 Their joys, their griefs, their fears.

While thus in Contemplation sweet
 I walked to and fro,
Another Isaac in the Fields !—
 Among the Thorns I saw

A speckled Redwing stiff and stark,
With wings expanded wide,
And o'er its head the life-blood red
Had deep its feathers dyed.
It seemed as if the wounded bird,
Struck by the deadly shot,
Had hither flown instinctively
To die and be forgot.
Poor feathered Child of Innocence !
Dear nursling of the spray !
Thy little Life so beautiful,
How quick it passed away !

Perchance beneath a lofty Pine
In a Norwegian wood,
Which tow'ring mid its fellows high
A kingly Chieftain stood,
Thy parents built their Humble Nest
Beside the dark blue fiord,
And there through Days of Helplessness
Thy downy form they reared.
Those days were Happy Days indeed
When with thy brothers Three,
Through the dim expanse of Grand old Wood
Ye sported merrily.
Then came the Winter cold and stern,
When thou wert forced to flee,

To seek a refuge in Our Land,
And cross the wild North Sea.
Then, as the weary months sped round,
And Spring came budding by,
No doubt ye thought of Home again,
But thou wert doomed to die.
To die away in a Foreign Land
Mid an English hedge of Thorn,
Far from thy Home and the old Pine-tree
In the Wood where thou wert Born.

How many in that splendid Flock
That crossed with thee the Main,
Shall safe return to the Northern Woods,
And rear their Broods again ?
Some perished in the billowy Sea,
Some sank beneath the Snow ;
Whilst others fell by the Sportsman's gun,
That Instrument of Woe !
Their bodies now perchance may be
A mass of bleaching bone ;
Full often found in the Fields around,
Or on the Hilltops lone.
But a kindly hand shall lay thee by
In a Mossy Grave to rest,
Beneath the Shadow of the Thorns,
With a turf upon thy breast ;

Where often shall the Birds at Morn,
And at the Close of Day,
Pour forth their Carols ripe with joy,
Perched on some bending spray.

Thy fate's an Emblem of our Own,
For many we loved well
Have gone across the Ocean's foam
In other Lands to dwell ;
Urged thither, too, by pinching Want
Keen as the Winter wind,
They voyaged thither long ago,
And left old ties behind.
But yet the Home of early Youth
Will never be forgot,
Through all the Changing Scenes of Life,
Whatever be their Lot ;
To them One Cot will ever be
The Fairest Gem on Earth ;
It is away across the Sea,
In the Land which saw their Birth.
Their memory loves to conjure up
Those years of long ago ;
When round their own dear cottage door
They frolicked to and fro.
A Father's manly voice was there,
A Mother's tender love,

A Sister's winsome innocence,
As guileless as a dove ;
And many a sweet, domestic joy,
And many a loving word,
Within the Radius of that Home
They oft have seen and heard.
Some may return as Birds in Spring,
Rich with a Golden Store ;
Yet some there are who ne'er again
Will tread their Native Shore.
They perished mid Atlantic waves,
And sank beneath its foam ;
Whilst others sank mid Forest trees,
Or on the Prairies lone.
And some there were, with loving care,
In Churchyards laid to rest,
With fragrant wreaths of flowerets fair
Reposing on their breast.
There sing the birds amid the trees,
A sweet, harmonious sound ;
Rocked by the breathings of the breeze
Which softly breathes around,
There let their Mortal Bodies rest
Beneath the dewy sod ;
Their Spirits are, we calmly trust,
In Paradise with God.

THE PRIMROSE.

DEAR, winsome little Primrose !
Sweet Pioneer of Spring !
How many are thy varied Charms !
To captivate and win.

On Cliffs and Banks of withered Grass,
Rocked by the passing wind ;
With hoar-frost veils around thee cast,
Thy dainty forms we find.

In dark-brown Woods and Country Lanes,
By Hedgerows rough and bare ;
In clustering groups of Golden Stars,
Thou bloomest Everywhere.

Oft bright with gems of Morning dew,
Thou liftest up thine head,
Amid a nest of crinkled leaves,
Like emeralds round thee spread.

Or bravest all the nipping Gale,
Whilst bending to its breeze,
As doth a Snow-white lateen Sail,
Upon the Eastern Seas.

The sportive Lambkin kisses thee,
A creature, too, of Spring ;
A little Stranger of the Fields,
He gives thee welcoming.

When Childhood's happy Innocence
Smiled on my brow serene,
I loved to rove through Budding Grove,
And by the Sparkling Stream.

And oft delighted would I pause,
Thy golden crowns to view ;
A sunny Group of fragrant Flowers,
As fair as ever grew !

For when reflected on a Stream
Like Stars upon the Sea,
Your silent eloquence of Speech
Spake forth exquisitely,

Of One who by His matchless skill
Could give Such Beauty birth ;
Could at the Dictates of His will,
Thus beautify the Earth.

And thus through thee, thou Springtide Flower,
Tell as the Seasons roll,
Of Heaven and Resurrection bright ;
The Future of the Soul !

Composed at Brawby, April 7-8, 1886, after seeing the Primroses in
the Woods near Kilburn and Stonegrave.

WE PLOUGHED THE FIELD TOGETHER.

You see yon Field of Golden Grain
Away amid the trees,
Whose million stalks of rich ripe wheat
Are bending to the breeze ?
We Ploughed that Field together !
Old Ben, young Jim, and I ;
We walked our Teams each after,
And whistled merrily.

Old Ben, he'd lived with Master
For over thirty year ;
The Old Folks knew his sterling worth,
The Young Folks thought him queer ;
For Ben he was a Preacher Chap,
A sort of Methody,
And many were the taunts and laughs
He bore most patiently ;
For said he often unto us,
When we were full of mirth :
' My Saviour did much more for me
When He was here on Earth.'

We Ploughed the Field Together !
'Tis now nigh thirty year !
The Morning Sun was balmy,
The Sky was blue and clear ;

The lark he carolled gaily,
 A feathery dot on high,
And showered down upon us
 Rich notes of Melody.
The partridge from the stubble flew
 With loud and whirring sound,
The timid rabbits gazed at us
 From out the Hedgerows round.
The Morn smiled on our labours
 As furrows long and true,
Round after round of sweet dark Ground
 The glittering Ploughshare drew.
The hungry rooks they followed hard,
 Or round about us flew,
With wagtails, lapwings, starlings, larks,
 And sometimes plovers, too.
Then Noontide came with stronger heat,
 And hunger sharp and keen ;
We loosed the Horses from the Ploughs
 And led them to a Screen,
Of freshly budded Thorns and Trees,
 Which grew upon the Hill ;
Look yonder ! there towards your right
 You'll see their branches still.
There on the shelter'd shadowy Grass
 Our wearied forms we threw ;

We Ploughed the Field Together

Our comely, handsome Servant Lass
Did soon the greensward strew
With eatables of many kinds,
Well prized by hungry Men ;
' For which, dear Lord, we give Thee thanks !'—
Said pious, thankful Ben.
Then fell we to with right goodwill,
And made a hearty Meal,
Which soon all pangs of weariness
Did gently from us steal.
Meanwhile, the tired Horses grazed
Upon the fresh young grass ;
And thus both Man and Beast prepared
The Afternoon to pass
In useful Toil and Labours good,
That brought at Night reward,
Contentment, Health, good Appetite,
Nor Slumber sweet debarred.

We Ploughed the Field Together !
From Noon till dewy Eve,
Till in the West the Sun did rest
Fair as a Golden Sheaf ;
And fairer yet and rosier still
Became that blushing Sun ;
We paused to view mid falling dew,
Our heavy Task was Done.

Then Home we drove along the Road
Down by the Village School,
And stopped the Horses there to drink
From out the Village Pool.
Here oft the Boys would Welcome us,
And some would ask to ride
Just to the Farm upon the Hill :
‘Come, let us have a Ride!’
I never could refuse the lads,
They had such winning faces !
That soon the Rogues were perched astride
Old Dobbin’s jingling traces ;
And there they found a Happiness
Surpassing that of Kings ;
’Tis true their Joys lacked Splendour,
But then they had no Stings !
For when their Ride was ended
Contentment reigned supreme ;
And every Youngster gratefully
Did help us with the Team,
To stable them and fodder them,
To put away their gear ;
And then off Home to speed again
Like herd of flying deer.

Now, when the Supper we had had
Old Ben began to say

We Ploughed the Field Together

How many Lessons good as Gold
The Field had taught that Day.
Young Jim he turned about and smiled,
As he was wont to do,
And whispered slyly to the Maids,
Old Ben is now on view !
The Girls they gave him knowing looks,
Then all of us did grin ;
Old Ben he sat and smoked the while ;
He didn't care a pin.
' Aye, Lads ! but ye are prime To-night,'
I think I hear him say ;
' And, Mary, lass, it does me good
To see thy heart so gay.

' I well remember, Lads,' said he,
' That Field in Years gone by !—
Before 'twas sown by anyone,
Or touched by any scythe.—
'Twas in a rough and rugged state,
Not as you see it now ;—
A wilderness of brake and thorns !—
Untouched by any Plough.—
One day the Master said to me,
" I think we'll try and till
That thick-set mass of Tangled Land
Which lies upon the Hill ;—

It has lain Idle long enough !—

I think we'll make it pay !—

So set to work with right goodwill !—

Begin, my Lads, To-day !”

‘ Our bills and hooks were soon at work

To cut the Brushwood down ;

We carted scores of loads away,

And sold them in the Town.

Three weeks from then or more it took

To pull the stumps and roots ;

My word, it was a trying job,

They were such ugly brutes !

And some we carried Home to burn,

The rest we burnt in piles ;

You should have seen the Bonfires bright !

Some saw them forty miles

Gleam red and silent through the Night

As silent as a Star,

Upon the far-off Horizon,

Like messengers of War.

‘ Then we Ploughed the Field Together !—

Me, Master and the Men !—

It was the toughest, hardest job

That ever I did ken !—

At last we got it into Shape,

Well Ploughed and Harrowed, too ;

We Ploughed the Field Together

And you may think that we were Proud
When we had Sown it Through.

‘ The Spring-time wan’d, the Summer went,
Then came the Autumn tide,
And oft I felt my bosom swell
With honest, manly pride,
When in the Sunshine warm and bright
Of hot and sultry Noon,
Or ’neath the silv’ry shadowy light
Beamed by the Harvest Moon,
The splendid Yield of that Golden Field
Stood out before my Sight ;
An Army strong, a Peaceful Throng
Of such as never fight.

‘ We Reaped the Field Together !—
’Tis now nigh thirty year !—
I was a Young Man then, my Lads !—
Though now I’m Old and Sere !—
Yet never did I in my Time,
A better Harvest see !—
For every Acre that we sowed
Brought forth abundantly.—
And every Season that I Plough,
Or reap the standing Corn,—
One Lesson Good it teaches me :—
“ Be not a Brake of Thorn !”

Land must bring Something forth, my Lads !—

Ripe Corn or useless Weeds !—

So root the Latter from your Hearts !—

Sow only Golden Seeds !—

Lay your Furrows long and straight !—

Be ever kind and true !—

Then God, who makes the Corn increase,

Shall round Your Pathway strew

The blessings of Self-Sacrifice !—

The Ripening of Good Deeds !—

These surely are much better far

Than Crops of Noxious Weeds !'—

Old Ben we knew had Finished then,

So we retired to Sleep,

Yet in our Hearts his Golden Seeds

Had taken Root most deep.

Yea, he Sowed them not in Vain,

Though with some little Trouble ;

But he who Plants the Golden Grain,

Must first Plough Down the Stubble !—

We Ploughed yon Field Together !

Full twenty year gone by !—

Old Ben is dead ! young Jim is wed !

And, Stranger, so am I !

Composed at Brawby, April 12-14, 1886. This Poem was suggested to me by seeing Three Teams of Horses ploughing in a Stubble Field of Mr. Frank Coates, called Robin Barn.

OWEENIE.

OWEENIE is fair,
With auburn hair,
And her eyes do quite bewilder ;
Of a violet hue,
A deep, dark blue,
Like amethysts set in silver.

Above those eyes
Twin arches rise,
Like bridge athwart a river ;
And they bend to meet
Those eyes so sweet,
Clad each with an auburn quiver.

Her brow is wide,
And the rippling tide
Of her lovely wave-like hair
Doth rise and swell
With a witching spell ;
As it nestles softly there.

Her nose aquiline,
Is curved sublime
Mid cheeks of blush-rose red ;
While shell-like ears
Hold diamond tears
That sparkle by her stag-like head.

Her lips like cherries
Are ripe as berries
Which come in the autumn-time.
A treat to kiss,
That I seldom miss
Since I have called her mine.

Then her teeth and chin,
Can always win
Some praise from the dullest lout ;
One pure as pearl,
The other a curl,
Which laughs in a dimple out.

Such is the Face,
That I love to trace,
In dreams by night and day ;
Which won my heart
To play its part,
For to make her Mine alway.

•

THE VILLAGE LANE.

COME, list to my Song
As we jog along,
Of the dear old Village Lane ;
'Tis as fair to view
As the sparkling dew,
When the Sun greets all the Plain.

Yon Stile by the Gate
Is the place to wait,
When the Night is clear and still ;
And the Moonbeams play
With a silv'ry ray,
Through the Copse by the grassy Hill.

For the one I love,
She is wont to rove
When the Moon smiles o'er the Mead ;
And her eyes are bright
As the Stars at Night ;
While her Soul in them you read.

Full oft by the Stile
We linger awhile ;
Ere we bid the last Good-night ;
Then our lips do meet
In a parting sweet,
That thrills us through with delight.

Aye, strong in her power
At that witching hour ;
And I think of nought beside,
As she's drawn to me
'Neath the old elm tree ;
My darling, little sweetheart, bride !
Yon Cot by the Road
Shall be our Abode ;
There will we dwell together ;
There her fond embrace
And her kiss so chaste,
Shall bind our Hearts for Ever.

Composed at Brawby, May 6, 1886, after reading some of the *Little Gems* in a book entitled 'Father Prout's Reliques.' It is the First Song I had ever tried my hand at, and I consider it a fair specimen.

THE BIRDS OF BRAWBY.

'Tis early Morn ;
The East is robed in garments gray ;
The Village Street
Lies still ; 'tis scarcely Dawn of Day ;
The Morning air
With silent march invades my Room,
Its incense breath,
Thus fills it with the sweet perfume
Of Mignonette.

The Birds of Brawby

Mine eyes uncloze
From slumbers, dreamless, sweet, profound ;
And dreamily
With wandering glance I look around,—
The Room is wrapped
In light and shade, luminous and obscure,
Which quaintly makes
The household gods and furniture
Assume all shapes.
Thus, half Asleep
And half Awake, I dozing lie ;
And silently
The silver streaks the Morning Sky
With shafts of light ;
When suddenly I hear around,
Enchanting rare,
A Music Wave of Sweetest Sound
Which fills the Air
With Melody ;
And rapturous, falls in gushing rills
Like Mountain Streams
Descending from their native Hills
In concert sweet ;
Melodious as a chiming bell,
Whose grand, deep Song
The echoes sweet by ford and fell
In notes prolong.

So rose and fell
This Matin Hymn of warbled notes
In minstrel lay,
From throstle, finch and blackbird's throats
At Dawn of Day ;
And in the quiet Morning Hour
I felt the thrill
Of Music, with its wondrous power,
My being fill.

So in the East
The Angels sang at dead of Night
To shepherd band,
Surrounded by the mystic light,
So must have sung
The Morning Stars, at the Creation,
Telling out abroad,
In glorious exultation,
The majesty of God.

Am I on Earth,
And mid the Orchard's aged trees,
Whose blossoms sweet,
With fragrance fill the whispering breeze ?
Or have I reached
The Glory Land, the Home of Rest,
Of perfect Love,
The Paradise of all the Blest,
The Home Above ?

Are these the Songs
Of Saints, the Anthems of the Free ?
The Carols sweet,
Which hover round the Jasper Sea ?
Can this be Dawn ?
Or is it where Mortality,
The Child of Earth !—
Is clad with Immortality,
And Second Birth ?
Or am I Home,
In Innocence and Youth, once more
A prattling Child,
That, sportive, plays about the floor ?
Has Youth come back ?
Can Morning light that Rapture give,
That Springtide Joy !—
Which I again would willing live
As when a Boy ?
Nay, such again
Can never be ; not here Below
Shall Innocence,
With Youth, a Second Season grow ;
But in that Land,
When Morning breaks we may Regain
The germs of Youth ;
And Immortality attain,
In very Truth !

Thus did I muse,
Whilst listening to the birds
In early spring ;
Their music came like sacred words,
The angels sing
To weary hearts opprest and low ;
Who travel on
With pilgrim feet, this vale of woe,
To rest beyond.

I felt their balm ;
They spoke to me of hope and God,
They told of palm,
For those who trial firmly trod.
My heart revived
Once more ; I knew again
There was a future to attain,
More glorious than the present worth,
More beautiful than aught on earth ;
And thus, from creatures of God's hand,
I caught a glimpse of Fatherland.

Composed at Brawby, July 19-22, 1886. During spring in the village of Brawby, its orchards of plums and apples, its fine forest trees, thorn hedgerows, and berry-bearing garden bushes, each coming forth in tender leaves of emerald hue, or blossoms of milky whiteness, form one of the prettiest of rural charms. Add to these the songs of the numerous birds which abound in and around the village, and you have something which at once delights the eye, charms the ear, and raises in the soul thoughts refreshing and profound. Such have been my sensations when thus awaking as described.

IN MEMORIAM.

HARK ! didst thou hear that solemn knell
From yonder old church tower ?
Yea ! but was it not the village clock
Proclaiming forth the hour ?

Nay ! no village clock is in this place ;
It must have been a bell.
List, there ! I hear it once again !
It says ' Farewell, farewell !'

See ! groups of people gather round
Yon thatched house mid the trees,
Whose variegated foliage
Flies fluttering on the breeze.

Here comes a rural labourer ;
Let's ask him !—who is dead ?
' Our parson, Mr. Abbey, sir ;'
Then falt'ringly he said :

' I well remember when a boy,
His coming to this place,
'Tis forty years or more, ah, me !
How time doth quickly race !

He was a young man then, sirs,
Just like my eldest now ;
Yet lapse of years full well, sirs,
Made white locks round his brow.

‘ Aye ! like a faded autumn leaf,
Or ripe fruit from a tree,
He, full of years of useful life,
Cast off mortality.

‘ I stood beside his dying bed,
As fell the shades of night ;
And heard him say victoriously,
“ If death comes all is right !”

‘ I looked upon him after Death
Had worked his sovereign will ;
And saw him lying there, so calm,
So peaceful, and so still.

‘ Then turning from that darken’d room,
I muttered, “ All is well ” ;
That poor frail body lying there
Is but the earthly shell.

‘ His spirit now is with the Lord
He served so faithful here ;
So sorrow not, ye sorrowing ones !
Take courage, and good cheer !

' Yea, brighten up ! for in this life
Enough there is of death !
The very wind that sweeps around
Bears emblems on its breath.

' Yet ever with us still remain
From morn till set of sun,
Thou pure example of his life
Till earthly days are done.

' Teach us to have a holy fear
Of all that tends to sin ;
To steadfast do our duty here,
Whatever we may win.

' Be it affection of good men,
Or hate of cruel foes ;
Be firm ! yield not ! your life full well,
Our God and Father knows.

' Thus will we take our quit of thee,
And all thy memory tell ;
Till in that other land we meet,
Farewell, dear friend, farewell !'

Composed at Brawby, during December, 1887, in memory of the Rev. William Abbey, who for nearly half a century was vicar of Salton, of which the village of Brawby forms a part. He died in November, 1887, aged 76. In his manners, words and actions, he exhibited all the evidences of a self-sacrificing Christian gentleman, and day by day showed to all around the beauty of Christian holiness by the example of

a pure and blameless, as well as a loving and considerate life. His death seemed as the removal of a lighthouse or landmark from some rocky, dangerous coast. The quiet good that such a life reflects, however, even when the author of it has passed away, is not to be estimated or known in this world. He it was who engaged me to come to Brawby, and for his unfailing courtesy and considerate kindness towards me, I shall always revere his memory.

THE DISCIPLE'S CRY.

HELP, Lord ! help !
I perish but for thee !
Oh, Saviour, friend of sinners, help !
Bear with me patiently.
I've pierced Thee often, Lord,
Since I have known Thy way ;
Since Thou hast been my resting-place,
My succour and my stay.
Yea, thoughts have come so fell,
Urged by the Tempter on ;
It seemed as if the powers of hell
Were there in battle throng
To rob me of my soul, of Thee,
And every hope of heaven.
And, oh ! I fell, dear Lamb of Calvary,
For with my strength I'd striven ;
I never leaned on Thee,
Nor looked to Thee for aid,

Or else those tears of penitence
Had never been displayed.
Yea, I have wandered far from Thee,
Far on a lonely, weary road,
Away from home and happiness,
And from Thy face, my God ;
But Thou art ever kind—
Thou knowest what's in man ;
Thou dost remember we are dust ;
Our lives are but a span !
Lo ! now my days are hastening on
Swift as this fleeting breath ;
Soon, soon I must be gone,
My heart-throbs cease in death.
But oh ! I would for time to come,
In days which still remain,
Before the setting of life's sun,
For ever o'er the plain ;
Lean on Thee, Lord, in every storm,
Aye, every trivial gale ;
And thus shall I the victory win,
For Thou dost never fail !

WHEN THE STORMS.

WHEN the storms of life are over,
And the victory draweth nigh,
We shall see our great Commander,
Jesus Christ the Lord most high.
We shall see Him, we shall see Him !
We shall be like Him ;
We shall be like Him,
By-and-by.


When the sins of life are over,
And the winnowing days are done,
We shall stand before the Saviour
In that land beyond the sun,
We shall see Him, etc.

When the joys of life are over,
And its sorrows pass'd away,
We shall live for ever with Him
In that home of endless day.
We shall see Him, etc.

There for ever and for ever,
While eternity shall roll,
We shall know each other better,
In that haven of the soul.
We shall see Him, etc.

THE LITTLE MAIDEN.

A FLOWERET by the wayside,
The daisies on the lea,
The primrose mid the woodlands
Are sweet and dear to me.
They speak of God and beauty,
Whose matchless skill doth trace
Their gem-like forms so lovely,
With poetry and grace.
Yet dearer far the children
Around a cottage door
Tell of a love immortal
Beyond this earthly shore.
So innocent, so guileless,
So free from vicious sin,
So full of pranks and frolics,
With laughter's merry din.
They twine around affections,
They creep into the heart ;
They cluster with their tendrils
Where none may dare to part.
They are like gleams of glory
Which sparkle on the rills,
Or music of sweet waters
That murmur mid the hills.



They ease the heart of sadness,
They take away its care ;
Till hope succeeds, and gladness
Doth chase away despair.
How should we miss their prattle,
Their childish ways and toys ;
Their merry games and rattle,
And all their little joys.
Aye, children are the lilies
Along life's thorny way,
That scent the path with pleasures
Of childhood's happy day.
And while we have them near us,
Replete with rosy health,
Their fresh young presence cheers us
Beyond the powers of wealth.

Once did I know a little maid,
The youngest of a hive ;
Their cottage home adown the lane
With mirth was all alive.
There came a rude, wild, wintry wind,
So cutting, cold, and keen,
It bound the ponds and rivulets
With coats of icy sheen ;
It caught the budding flower,—
The little maiden gay,—


With all its fatal power
 To wither and decay.
She drooped her head and fell,
 She pined and pined away,
As rosebud from the parent stem
 Beneath the frosts of May.
One night there came an angel
 Most beauteous to behold ;
His raiment shone like silver,
 His hair like waves of gold.
His face it was so lovely ;
 A glory centred there ;
No face on earth was like it ;
 Nor could with it compare.
His eyes like stars of morning,
 Were sweet with heavenly light ;
And beam'd forth loving kindness,
 Soft, beautiful, and bright.
He entered at the doorway,
 He came into the room
Where lay the little lambkin,
 The fragile, fading bloom ;
He spake in accents holy,
 So sweetly, calm and clear
His very words were music
 Most ravishing to hear.

He bade the grieved parents
To fix their thoughts above,
And feel assured their darling
Was taken but in love.
For God, He knows the future
With all its toil and care,
Its trials and temptations,
Hard, grievous hard to bear ;
Therefore, with loving forethought,
From mist and storm and cold
He takes at times dear children
To shelter in His fold.
Thus speaking, vanish'd he ;
They turned towards the bed,
And saw at once their nestling
From earthly scenes had fled.
A smile was on her features,
Bright, winsome, passing fair
As though a radiant sunbeam
Did love to linger there.
Say, was it a reflection
Of glimpse of glory-land ?
Or presence of God's angel
As fell life's latest sand ?
We know not, nor can mortal
That secret to us tell ;

The Little Maiden

We only know that often
When spirits quit their cell,
A smile as of the morning
Doth break across the face ;
As oft upon the ocean
Aurora's beams we trace.

They laid her 'neath a chestnut-tree,
Within the hallowed ground,
And placed wreath'd tokens
Upon the grassy mound.
There often shall the robin
Pour forth its cheerful lay ;
There for ages shall the body
Await the rising day.
Her little mates will miss her
In childhood's sports and joys ;
Her parents, sisters, brothers,
Whene'er they see her toys,
Till time shall memory heal,
And other years shall bring
Fresh sorrows, hopes, and pleasures,
As blossoms of the spring.
So sleep, thou little flow'ret,
Sleep till the morning breaks ;
Sleep till the sun of righteousness,
Our sleeping death awakes !



Then, when the trumpet soundeth
Loud, lasting, sweet, and clear,
Then, with thy long-lost loved ones,
United forth appear !

Composed at Brawby, May 20-27, 1888, on the death of one of
my little scholars, Mary Anne Humphrey, who was buried close to a
chestnut-tree in Salton churchyard about this time.

THE WHITETHROAT.

DEAR little Peggy Whitethroat !
Sweet chatt'rer of the hedge !
Mid hawthorn-trees and willows,
Down by the river's edge,
Thy voice I hear, like streamlet clear
Gushing o'er rocks and sedge.

Quaint, homely, merry minstrel !
How winsome are thy ways !
How charming is thy gossip !
Thy bonnie roundelays !
Rich, ripe, and free, with ecstasy,
Through all the summer days.

Thou art to me like Mary !
Whom I have made my bride ;

The Whitethroat

So cheerful, loving, happy,
At once my joy and pride ;
So full of life, dear little wife !
Beyond all else beside !

Composed at Brawby, May 24, 1888.

THUNDER.

THE heavens around are murky still,
A steel blue cloud rests on the hill ;
The air is sultry, dense, and dark,
When suddenly a livid spark
Lights up the gloom with fiery ray :
The gleaming lightning's fierce display ;
Then crashing, rattling, rolling o'er,
Peal follows peal with rumbling roar ;
As hollow, loud, and booming hoarse,
The dread artillery runs its course,
In solemn grandeur far outspread,
That wakes the vaulted roof o'erhead
With cannonading din, and boist'rous sound,
Which echoes and re-echoes round
The misty chambers of the sky,
As if, to mighty conquest driven,
Rolled by the battle cars of heaven.

Next rain descends in copious showers
From many a sable cloud that lours,
And rudely waved the pine-tree rocks
Beneath the gusty, blustering shocks
Of winds that ever and anon
Dash fiercely thwart the horizon.
These pass'd away, a calm succeeds,
And incense floats from verdant meads,
While birds trill forth their songs again,
And fill the air with joyous strain,
Thus chanting sweet with one accord
Their carols to the thunder's Lord.

Composed at Brawby, June 14, 1888, after witnessing one of the severe thunderstorms to which this part of Yorkshire is often subject in early spring and summer.

OUTWARD BOUND.

A RATTLE of wheels on the pavement,
A cluster of folks on the quay ;
Bales, boxes, and bustle around us,
As our ship gets ready for sea.

Clink, clink, clink, clink goes the capstan,
Blue Peter is flying above ;
So, good-bye ! God bless you, my darling !
We're off. Fare you well, dearest love !

See, slowly, yet surely, we're moving,
Past old jetties worn by the tide ;
Our dear ones stand gazing behind us,
Among them mine own bonnie bride.


Now, hoist to the davits the boats, boys ;
Then up, and the topsails cast loose ;
Next jibs, mainsail, mizzen, and foresail,
They'll look like the wings of a goose.

Aye, aye, sir ! Yo ho ! Yo heave ! Yo ho !
Yo heave ho ! Yo ho ! Yo heave ho !
Thus braces and cleets, boats, canvas, and sheets
Stand secure both above and below.

Then, on like a racer the *Merrick*
Bounds, dashes, and churns the blue sea ;
The waves in our wake are like silver,
And track out our path merrily.

The seagulls around us are flying,
The fisherman's boat passes by ;
And, ' Where bound ? ' is shouted towards us.
' For Rio ! ' we shout in reply.

She passes away in the distance,
The land next recedes from our view ;
Save only the gleam of a lighthouse,
Which whispers a last faint adieu.



The sun in the west robed in beauty,
Sinks down like a globe of red flame,
'Neath the trackless world of blue waters,
Away, far away on the main.

The moon, queen of night, with her courtiers,—
The glittering stars in their race,—
Now resume the duties of guardians,
As darkness creeps onward apace.

Full flooding the scene with its beauty,
Calm, mellowing all with its ray,
Till the night is crowned with glory,
A glory reflected from day.

Alone, all alone, on the ocean,
The billows in ranks race along ;
The cordage is piping its music,
With chorus, deep, mellow, and strong.

Alone, all alone, on the ocean,
And now, far away from the land
Our thoughts flowing on with the billows,
Still carry us back to its strand,

Where dear ones we know are now praying
For those on this strong heaving wave :
Great Father, whose hand holds the waters,
From dangers protect them and save !

'Tis thus another long voyage is entered,
Another long journey's begun ;
And on thus, till mortality's ended,
The partings of life go and come.


Composed at Brawby, July 11, 1888, when thinking of the bustle on the quay at St. Mary's, Scilly Isles, as the steamer *Lady of the Isles* got ready for her journey to Penzance.

A SONG TO THE PLOUGH.

THE soldier may boast of the fields he has won,
The sailor of ships and the sea ;
They have triumphs, I know, but wherever I go
The bonny bright ploughshare for me.

No widow doth mourn o'er the fields that it wins,
Nor orphan with deep sobbing cry ;
But all nations delight in this implement bright,
And the meads where its victories lie.

A country is glad when its armies appear
With cornflowers bright in their train ;
For no famine it fears from those countless gold spears
Of rich bearded, ripe, rustling grain.



Elisha of old, Cincinnatus as well,
Both prophet and statesman combine ;
They honoured the plough ; oh, come then and thou
Shalt join in its praises with thine.

Then laud to the plough that doth furrow the lea,
Let us sing wherever we roam ;
When the ripening is done 'neath the warm summer sun,
And loud is the shout, ' Harvest Home !'

Composed at Brawby, July 26, 1888. The first verse may be used as
a chorus to all the others.

THE COLOSSEUM.

ALL around huge rugged walls,
With tiers on tiers of stone ;
Thus forming terraces of stalls
Which circle round a throne.
Flanked by these the arena's
Wide oval sandy floor,
Round which the wild beasts' dens are seen,
And massive entrance door.
Centred thus an altar lone
On which now stands the sign

Of Him, the Saviour of the world,
Victor of death and time.
Such is the Colosseum old,
Relic of days gone by ;
When Rome sent forth her warrior sons
To fame and victory.

One night I stood within those walls
Whilst Luna high o'erhead,
On sea and land, on mount and stream,
Her mystic radiance spread.
The shadows of the mighty pile
Were clearly strewn around,
And various were the lights and shades
My roving fancy found ;
Till down the steep descent of time
My thoughts with history flew,
And as they sped it seemed to me
Another picture grew
From out the mists of ancient days,
The times of long ago.
A picture dark with pagan crimes,
And wrought with lines of woe,
Yet brightened here and there with gleams
Of holy Christian light
That thus relieved the otherwise
Deep darkness black as night.

Thus once again 'twas royal Rome,
The mistress of the earth,
And, lo ! her meanest citizens
Were clad in robes of mirth.
To-day the Colosseum's walls
Are thronged from tier to tier ;
Patricians, plebeians, lords, and slaves,
Drawn hence from far and near,
Fair vestal virgins, knights, tribunes,
Senators, matrons view,
And in the midst, with regal state,
The form of Cæsar, too.
O'er all, to shield them from the sun,
An awning vast was spread,
Whose spacious crimson canopy
A rosy tint outshed
On all beneath—on all around ;
Whilst sprays of perfume fell
From concealed conduits 'mid the throng,
The heated air to quell.
The buzz of myriad voices was
Like one great hive of bees,
Or as the wind in summer-time
Amid a grove of trees.
Then as a signal trumpets rang,
The buzz of voices hushed,

And as attention reigned around
The gates were backward pushed,
Whilst entering the arena vast
A priestly group we view,
Each clad in white with chapters bright,
Still wet with sparkling dew.
But who is he, that lovely boy,
Fast bound with twisted cord?
And why that solemn mournful chant?
And why that glistening sword?
With stately steps and reverent mien
The altar they draw nigh :
Alas ! alas ! a sacrifice !
That beauteous boy must die.
Soon, soon the awful deed is done,
The red blood gushes out,
And as it mingles with the sand
A myriad voices shout
The praises high of Jupiter—
The lord of men and gods ; —
Those voices deep were grief to me,
And fell like chastening rods.

But now again the trumpets sound,
And as the priests retire
And leave their fearful festal rites
And sacrificial fire,

See, enter gay in colours bright
Full sixty chariots strong,
Which all in due procession pass
Before the assembled throng ;
Then in the centre forming square,
A solid front they show,
From whence by twos and threes, in groups,
The chariot races flow.
Then wheels spin round and horses prance,
In dust their forms appear,
Whilst urging ever on the pace
Loud shouts the charioteer.
All suddenly a man is thrown
From out a flying car,
And ere the chariot next can stay,
Or anyone debar,
His body 'neath the prancing hoofs,
And swift revolving wheels,
To death is sent all bruised o'er
With many ghastly weals.

These pass away, again ring forth
The trumpets loud and clear ;
Then forward with a martial tramp
The gladiators appear.
These onward move, then face the throne
When, like the rolling sea,

Forth comes the sentence : ' Cæsar,
Those about to die greet thee !'
What followed was a stirring sight :
At the Lanista's word
The Retiarii with their nets,
The Secutores with the sword,
Each at the other madly rushed ;
As lions fight and rage,
So did these fierce and armed men
Their deadly warfare wage.
The ground was like a battle-field
With blood and heaps of slain ;
And as each gory feat was done
The concourse cheered again,
Or fierce with wrath at cowardice
Held down the fatal thumb ;
Insatiate for draughts of blood,
And to all pity dumb.
But now again the ground is clear,
And as a soothing balm,
The Emperor to each victor gives
A coronet of palm ;
Then as they file in ranks away,
E'en while the people shout,
Once more the trumpets loudly bray,
And send their fanfare out.

Whilst entering that gory ground
 A little group is seen
Of maiden, matron, sire, and son,
 Yet all of steadfast mien ;
Why are they here, that family,
 Upon this awful day,
A spectacle for such a host
 Who count their lives but prey ?
Hark ! listen to that surging sound
 Of voices loud and high,
Which floats around full resonant,
 And this shall tell thee why :
' The Christians ! Bring the lions forth !
 The Christian dogs shall die !'
And stern is every countenance,
 And cold is every eye ;
Yet bravely stand that little band,
 True sentiment is there.
The world of cant with all its rant
 They banish, and despair ;
The Cross the Master gave, the pain
 Of daily death to sin ;
These do they know ; and knowing, show
 They count them nought, to win
The favour of that Master's smile—
 His crown of deathless life,

When this brief transient dream is o'er,
And ends this mortal strife.
Oh that the folk of modern days
Were, like the martyrs, true ;
Ready the world to sacrifice,
And all its bribes eschew ;
To live in sympathy with man,
Not wrapped in robes of self ;
To seek for those who need their aid
Instead of power and pelf,
The world would then be better far,
And happiness would crown
The hearts of those whom misery
Hath fast in fetters bound !

But why thus stop to moralize
When loud the lions growl,
When, even now, athwart the sand
Their forms begin to prowl ?
They stalk around with famished gaze,
A horrid, hungry look,
Which blood alone can satiate,
And only death may brook.
Then, as with foaming, champing jaws,
And lurid, glaring eye,
And stealthy, cat-like, noiseless tread,
Their victims they draw nigh,

Expectancy reigns all around ;
 All poise with bated breath,
And watch, with deep, concentrate gaze,
 This spectacle of death.
Then, all at once, the spell is broke ;
 One hundred thousand throats
Together join their shouts and cries
 In deep, sonorous notes.
The lions, they have made their springs ;
 The last sad scenes are o'er,
And seats begin to empty now,
 As out the people pour,
While, slowly drawing to their dens,
 The beasts they bear away
What once was mankind in its prime,
 But now a lifeless clay.

Who now would think that Victory,
 With gentle, loving hand,
Had placèd there, on each cold brow,
 The magic of her wand ?
Yet had she chosen to remain
 With that poor, feeble group,
Had condescended from her throne
 To suffer and to stoop,
That afterward she might, from hence,
 A mighty weapon wield,

Far sharper than the Roman sword,
More potent than his shield.
That weapon was Self-sacrifice,
The crown of loyal hearts.
The world, 'tis true, had seen of it
By various fits and starts,
But never, until now, had known.
Men lay them calmly down
To bear with cheerfulness a death
Which brought them not renown,
But rather ignominy and sneers,
With violence of the mob,
Which, ever truckling to the times,
Itself doth ever rob.
This weapon, forged full well by Him,
The Prince of Calvary,
In course of time, the Roman mind
Reclaimed from savagery,
And closed the Colosseum's gates
For ever to the games,
With their refined brutality
Of agonizing pains.

Now, this is how it came about.
One day, when games were on,
And people crowded every tier,
A vast and brilliant throng,

While sunbeams fell on jewels rare,
 On gems of lustrous light,
Which sparkled mid the thousands there
 As stars that stud the night,
While flowers were wreathèd all around
 The edges of the stalls,
And coloured mats and mantles fair
 Adorned the lofty walls,
When gladiators had just begun
 To act their fatal play,
Then, darting forth, a man was seen
 To rush amid the fray,
An old and aged-looking man,
 With hair and beard like snow,
Of reverent, patriarchal mien,
 And eyes of winning glow.

Shouts, oaths, and cries—a horrid din,
 Tumultuous, rent the air,
Yet, undisturbed by all of this,
 He gave it not a care,
But firmly set himself to stop
 The barbarous, deadly sport,
Surrounded by the whole of Rome,
 The Emperor and his Court.
And shall he thus the people brave,
 Thus beard them in their den?


Attempt to stay the combat now
Of fierce, excited men ?
No ! Louder, deeper grew the cries,
As torrent in its fall,
So fell the people's wordy rage
On him who braved it all.
From words and curses, blows soon came,
And sticks and stones fell fast ;
It seemed, indeed, that everyone
Some missile on him cast.
Beneath that rain of deadly blows
He closed his eyes in death,
Yet bravely spake against the games,
E'en with his latest breath.
And not in vain his life he gave,
His fellow-men to free
From such insatiate lust for blood,
Such savage slavery ;
For when their wrathful ire was gone,
And peace again did reign,
Their Christian teaching brought remorse,
And racked their hearts with shame,
Which deepened and increased more
As wide the rumour flew,
That he who fell beneath their ire
Was of the holy few

Who dwelt alone in barren wilds,
Afar from towns and men—
A hermit known as serving God
In desert, cave, and den.
He from those wilds that morning came
To see the city fair,
And join them in the festival
Which they were holding there.
Thus he became, though last of all,
The chief of those who gave
Their lives to suffer martyrdom,
The faith and man to save ;
For, from that day the blood of man,
For spectacle and show,
Within the Colosseum's walls
No more was seen to flow.

Such bravery and self-sacrifice
Can never, never die ;
But lives enshrined within the heart,
And guides our thoughts on high.
Ay, long as ages shall endure,
On their swift-rolling tide,
The record of that noble deed
Shall ever fragrant glide—
A triumph splendid for the Cross,
A lesson true and grand,

Which speaketh forth in accents clear
That all may understand.
Live near to God ; have faith in Christ ;
Deny thyself, and take
Whatever work He giveth thee,
And do it, for His sake ;
Link thou thyself in deed and thought,
With Him whom men despise ;
Thus showing forth to all the world
His love, thy dearest prize.
And should Temptation's mighty power
Thy weakness bribe to sin,
Oh, from thy heart forgiveness pray,
And pardon thou shalt win !
Thy path shall then be that of light,
Of peace and purest joy,
With friendship from the God of peace
That nothing can destroy.

Thus musing, from that fatal ground
I walked me slow away,—
As morning, clad in garments bright,
Proclaimed another day,
To greet the advent of the sun,
Now rising o'er the plain,
Fast flooding with its rosy light
The dewy earth again.



And thus methought both life and death
Will soon be overpassed,
And then shall dawn the endless life
When, safe at home at last,
Disciple, martyr, saint, and seer
Who here have served the Lord
Shall there for ever gain a bliss—
His presence, their reward.

Composed at Brawby, November and December, 1888, after seeing a representation of the Colosseum and Roman games at Earl's Court, London, when the Italian Exhibition was held there. On the day I witnessed it I saw a man thrown out of a chariot and killed, and another severely injured.

MEMORIES OF BOYHOOD.

I.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

A WEATHER-stained old building
Amid enclosed ground,
With orchards, fields, and hedgerows,
Encircling it around.
In front red railings and a gate,
Protecting plats of green,
Through which a pathway to the school,
From the village road was seen.

Behind, a noble row of elms,
Whose deep, umbrageous shade,
A cool retreat from summer heat,
The tired scholars made.
And thence, the brook beloved by all,
A rippling, silvery stream,
From whence the wily angler took
Full oft the trout and bream.
Such was the little rural school,
Where in the days of youth
I learnt the rudiments of lore,
And many pranks forsooth.—
And now again at early dawn,
When mists are on the hill,
When all around the sparkling dew
The leaves of clover fill,
I saunter up the village lane,
Just back from foreign climes,
And rapturously enjoy again
Those scenes of youthful times.
A throstle in the orchard near,
A robin on the gate,
Poured forth a flood of music,
Whilst rooks held high debate
As, fluttering round their rude-built town
Among the lofty trees,

They fed their young, or fought with those
Which fain their nests would seize.
I stood to watch them for awhile,
To list to caw and song ;
Then, leisurely advancing,
Once more I walked along.
How often in this well-known lane
In bygone boyish days,
A loitering schoolboy, I did love
To list to caws and lays.
Ay, oft my mother from our cot
Would watch me to the school,
And see me enter at its porch,
As sulky as a mule,
Because I dared not stay and pick,
The ripe and tempting sloes
That grew in beauty on a bush,
Which frequent rent my clothes ;
Nor climb up to the jackdaw's nest
Just yonder in the fir ;
In fact, whilst that dear mother looked,
A fellow couldn't stir.

II.

THE PLAYGROUND.

Ah ! here's at last the wicket-gate,
The dear old playground, too ;
And with what sudden deep delight
Doth memory review
This place of pranks and merry games,
Of frolics, fights, and noise,
The romping capers and delights,
Of sixty girls and boys.
There did I stand upon my head,
A wond'rous boyish feat ;
And yonder scaled the orchard wall,
When making swift retreat.
Here did I get a blue-black eye,
And awful swollen nose,
When battling with a warlike chap—
I think 'twas Johnnie Rose.
Oft in a group we'd stand around
To watch a game of taws,
And chat, and laugh, and shout the while,
Just like a flock of daws.
Here leapfrog, marbles, hoops, and tops,
With all such youthful toys,
Each in succession had their term,
And brought successive joys.

Since then I frequently have thought
That all the world around,
From east to west, from north to south,
Was one vast playing-ground,
Wherein the nations of the earth,
Throughout life's little day,
In games and sorrows, joys and schemes,
Do wile their time away.

III.

THE SCHOOL DOORWAY.

Now on I move towards the school ;
Its thick old oaken door,
A veteran stands to bar the way,
All rudely dented o'er,
With various honourable scars,
From brickbats, kicks, and knives,
Where often I have lounging stood,
To watch the game of fives.
'Tis now full thirty years ago,
Yet seems but yesterday,
As memory recalls again
Those scenes of boyish play.
The rising sun has burst the mists,—
And brightens all around ;

Memories of Boyhood

Its radiant beams in brilliant streams
From dewy grass rebound,
To sparkle on the gazer's eye,
In sudden beams of light,
More beauteous than the diamond fair,
More full of lustre bright ;
And flickering on the schoolroom floor
In rays of living gold,
It seemed to me, most curiously,
A streamlet bright to mould.

IV.

THE SCHOOL CLOCK.

Obedient to its lord the key,
Back shoots the trusty lock,
And greeting me full merrily,
Out chimes the old school clock.
A smile seems on its features,
Caught from a laughing beam,
Which glistens by reflection,
As doth the murmuring stream.
Old friend ! I greet thee, too, with smiles,
For, listening to thy voice
So sweet and clear, so full of cheer,
It makes my heart rejoice.

Full often in the days gone by
 I've gazed up to thy face,
As 'tween the hours of nine and four
 Thine hands would slowly trace
The circle of their bounds, to tell
 The march of fleeting time,
Announcing each successive hour
 With joyful, truthful chime.
Ay, faithfully hast thou, and well,
 Thy duty done alway
In tireless ticking off the hours,
 Of each succeeding day ;
Save when perchance a frosty night,
 Unusually severe,
Has nipped the oil within thy works,
 And thrown thee out of gear ;
Or tiny particles of dust
 Have forced thy crystal door,
From countless cleanings of the room,
 And sweepings of the floor ;
Then thou wouldst to thy maker go,
 Who'd put thee right again ;
A lesson this we must not miss,
 But in our hearts retain.

V.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

And there still stands the master's desk,
Beside his three-legged stool,
From whence he issued forth his laws,
The edicts of the school.
Full well do I remember him,
A man of sterling worth,
Kind, yet firm, strict, though not severe,
And full of jokes and mirth.
A scholar, too, who aptly knew
How teaching to impart,
Who zealously our tasks reviewed,
Explaining every part.
The truant, idler, and the dunce,
Were well-known youths to him,
He'd lay them neatly 'cross a desk,
Their nether parts to trim ;
When howls of agony would float
Upon the ambient air,
Resembling those the Red Men whoop
To terrify and scare.
Yet could he quickly sympathize,
Full oft would give his aid
In games and sorrows, joys and work,
Our thankful hearts repaid.

Thy stool and desk doth yet remain,
But thou art passed away
To well-won freedom, rest and peace,
And endless holiday.

VI.

THE INTERIOR OF THE SCHOOL.

Here, too, remain the forms and desks
In which my schoolmates sat ;
There, too, the bristling rows of pegs
For satchels, coats, and hats. -
And just above them hangs a rope,
Dependent from a bell,
Whose iron notes at morn and noon
My soul loved not too well ;
For Nature was a book to me
Surpassing those of school,
Society of boyish friends,
Or master's kindly rule.
Now as I glance around the room,
Wherever roves mine eye
A picture, easel, blackboard, desk,
Or inkwell I espy.
I seat me on an ancient form
All rudely carvèd o'er

With scotched initials, names, and marks,
Like those upon the door.
Around me all is silent, save
The ticking of the clock,
Which ceaseless at the door of Time
Importunate doth knock ;
Whilst in a sort of pleasant dream,
There comes to me once more,
The scenes of youth and boyhood's prime,
The happy days of yore ;
And memory refills the forms
With school-mates pass'd away,
The boys and girls with whom I shared
My studious work and play.

VII.

THE PLAYFUL BOY.

There, yonder, full of boyish pranks,
Sat Robert Francis Vogue,
Born actor, clown, and pantomime,
A merry, laughing rogue.
He'd make a face, then roll his eyes,
Ink tip of nose and chin,
Distort his homely countenance
With many an awful grin.

Just as the master turned his back,
Or looked some other way,
Of course, some fellow's chuckling laugh
Apprised him of the play.
Then Master Frank would look demure,
Intent on slate or book,
Yet furtively at times the room
Would scan with bashful look.
'Now, Toby, what's the matter, lad ?'
The master would inquire.
'Explain those inkmarks on your face ;
Come, now, speak up, young squire.'
Poor Toby then would mumble forth
A jargon of a tale,
Resulting in a harrowing scene,
O'er which we draw a veil.

VIII.

THE SMART BOY.

And there, a little further on,
The place of Benny Thrair,
The neatest dressed, the smartest lad
I've met with anywhere.
His collars were as stiff as starch,
And white as drifted snow ;

His face and ears, his neck and hands
With cleanliness did glow.
His hair it never seemed unkempt,
His boots shone like the sloe.
Of handkerchiefs he had a score,
A fresh one every day
Supplied him, with a cleansing cloth,
For all his boyish play.
His books were clean, the leaves all right,
All neatly put together ;
Whilst mine and others gave sure signs
Of certain stress of weather,
In thumb-stains, dog-ears, blots, and marks,
And partings from the leather.
Yet old Ben was not a dandy,
Or priggish dainty elf,
Full of conceited nonsense
Of low bred vanity and self.
At cricket he could beat us all,
And oft at hare and hounds
He, acting hare, would tire us out
With long, tremendous bounds.
So, what with showing dull ones sums
In almost every rule,
And various other kindly acts,
Both in and out of school,

He gained the proud distinction,
As long as he did stay
Of first in neatness, first in work,
And first in games of play.

IX.

THE PUGILIST.

Next to him sat brave Billy Bray,
The champion of the ring,
Whose pluck and victories secured
Him honours as its king ;
Which, too, he sturdily maintained
'Gainst all who dared oppose,
Big bullies, rivals, malcontents,
And other boyish foes.
'Twas grand to see him in a fight,
Show scientific skill ;
And stubborn English bull-dog pluck,
That often won the mill ;
We boys would stand around and bet,
Or keenly criticise,
And shout at times encouragements
In sayings wondrous wise.
The battle over, generous Bill
Would cast from off his mind

The cause that led to discontent,
And try his best, to bind
His vanquished rival's wounded self,
With friendship warm and kind ;
Till soon the foe a friend became,
For having learnt his might ;
Few were so bitter or so mean
His kindly acts to slight.

X.

THE BOYS' FAVOURITE.

Behind them in yon little desk
Sat darling Minnie T——,
We boys all tried to win her love
By every courtesy.
I never shall forget the deed
As long as I have breath
Which suddenly revealed for me
A love as strong as death.
But other words in other verse
That story may unfold,
Revealing thus to all who read
Its beauties manifold.
No lady could be more refined,
More gentle, noble, true ;

She seemed to know instinctively
The proper things to do.
How tenderly she'd sympathize
With those of younger years,
Whose mishaps brought a gloomy face,
And brimmed their eyes with tears.
How soon beneath her kindly aid,
Her loving, soothing voice,
Each little face would brighten up,
And gay with smiles rejoice.
Dear Minnie ! thou art pass'd away,
Yet many hearts can tell,
How beautiful thy life was here ;
How like a silver bell
Its melody within their souls
Doth yet its music chime ;
Doth peal again at intervals
Its notes of love divine.
Ay, such as thou art sent to earth
As sunbeams from above,
To brighten and to gladden hearts,
And cheer them with God's love.

XI.

THE DUNCE.

And in that corner over there,
With heavy brow and head,
Whose face assumed a vacant stare,
Whenever questionèd,
Sat Master Chrichton Cecil Dawe,
The most stupid biped,
Soft-headed, ignorant lout
I think I ever saw.
We used to call him Solomon,
In irony and jest,
To which he'd answer unconcerned,—
It suited him the best !—
Good-natured Cecil, harmless dunce !
Would stand no end of chaff,
So thick his skull, so dense his brain,
He'd make the whole school laugh ;
And thus he served a purpose true
As well as those machines
Whose brains absorb most readily
By every cramming means
The latest education fads,
The newest thing-for classes ;
And thus attain, both men and lads,
To naught, but educated asses.

XII.

THE TRUANT AND NATURALIST.


Beside him frequently would sit,
Chief truant of the school,
My friend Bill Godfrey—honest Bill,
Whose spirit chafed 'neath rule.
The furze-grown, wide, and grassy down,
The copse, the cliff, the sea,
The fields, the shore, the rivulet,
All woo'd for liberty ;
These did we love and oft would wile,
The hours of Saturday
Slow sauntering through the little wood
That overlooked our bay,
Charmed with the wood-dove's cooing note,
Or chattering of a jay ;
Else listening with entrancèd ears,
To whispering winds at play,
Amid the verdant, fragrant tops,
Of tall and noble pines ;
Whose branches sang unto the gale
Their deep harmonious lines ;
The music of the sea and sky,
The anthems of the earth,
The soul-like songs of melody
That every breath gave birth.

How grand the wood whilst standing thus
In silence mid the trees !
Naught heard around, save this sweet sound,
The singing of the breeze.
Naught seen, save ruddy-tinted trunks
Upholding 'gainst the sky—
An emerald wealth of waving tops,
With arches broad and high,
Which to the mind gave thought that here,
Had the Creator made,
A vast cathedral for His use,
Whilst winds the organ played.
Upon the outskirts of the wood,
Where hedgerows, thick and tall—
A matted mass of tangled vines—
Did duty for a wall,
Grew brambles, with their tendrils long,
And sprays of leaves, outspread,
With honeysuckle's yellow flowers
And clumps of roses red ;
Mid which the hawthorn's dainty bloom
Of white and speckled snow,
In silvery patches high o'erhead
Relieved the green below.
Occasion'ly a sprightly ash,
Would spring up here and there,

And stretch its graceful boughs about
To breathe the vernal air ;
Whilst from the mossy, aged bank
Old elders, darkly green,
Were mingled with tall nettles rank,
Which forced themselves atween.
And then there were the foxgloves tall,
Of many varied hue,
A nodding to their bed-straw friends,
That thick around them grew.
Here wrens and titmice had their homes,
The blackbird, and the thrush,
And frequent broke the silence round
With carols from the bush.
Ay, 'twas delightful in the spring ;
For then the grassy glade,
On which the sparkling sunshine fell
And flickering shadows made,
Was radiant with a fairy garb—
A charming gala dress
Of golden primroses, in groups
Of starry loveliness ;
Which, sheltered by the withered grass,
Had crinkled leaves unfurled,
And ventured forth, in spite of storms,
To beautify the world.

Memories of Boyhood

Here, too, the violets from the bank
 Would shed upon the air
A subtle perfume, scenting all
 With breaths of fragrance rare.
How eagerly we hunted them,
 Those darlings of the wood !
Whose secret hiding-place at times
 Our utmost search withstood.
With treasures such as these around,
 Our hearts were full of mirth ;
For who the beauty can withstand
 In flowers that gem the earth ?
We knew the birds' nests all around ;
 Could name each flower and tree ;
Found out the spots where mushrooms grew,
 Where hived the humble bee.
The mole, the rabbit, and the mouse,
 The weasel and the hare,
The water-wagtail, vole, and rook,
 We watched with patient care.
Learnt thus their habits and their ways ;
 Could tell a thousand tricks
Each had for hunting and for play,
 Or tried when in a fix.
And thus we learnt to love them well,
 To know them in their lair ;
And thus our memories can tell
 Of many a scene most rare.



XIII.

THE DOWNS.

Full oft upon the sunny downs,
Where yellow whin-flowers grew,
We'd lie reclining on the grass,
The roaming troops to view,
Of beetles, butterflies, and gnats,
Which flew from place to place,
Clad in bewitching, coloured robes
Of such surpassing grace ;
Or gazing on the passing clouds,
Soft, virgin, white, and fair,
That, like a noble fleet of ships,
Sailed onward through the air.
How bonnie here the daisies grew
On slender, pensile stems !
Those little virgin flow'rets white
Were groups of glorious gems,
Whose silver crests and golden eyes,
All turned towards the sun,
Told forth the tale how he with love
Their innocence had won.
Here, too, would often rove about
A village horse or ass,
Which spent the leisure labour gave
In nibbling blades of grass ;

Or sleeping on a turfy bed
In some sequestered nook,
Where prowling, mischief-making boys
Would scarcely ever look.
Poor, patient creatures ! oft have we
Thus found them fast asleep,
But would not for a silver coin
Have stirred them to their feet.
For well we knew their sorry lot,
So full of cruel woes !
The slender fare of food they got,
The ample share of blows ;
Which seems to be the recompense
Such poor, dumb victims, oft receive
From certain brutes in human shape ;
Who thus true manhood grieve.
Large flocks of starlings, too, would come—
A chattering, noisy throng—
Which filled the air with clamour sweet
The warblings of their song.
We'd lie quite still, and watch them hop,
Or flutter to and fro,
With ceaseless jargon as they fed,
And all their tints aglow,
In robes of glossy, burnished black,
That shone with sparkling sheen

In emerald hues and ruby red,
With silver bars atween.
Then suddenly, with rushing sound,
Away they quickly flew,
'To seek some other feeding ground—
A merry-hearted crew.

XIV.

THE LARK.

And then the lark, the bonnie lark !
Would upward wing his flight ;
Dear little songster ! feathered brown,
Yet full of carols bright.
How often have we seen him soar
In circles up on high !
As if he climbed a spiral stairs
To chambers in the sky.
And ever as he upward flew
His song of love would fall,
Resounding through the vaulted blue,
The heaven's eternal hall,
In waves of sweet and joyous sound,
In notes of melody,
Which echoed and re-echoed round
The minstrel's ecstasy.

Memories of Boyhood

Thus onward, till the tiny dot
Was lost unto the view—
Lost mid the sunny atmosphere,
The world of clouds and blue.
Yet still the music downward came
In rippling rills of song,
Fresh as the sparkling hillside brook
That singeth all day long.
Until descending as it soared,
Once more it found its nest,
Its little home upon the downs,
And there its song had rest.
While other minstrels forward came
To charm the passing hour ;
Each with his tuneful witchery
Of brilliant vocal power.
Chief of these, the linnet gray,
Would tell, with varied voice,
Its story of the furze-clad hills,
The commons of its choice.
Oft have we seen it perched a-top
Of some tall gorsy spray,
Rocked by the winds as sweet it sang
Its cheerful roundelay.
Then, while we listened, far away,
Amid a hawthorn vale,

There came at intervals unto the ear,
Borne on the gentle gale,
A throstle's or a blackbird's pipe,
Wild, warbling, sweet, and clear,
Ripe, rich, and full, most beautiful !
Replete with woodland cheer.

XV.

THE RAVINE.

Then, too, again, how well we knew
The ravine, wild and rude !
Its rugged slopes of tufted grass,
Its crags of solitude.
The rushing, roaring, leaping brook
That gushed in silver, down
A tangled, winding, rocky stairs,
Mid hazels green and brown.
Its slumbering, black, and quiet pools
Reflecting cloud and sky,
The haunts of watchful, wary fish,
Which here in quiet lie.
The stepping-stones on which we crossed,
The quick impetuous flood ;
Which dashing threw its waters blue,
On every stone we stood.

Ay, 'twas delightful thus to stand,
Mid centre of the stream ;
With hills around on either hand,
And watch the waters gleam ;
As down they swept with easy grace,
From out their rocky home,
Like eager coursers in their race,
All flecked with flakes of foam.
Here have I often ta'en my stand
To watch the setting sun,
Whose brilliant curtain in the west
Gave token day was done.
The flickering shadows all around,
The gloaming sweet and still,
The waters singing at my feet,
The throstles on the hill,
All served to give an inward joy
Of peace and perfect calm ;
A blessed sense of happiness,
Which to the soul was balm.
Oft would we wander through the brakes,
Oft flush the fishing tern,
Or fright a rabbit from its seat,
Which scampered mid the fern.
What glorious times we always had
When Autumn days were come ;

When ripe and tempting was the sloe,
 The hazel-nut and plum ;
When blackberries in clusters grew
 With fruit of various shade,
From emerald green and ruby red
 To jetty black displayed.
Then would we wander in and out,
 A careless happy throng ;
No toil save that we were about,
 And full of laughs and song.
The golden sunshine all around,
 Bright, mellow, rich, and free ;
The heavens above an azure field
 Vast as eternity ;
The brooklet singing on its course,
 The wind a summer breeze,
Which talked and frolicked all the day
 Amid the grass and trees.
Ay, those were happy, pleasant times
 Of youth and liberty,
Such only as 'tis given once
 For mortals here to see.
For oh ! to be a boy again,
 And taste the joys of then ;
The present lot will tarry not
 To suit the sons of men.

XVI.

THE SCHOOL-MOUSE.

Thus musing, glanced I on the floor,
Where, much to my surprise,
I saw engaged in nibbling crumbs,
A mouse, with roguish eyes,
That sparkled like two tiny beads
Of living coal-black jet,
As, timorously and furtively,
My glancing eyes it met.
But quiet as a mouse I sat
And watched my little guest,
Which hunted all around the room
With many a sportive quest,
Intent on bits of currant cake,
Of apple-core, or cheese,
Bread-pudding, pie, or biscuit chips,
Sweets, orange-pips or peas,
Morsels dropped at dinner-time
From hungry boy or girl,
Now served to make for mousie's sake
A banquet worth a pearl.
At times 'twould sit upon its hams,
And up its body rear,
Whilst listening to the slightest sounds
That broke the quiet air.

If satisfied, 'twould sprightly race,
 In gambols, frolics, leaps ;
Then suddenly would stand quite still
 And give forth little cheeps.
I scarcely could restrain myself
 When once it sat to eat,
And took a tiny piece of bread
 Between its two forefeet ;
Then nibbled rapidly away
 With look so droll and sly,
As if it confidently knew
 I gazed with kindly eye.
Ay, little creature, who would hurt
 A timid thing like thee ?
The man or boy who did the wrong
 Would more than coward be.
I love too well each living thing
 Our Father dear has made,
To startle thee or terrify,
 Or make thine heart afraid.
Not me then, mousie, need you fear,
 Save in some direful need ;
No hand of mine shall take a life,
 Or make His creatures bleed.
But what is this ? why whiskest thou
 Like shadow flit away ?
What is it that so suddenly
 Has sent thee from thy play ?

XVII.

THE MESSENGER.

Ah ! now I see a laughing face,
A rosy, handsome girl,
Whose flaxen hair is like the waves
When just upon the curl,
To break in sparkling, dancing sprays
Upon the pebbly beach,
A sportive band which kiss the strand
And all within their reach.
So falls her glorious waves of hair
In tresses bright as gold ;
In rippling billows small and fair
As ocean ever rolled.
She taps the casement window,
Its diamond leaded panes,
And calls aloud, Come, Uncle John !
For grandmamma complains
The breakfast things are spoiling,
The toast is getting cold, .
The coffee's scarce worth drinking,
I'm sure you'll get a scold.
I rouse me from those old-time dreams
To thoughts of present day ;
While as departing pleasant guests,
The past doth speed away.

Then join my pretty messenger,
Who, like the restless tide,
Impatient in the doorway stands,
And playfully doth chide.
I stop her chiding with a kiss,
Then lock the schoolhouse door,
And with it lock within my heart
Those memories of yore.

Composed at Brawby, January to August, 1889.

LIFE'S BATTLE.

LIFE, brethren, is a battle !
The world the battlefield !
'Tis fought there without cannon,
The falchion or the shield ;
We hear not sound of armies,
Nor see their banners glow,
Yet ever onward march mankind
To meet a mighty foe,
Whose close and phalanxed legions
Are seen by all around

In awful conflict waging death
Wherever man is found.
Chief, selfishness and capital,
Which ever cry for more,
And sordid domineering pride—
The tyrant of the poor !
Next, poverty which cankers life,
And breeds vast broods of crime,
And saps the life of stalwart men,
Alas ! while in their prime.
Then pestilence, with age and death,
And passions dire of men—
These are the foes which round us press,
'Gainst which may Heaven defend.
Oh, brother, sister, wheresoe'er
Thy lot in life be cast,
Take up this glorious battle
And fight it to the last ;
Go, brace thyself for conquest !
For laurels of the fray !
Be armed with loving kindness !
Be cheerful as the day !
Bind up the wounds around thee
With sympathetic aid ;
And courage give to weak ones,
The foe hath nigh dismayed.

Thus shall thy life be full of joy,
Not lived by thee in vain ;
Go, gird thee for the battle !
For blessings thou shalt gain.

THE PEBBLE AND THE TREE.

AWAY up in the marsh-lands,
Mid the pleasant Vale of the Rye,
In that grand old county called Yorkshire,
Thou mayest by chance espy
A rugged and scarred old ash-tree,
Most curious in shape and in form ;
For its trunk hath three trunks together,
Each hollowed by age and by storm.
These meet and unite with each other
In one single stem overhead,
From whence spring the boughs in full vigour,
With foliage thickly outspread.
And close to its roots runs the Holmbeck,
A narrow and serpentine stream,
In which full often this monarch
Its shadow reflected hath seen.

One calm sweet morning in autumn,
Ere the lark was mute in his song,
A walk thence I took o'er the meadows,
And roamed by the river along.
Above, in a sky of pure azure,
Were cloudlets, soft, fleecy, and white ;
Whilst the sunshine around was a pleasure
Which gladdened and strengthened the sight.
In the fields near at hand fed the plover,
Or whistled from flocks overhead,
And around me the cattle were grazing,
Some dappled, some white, and some red.
These as they moved o'er the pastures
Gave them life, colour, and charm ;
Thus forming a picture of beauty
Set off by a cottage or farm.

Here, then, on the banks of the Holmbeck,
Close to its junction with Rye,
Mid the hollow old trunk of the ash-tree
I sat musing wherefore and why
A type of the Trinity blessed
Had grown in the form of this tree ?
As a problem 'twas curious and pleasant,
And quite interesting to me.

Just then at my feet spoke a Pebble,
A Pebble smooth, rounded, and red,

Which till then I scarcely had noticed,
From the loam that encircled its head.
' Long ages ago, when the glaciers,
These valleys and hills clad in mail ;
And scooped out the pathways of rivers,
And furrowed the sides of the dale ;
'Twas then I was born on a hilltop
Far now from my sight and my ken,
Thence rolled by a mighty rotation
Surpassing the efforts of men ;
And thus was I rounded and polished,
Then carried o'er furlongs of space
Till, some cycles later, Time found me
Reposing not far from this place.
Here, then, with a well-varied fortune,
Meet part of my chequered career
Have I laid through winter and summer
For thousands on thousands of year ;
Yea, here have I seen, with the wild boar,
Rhinoceros, lion, and bear,
The hyena, wolf, and the reindeer,
And the elephant coated with hair,
Next on the scene came that mortal,
Now known as primitive man,
With his weapons of flint and rude notions,
Whose history ye only can scan

In the cairn, the cromlech, and barrow,
 'Neath a rock or an old river-bed,
On moors and in caves where the sunlight
 Far from them for ever has fled ;
Told there by his boats, rude and narrow,
 His celts and his axe-heads of stone,
The barbs of his spears and his arrow,
 His pickaxe of hartshorn or holm.
When these passed away with their rudeness
 There came forth a knowledge and might
That gradually altered the marshes
 As the advent of day doth the night.

' Then where the wild duck with her broodlings
 Had paddled mid shadowy reeds,
Now stood the ripe ears of the barley
 And pastures of clover-clad meads,
And where those brown ridges and furrows
 Give token that ploughing is done,
Where oft you may notice the ploughshare
 Flash bright in the rays of the sun ;
At that time came huge flocks of wild-fowl
 And made it a haunt and a home,
Whilst the otter, the beaver, and heron
 Mid its reedy recesses would roam.

' Thus years sped away and one morning—
 'Twas the close of a warm summer's night,

And the mists all around were departing
As Aurora came joyfully bright—
I saw for the first time this ash-tree ;
’Twas then but a little small shoot
Scarce larger, in fact, than the grasses
Which closely encircle your boot.
Four centuries since then have departed,
Though it seems but a very short time,
Yet in it the tree has developed—
Attained both its age and its prime ;
For still as the seasons rolled onward,
In height and in beauty it grew
Till at length its trunk stood in thickness
Nine feet in diameter through.
Full nobly it looked in its prime then,
With its huge mighty arms spread around,
Amid which the breeze like rippling seas
Broke oft with a murmuring sound.
Such a tree the mind of the psalmist
Likened the righteous and good,
Bringing forth fruit in due season,
Surpassing all trees of the wood ;—
Then came forth a wind strong and mighty
And battled the branches about ;
Three days in its boisterous temper
It made through the marshes a rout.

In the midst of this terrible tempest,
When its fullest fury awoke,
To the tree with Leviathan vigour
It dealt forth a merciless stroke ;
Then down came a side and its branches
All splintered and shattered and white,
Thus telling to future beholders
The tale of that pitiless night.
From that time to this in all weathers,
Keen ice, and the wintry flood,
Through the balms of the spring and the summer,
The old tree dismembered hath stood.
As one in the days of his manhood
Receiveth a loss and a wound,
So was it, indeed, with this ash-tree,
Whose branches now lumbered the ground.
Its heart fell away from that moment,
Till nothing remained but the bark ;
This still, like a skin, stood around it,
And as embers retained life's spark.
But soon, by the warping of tempests
In the boughs still growing above,
'Twas rent in three places asunder ;
Thus three trunks from one trunk were rove.
Successive rains then gave it their stains,
Till at last the old veteran stood

Stricken with age and the ravages made
By storms of the weather and flood.
As its trunks formed a conical tent,
There oft the lone angler hied,
A shelter to gain from the fast falling rain
That beat in its fury outside.
And here would the owlet and fox,
Pert rabbit, or lambkin, or hare,
From the cold and the heat, for shadow or sleep,
To its hollow recesses repair.
From the tops of its sprays would the throistle
Pour forth his glad song far over the hill,
Whilst the robin would join in the anthem
With his musical, rippling rill.
So thus this old tree of the marshes
Still giveth both shelter and shade,
Still speaketh to each one among us,
Put forth thy best efforts to aid,
Those that by the storms of humanity
Drift oft within range of our scope,
Dismantled, despairing, and hardened,
Yet longing for kindness and hope.
Thus, then, as the ages roll onward,
More verdant and loving shall be
The hearts of all men and all nations
Typed in the green age of this tree.'—

Then ceased the Pebble from speaking ;

But, willing to make some return

For the pleasure it gave by its story,

I said, ' If I only could learn,

How I best could its interests serve

To please it, I happy should be.'

Then the Pebble relied on my word,

And thus made its answer to me :

' Thou seest where yonder the streamlet

Doth chatter o'er rough, stony ground :

There often the sunbeams do linger,

And the mimic waves merrily bound ;

There, too, have I seen with the grayling

The red-speckled trout and the dace.

So, if thou wouldst do me a favour,

Cast me hence mid those shallows apace.'

Then, taking it up, I threw lightly,

And gently it fell with a splash

Just where it wished mid the shallows,

Where brightly the waters did flash.

A moment I gazed where it rested,

Revolving the while in my mind

The lessons instructive and pleasant

We oft in the country may find ;

Then, turning away, I walk'd homeward,

Through meadow, and common, and vale,

Well pleased as the story I pondered,—
The Pebble's quaint, marvellous tale.

Composed at Brawby, December 18, 1889, to January 21, 1890. The marshes here indicated lie between Ness, Salton and Butterwick. Since writing the foregoing, the old tree has been almost completely destroyed by fire. It happened in this wise. A swarm of wild bees hived in its interior; these being discovered by a country lout, whose head was considerably larger than his common sense, he, in order to obtain the honey, set fire to the dry pith or touchwood of which the trunk was largely composed. The result was that in a short time the fire completely gutted the tent, or main trunk, and the overhanging branches, weighing over a couple of tons, thus losing their support, came down with a crash in one universal and hopeless ruin. Nothing now remains but a stark, pointed and blackened stump, against which the sheep and cattle rub themselves. This happened in the autumn of 1893.

SNOWDROPS.

SNOWDROPS ! fresh, beautiful fair !
Coming forth silently,
Emblems of purity ;
Blooming sweet when orchards are bare,
When leafless the hedges,
And withered the sedges,
For earth winter's mantle doth wear.
Snowdrops ! pure, saint-like, and calm !
In innocent beauty,
Each doing its duty,
Forth heralding Spring with a psalm.

Though bleak winds are blowing,
And sunbeams scarce showing,
Thou cheerest our hearts with thy balm.

Snowdrops ! fresh from the hand of God !
What soul can help feeling,
As it sees thee upstealing,
So delicate, out of the clod,
The deep infinite love
Of our Father above,
Who thus spreads His treasures abroad ?

Composed at Brawby, February 5, 1890, the village gardens and orchards looking beautiful at this time with snowdrops.

THE BLACKTHORN.

CHILD of the hedgerow !
Pride of the lane !
How lovely thy blossoms
When spring comes again !

When Nature awaking,
Looks like a bride ;
A chosen brides-maiden,
Thou stand'st at her side.

In garments milk-white,
Year after year ;
With green buds of hawthorn
Thy blossoms appear.

Oh, sweet is the vale !
Bright is the lea !
When the springtide returns,
With song-birds and thee !

THE CUCKOO.

THIS morning, whilst walking
Along in the lane,
The voice of the cuckoo
I heard me again.

The heavens were azure,
With scarcely a cloud,
And rooks in their gladness
Cawed frequent and loud.

The sunbeams fell brightly,
Like arrows of gold,
Inspiring all creatures
With joy manifold.

The Cuckoo

Young lambs mid the pastures
In frolics were seen,
While buds of the hawthorn
Were delicate green.

And hares in the meadows
Quick scamper'd along,
Whilst larks woke the welkin
With anthems of song.

Now, thus as I saunter'd,
Enjoying the morn,
On the breath of a zephyr
There to me was borne

The notes 'Cuckoo ! cuckoo !'
Melodious and clear ;
Methought them the sweetest
I'd heard for the year.

What visions they brought me
Of years that had fled,
When the springtime of life
Encircled my head !

When loitering to school,
I stayed by the way,
To list to the cuckoo,
Which sang from the spray.

Since then youth has vanished,
And manhood has come,
With its sorrows and trials,
And victories won.

Yet as I look backward,
Reviewing those days,
The words 'Cuckoo ! cuckoo !'
Redound to thy praise.

And now, as the springtide
Rolls onward, each year
I look for thy coming,
Thou bird of good cheer !

Till wandering, perhaps
In the fields or the lane,
A melodious, sweet 'Cuckoo !'
Is borne me again.

Then know I that Winter
Is fully at bay,
And welcome the flowerets
Of April and May.

I hail them all gaily
With many a word,
And greet thee most kindly
Thou bonnie blithe bird !

Composed at Brawby, May 7-9, 1890, on hearing the cuckoo for the first time for the year whilst walking one morning in the Brawby lane just before opening school.

THE DAISY.

SWEET little flow'ret of the grass,
Amid thine emerald bed,
How innocent, how beautiful !
Thou liftest up thine head.

So beauteous, yet so fragile,
So modest, pure, and good,
Possessing all the qualities
Of gentle maidenhood.

How lovingly thy golden eye
Doth turn towards the sun !
Doth follow him confidingly
Until the day is done.

Till when he sinks beneath the hills,
Far in the blushing west,
Then, too, thou foldest up thy form,
Preparest for thy rest.

Soon night-winds rock thee fast asleep,
And moonbeams round thee play ;
While dewdrops kiss thy nodding head
Till dawns another day.

Then when Aurora cometh forth,
All glorious to behold,
Thy golden breast and silver crest
Once more thou dost unfold.

The little children love thee well,
And grown-up children too,
Thou art so winsome, and so brave !
So constant and so true !

For ever through the changing year
Thou mayest still be found !
E'en when the winter's hoary frost
Besiegeth all around.

In Spring, upon the sunny banks,
In summer, mid the fields ;
Whilst autumn shows thy thinnèd ranks
Still glow with many shields.

O little, childlike daisy-flower,
What magic charm is thine !
How thou dost speak unto each heart
Of Providence Divine !

How many are the lessons great,
Though silent, thou dost teach ;
Of love, and faith, and innocence,
Beyond what man can preach !

For who can see thy winsome face,
Fresh, beaming mid the sod,
When Spring again puts on her robes,
Nor own the hand of God ?

Oh, sad indeed the heart must be,
Or cankered hard by care,
Which cannot know, and love, and feel,
His presence everywhere !

To such the little daisy speaks,
With no uncertain voice :
I am a token of that God !
Oh, love Him and rejoice !

Composed at Brawby, May 10-11, 1890, after seeing a lot of daisies
on the banks near to the beck at Butterwick.

THE KINGFISHER.

KING of the river, the brook, and the mere !
Vision of beauty that's praised far and near !
Gem of the waters throughout our fair isle !
Oh, happy the streamlet that owns thee awhile !

Oft fishing beside the old water-mill,
Or shadowy waters more quiet and still,
All of a sudden, as arrow of light,
Forth thou hast flitted, then vanished from sight.

Leaving reflected a joy on the mind ;
A memory pleasant, beneficent, kind !
Like to the picture the waters give back,
Reflecting the beauty that follows thy track.

Oh, dull is the brain, and dense to thy charm,
Which to thee would give any cause of alarm ;
Would kill thee, molest thee, or rob thy fair race,
Whose exquisite presence the waters doth grace.

Composed at Brawby, May 14-15, 1890, after seeing a kingfisher at
Fleet Cross whilst out for my evening walk.

THE LAMP.

KEEP thy lamp a-burning !
Let it cast its ray,
Far into the darkness,
On thy brother's way.

Let it speak of comfort,—
Cheer amid the gloom,—
Pointing like a beacon,
Far beyond the tomb ;

Telling of a purpose,
Holy, pure, and true ;
Showing unto others
Christ is all to you.

The Lamp

Keep it steady burning !
Not with fitful glow ;
Beware ! souls are watching
When the light burns low.

How thy friends would miss it !
How thy foes deride !
If it for a season
Sank beneath the tide !

Some, perchance, benighted,
Out upon the wold,
If they saw it vanish,
Would vanish from the fold,

Lost amid the windings
Of an erring way ;
Lost amid the pitfalls,
Wrapped in shadows gray.

Then keep it ever burning !
Trim it well with care !
Pour in oil of gladness !
To banish dark despair.

And its mirror, conscience,
Burnish clear and bright !
So that well a radiance
Pass into the night.

Thus the world shall see it,
Own it for a guide !
As ships upon the ocean,
The lightship on the tide.

Composed at Brawby, November 12, 1890, after a reflection on the general gloom of this portion of the year and the need of lights, etc. So to the Christian there come seasons of gloomy fears when his spiritual life is in danger of going out or burning very low. To such I speak.

JACK PARKER, THE OLD HUNTSMAN.

WHY such deep feeling through Ryedale,
As quick the rumour sped,
That owd Jack Parker of the Hunt
Of Sinnington was dead ?

Men have departed frequently
From out this world of pain,
As tenants when their lease expires,
Who cannot well remain.

For thus hale Time doth show his strength—
He taketh them away ;
New generations forward come
To flourish and decay.

And thus, as ages onward roll,
 The sons of men depart,
 Bound for that goal, of which their birth
 In this was but the start.

Ah ! now I see whence comes the pang,
 On news of owd Jack's death ;
 Men feel another lease has flown,
 Nigh seventy years in breadth—

A lease that links us with the past,
 With memories of men,
 Of whom Jack Parker was a type
 We ne'er may see again.

How pleasant was his genial smile !
 How hearty was his laugh !
 How full of life his cheery voice,
 When heard whilst at his craft !

Throughout the shire, and further, too,
 Owd Jack was justly famed,—
 For two score years of hunting life
 That reputation gained !

A daring rider, skilful shot,
 A jovial angler too ;
 The music of the hounds he loved,
 With Reynard full in view.

No fences then could stop owd Jack,
As on his gallant steed
O'er every obstacle he went,
Rejoicing in its speed.

Brooks, moorlands, meadows, woods, flew by
As onward sped the chase ;
While ever and anon, rang out
His voice, amid the race,

Still urging on the noble pack
To give unto the field
Such sport as he right well did know
His motley pets could yield.

Ay, 'twas such ardent traits as these
Endeared him all around !
Which made him liked by all that love
The music of the hound !

Long, then, his memory shall live
Amid the vale of Rye,
And many a gallant hunting lad
To emulate shall try.

Long shall his name a household word
Be quoted, with some deed
He wrought upon that trusty friend,
Old Outlaw, his last steed.

Oft at the meet on hunting morns
 His sturdy form was seen ;
 Now 'twill be missed for evermore—
 'Tis vanished, as a dream.

No more amid a gallant field,
 Drawn from the county wide,
 In velvet cap and jacket red,
 With hounds on every side,

Will Jack again delight them all
 With many a timely jest,
 Or story of that Cleveland run
 Told in his very best.

Alack ! he's gone ; his day has fled
 He's finished his last run :
 Then let us write above his head
 The motto terse, ' Well done !'

'Tis thus hale Father Time removes,
 The old hounds from the pack ;
 So, welcome Horsman, to the front !
 And fare thee well, owd Jack !

Composed at Brawby, December, 1890. Jack Parker was born at Welburn, near Kirby-Moor-Side, in 1822. His father was an ardent sportsman, and Jack inherited this trait in an eminent degree. He entered the Sinnington hunt in 1849 (memorable for the noted rush to the gold fields of California). Here he remained up to the end of the season 1889. In the autumn of 1890 he died of congestion of the

lungs. Everything was done to make the last years of this grand old huntsman's life comfortable, but, as seen, he did not long live to enjoy the bounty of his friends. He was buried at Kirby-Moor-Side, and his funeral was attended by a vast concourse of rich and poor, drawn from far and near, who thus showed their respect of the worth of him they had known and loved for many years.

SPRING.

I.

ONCE more the seasons in their course,

Roll round the varying year ;

And Spring, the first, the fairest one,

Virginal doth appear.

Obedient to Almighty Will,

Through countless years of time,

The sun has wed the waking earth,

Dissolving Winter's rime.

Beneath his sunny, genial smile,

And cheerful, loving care,

She putteth on her bridal dress

Of leaves and blossoms fair.

These golden goslings, catkins bright,

That deck the willow-tree,

Mid which the bees melodious hum

Sweet songs of liberty.

Or snowdrops, nodding in the wind,
All white as driven snow ;
While crocus, furze, and daffodils,
Their glowing glories show.

Then primroses in clust'ring groups
Within the shelt'ring wood,
Where soft the wind blows not unkind,
And straggling sunbeams brood.

Next blackthorns blooming in the vale,
Their beauty doth unfold,
And please the traveller with their charms,
Their sweetness manifold.

While daisies white, a pretty sight
Upon the sunny banks,
Lift up their shields, and show the fields
All glist'ning with their ranks.

Then bedstraws sweet, and buttercups,
With speedwells, darkly blue,
And harmless nettles mid the hedge,
With flowers of varied hue.

With them the Queen of May comes forth,—
Fresh blooms of hawthorn fair !
And sprinkles rich the verdant sprays,
Perfumes the ambient air.

While marigolds within the marsh,
And flow'ring water-weeds,
Contrast the glory of their charms
With emeralds of the reeds.

Then, too, in corners of the fields
The graceful cowslip grows ;
While roadside hedges, ditches, banks,
The white starella shows.

Nor must we pass unheeded by,
Without a word of praise,
That old, time-honoured favourite,
And joy of youthful days,

The wallflower, with its colours bright,
And fragrance passing rare,
Which now, with violets in full bloom,
Are met with everywhere.

Then lilacs and laburnums vie
With lilies of the vale
To light the garden with their smiles,
And scent the passing gale.

But chiefly do the orchard trees
Proclaim the time of spring,
With leaves of green inlaid between,
Fair blossoms opening.

There may we see the cherry-tree,
The apricot and pear,
The plum, the apple, crab and peach,
Their matchless garments wear.

All milky white, as satin bright,
Or variegated hue ;
Whose blushes red around are spread
Before the raptured view

Mid dainty, tender foliage,
In every shade of green ;
That hedgerows and the forest trees
Add daily to the scene.

Brown heather, too, upon the hills,
Red ferns amid the brakes ;
And clumps of tufted, withered broom
The vernal change partakes.

And meadows, full of sweet young grass
And fields of springing corn ;
With gardens rich in loveliness,
Delight the eye each morn.

Oh ! who can thus such beauty see ?
Such contrasts, wondrous bright !
Without emotions of the soul,
And transports of delight.

II.

Adorned thus, the earth comes forth,
All blushing as a bride,
And scatters round on every hand
Her favours far and wide.

Of these the lambs, sweet innocents !
On little mounds and banks
Run races, frolic, gambol, leap,
And play a thousand pranks.

Or in some sheltered, sunny spot,
By hedgerows, stump, or tree,
Rest by their guardian mothers' sides,
And sleep confidingly.

Young foals are also seen in fields,
And gaily gallop round
Their jealous, watchful dams, who graze,
Yet mark each sportive bound.

Ay, 'tis delightful thus to see
Such little creatures prance !
Or watch them as most wonderingly
At novelties they glance.

Sweet, too, the cattle as they graze
Amid the pastures gay ;
Whilst feathered minstrels sweetly sing
From many a tree and spray.

Now, too, the poultry of the farm,
With numerous progeny,
In pretty groups, or wandering troops,
By meads and stackyards stray.

And rooks amid the rookeries,
With blackbirds, robins, thrushes ;
And hosts of other little birds
That live among the bushes,

Are busy with the building up,
Of many a curious nest ;
In places where they oft defy,
The prowling schoolboy's quest.

And bees and butterflies are out,
A-flitting mid the flowers,
Whilst oft the cuckoo's note is heard
As pass the pleasant hours.

While swallows and the whitethroats wee,
Likewise the nightingale,
Are heard and seen amid their haunts
In many a rural vale.

The lapwing, too, upon the heath,
May frequent now be seen ;
And hares amid the springing corn,
Brown dots within the green !

Or partridges, which crouching down,
We pass unconscious by,
Whilst now and then, at intervals,
Is heard the corncrake's cry.

Each streamlet, too, and quiet pool
Is full of tiny fry :—
Of minnows, tadpoles, and such like,
That love on shoals to lie.

Whilst cliffs and rocks, and islets lone,
Where rolls the restless sea,
Serve now for myriads of sea-fowl
To rear their progeny.

Nor is man idle, but at work
In garden, field, and lane,
Rejoicing that he once more sees
The welcome spring again.

That joy to crown, he gathers round
The blooms of bonnie May,
And oft is seen on village green
A pole with ribbons gay.

Round which the young men and the maids
Together form a ring,
Joined hand in hand, a merry band
Who frolic, dance, and sing,

Or wheel about, all in and out,
As if within a maze ;
A pleating neat those ribbons sweet,
Whilst all the village gaze.

In fact, all nature is alive !
And everything awake,
In woodland, moorland, meadow, hive,—
In river, sea, and lake.

For 'tis the spring,—the time of flowers !
The marriage of the earth !—
The season when soft vernal showers,
Dispel dull winter's dearth !

Oh ! who can thus each passing year,
Such resurrection see !
Without a thought of future life,
And faith, dear Lord, in Thee ?

If such there are, their souls are dead ;
I pity their estate !
No God, no hope, no life beyond !
Oh, most unhappy fate !

To such, O Lord, Thy Spirit give,
That 'neath its living ray,
The icy fogs in which they live,
May soon dissolve away.

Then, as their range of vision clears,
Like sailors on life's sea,
Who can discern their whereabouts ;
So may they steer to Thee !

Composed at Brawby at various intervals during the springs of 1890-91 ; finished June 6, 1891.

A COUNTRY WALK.

I.

ONE morn I sauntered through the fields,
And crossed a tiny brook ;
Which wander'd winding through the meads,
Beside the path I took.

An old and weather-beaten plank,
Grown o'er in various parts,
With lichens, moss, and fungi red,
Like various coloured warts,

Did duty for a rustic bridge,
Athwart the stream below ;
Which, rippling pleasantly along,
With sparkling crystal flow,

Gave life and beauty to the scene,
And verdure to the bank ;
And fed the glowing marigolds,
And sword-like rushes rank.

Awhile I stood and gazed down,
Into the waters clear ;
And viewed the speckled minnows crowd,
Like herd of startled deer,

Amid the cresses green and weeds,—
The forests of their home,
Or dart athwart the wavy sands,
Which girt them like a zone.

How often had I when a boy
Such captured as a prize,
To place within a glass jar cell,
And view their gem-like eyes,
Their silver breasts and golden sides,
Their tiny fins and tail,
As skilfully they swam about,
Whilst flashed their burnished mail.

II.

As thus I stood I saw a leaf
Fall fluttering from a tree ;
'Twas lovely with autumnal tints,
Most beautiful to see !

I watched it as it settled down
Upon the purling stream,
And saw it as it floated by,
To vanish from the scene

Amid the windings of the banks,
Which hid it from my view ;
And thus methought our little lives
Float on and vanish, too.

Men see us for a brief short time
Adorn the Tree of Life,
Till widening space of four-score years,
Removes us from the strife.

Like leaves we come forth in the spring,
The early days of youth ;
Then all is joyous happiness,
And free from bitter ruth.

The summer comes, to manhood grown
We flourish as the bay,
Till autumn with its frosts sets in,
The heralds of decay.

Our years advance, then winter comes ;
We pass into the sere ;
As yellow leaves fall from the trees
We fall and disappear

Into that ever-flowing stream
Whose name is Time and Death,
Upon whose breast the Tree of Life
Sheds leaves at every breath.

'Tis thus we spend the seasons here,
Mid sunshine, storm, and rain,
While some at every season fall,
In winter few remain.

But scattered far on every hand
Mid hedgerows, fields, and lane,
The sport of many a ruffian blast
Which roars along the plain.

We find at length a resting-place
Far from the parent tree ;
And there together and unknown
We sleep most peacefully.

III.

And musing thus, I onward sped,
Yet halted soon again
To listen to the skylark's song,
A most delicious strain.

Mid that green mead all clover-clad,
And fresh with morning dew,
I stood entrancèd, gazing up,
The minstrel's form to view

Away in realms of space above,
A speck far up the sky ;
I saw it as it singing soared
Till lost unto the eye.

I always shall regard the lark,
My musing fancy ran,
As type of him who full of thanks
Does all the good he can.

And ever as his loving deeds
Forth from him richly flow,
To soothe and help and succour those
Weighed down with vice or woe.

He rises high in estimate
With God and fellow-men,
And nearer gets to perfectness
Than ever we may ken.

IV.

Near by a noble flock of sheep
Reclined upon the green ;
As fleecy clouds white on the breast
Of summer skies are seen.

High thorny hedges were around,
With here and there a tree ;
Whose trembling shadows as they fell
Made wondrous tracery,

Mid which the cheerful sunshine bright
 Glanced here and there like gold ;
A radiance beautiful and light,
 In patterns manifold.

I gazed upon this peaceful scene
 With feelings nigh akin ;
For oh ! most potent is the charm
 Such pleasures work within.

I thought of Him who made them all,
 And gave them for our need ;
And like the lark my grateful heart
 Sang praises from the mead.

Thence on again, by bank and stile,
 And many a rural road ;
With feelings bright and footsteps light
 Midst rustic scenes I strode.

For here and there with browsing kine
 Young foals and horses fed ;
And often as I walked along,
 They gazed with lifted head.

From which their dewy breath arose
 In curling wreaths of steam ;
Reflecting, too, a rainbow hue
 Caught from the sun's bright beam.

Anon would dart from out the hedge
A rabbit or a hare,
To scud with mighty leaps away,
And seek some safer lair.

v.

All of a sudden, as I roamed,
A tapping met mine ear ;
I started, paused, at the sound :
No woodpecker was near.

That well I knew, for all around
The trees were hard and good ;
Yet still at intervals the sound
Re-echoed through the wood.

I rambled on, with eyes alert,
And soft my footsteps fell,
Intently bent, on solving this,
Grand mystery of the dell.

‘ Ah ! ’ involuntarily broke,
From out my half-closed lips,
As suddenly I came upon
The cause of those sharp hits.

A throstle on the little path
Stood close beside a stone ;
As priests once stood amid the groves
By Druid altars lone.

Like them, he also offered up
A victim, torn and rent ;
A sacrifice unto the morn,
A snail whom Fortune sent.

I watched him for a little while.
He raised the victim high ;
Then brought it down with quick, sharp force
Upon the stone hard by.

Thus speedily by many blows
The morsel sweet was gained ;
And quite as quickly swallowèd,
Till naught but shells remained.

Of these there was a goodly heap,
Thick scattered all around,
And forming near the altar stone
A sacrificial mound :

Which told of many such-like deeds,
For breakfast, dinner, tea,
And quite explained the tapping sound,
The woodland mystery.

VI.

As I stood still, regarding them,
The throstle sang a lay ;
A mellow song of thankfulness,
Sweet as the dawn of day.

I listened with enchanted ears,
As sang the bird along ;
And followed all the splendid bars
Within that glorious song.

Oh, what, thought I, in spacious halls,
Sung by artistes fair,
With all attendant garnishments,
Can with such song compare ?

There in the copse amid the fields,
The sunny sky above,
And all around an insect sound,
And creatures that I love,

I felt a pleasure glow within,
A pure and tranquil joy,
Refreshing as the morning breeze,
Whose kisses never cloy.

The British minstrels of the bush,
What can compare with them ?
The blackbird, robin, linnet, thrush,
Bear off the diadem.

When with them as a sweet compeer
That little bird, the lark,
Whose song is heard from morning gray
Till evening shadows dark.

VII.

From hence I took my roaming way
Into an old grass field,
Quite bent upon discovering,
The treasures it would yield.

The first was nigher than I knew,
And took me by surprise ;
For suddenly there upward flew,
With whirring wings and cries,

A dozen partridges or more,
The parent birds and brood !—
All seeming in the greatest scare,
And most disturbèd mood.

I watched them as they quickly flew
To distant fields away ;
And then once more like as before,
Went on my roaming way.

VIII.

The next thing to arrest my steps
Were several little mounds,
Placed here and there at intervals,
Like fortifièd towns.

And to complete the simile,
A subterranean road,
Made by the sappers of these mounds,
Connected each abode.

While I stood still regarding them,
I chanced to see the earth,
Upon the crest of one of them,
Give certain signs of birth.

It rose and fell and heaved about,
It tossed to and fro,
As if some hidden force within
Was working close below.

Now as the mound increased in size,
I made a slight advance,
Intent on taking master mole,
If I could get the chance.

But that hard-working gentleman,
With ears alert and keen,
Knew well when dangers from without
Did threaten him, I ween.

For suddenly the motion ceased,
And everything was still ;
Then well I knew, and found it true,
The mole had left the hill,

To shelter in his stronghold vast
 Beneath a bank hard by,
Where 'twould indeed be difficult
 For anyone to pry.

I also left and wandered on
 Till quite a different scene ;
One full of beauty and delight,
 Once more did intervene.


IX.

The grassy ground for yards around
 Was studded here and there
With mushrooms white, a pretty sight,
 And one to me most fair.

How sweet they looked amid the grass,
 Those creatures of a night !
How fresh and pure 'neath many gems
 Of crusted dewdrops bright !

Methought they looked like snow-white tents,
 Pitched by a fairy band ;
Which here had come and danced and sung
 At Oberon's command.

In fancy too I thought I saw
 The magic circle drawn ;
And all the little people dance
 Till day began to dawn.



'Twas sweet beneath the stars and moon,
Their revels quaint to see,
Clad in their gauzy, gay costumes,
Of wondrous witchery.

How often in the early morn,
When all was calm and still,
Save for the crowing of a cock,
Or throstle's matin rill,

Have I arose from slumbers light,
Whilst others slept profound ;
And hied me to those grassy fields
Where mushrooms most abound,

And brushed the heavy dews away
As quick I sped along,
Till soon my boots were soaked through,
Although both stout and strong.

But that I minded not the least,
If I was first afield ;
For then experience told success,
And generous was the yield.

Then home again, whilst still in bed
Full half the village lay ;
Rejoicing with an appetite
Mushrooms alone could stay.

Now, having roused the household crew,
And also made the fire,
I sat and peeled a goodly few,
And changed wet socks for drier.

How sweet the homely words of praise,
The smiling faces bright ;
As each one came around and gazed,
Thus showing their delight.

And sweet the juicy dainties too
We soon had on the plate ;
It would have made dyspeptics stare
To see the lots we ate.

x.

I think I must have been bewitched,
So powerful was the spell !
The fairies, mushrooms, and my thoughts,
Wove over me so well.

I neither heard, nor saw, nor thought
Of anything save these ;
Till suddenly a silvery voice
Said, ' What's the matter, please ?'

I gave a start, a silvery laugh
Re-echoed all around ;
And when I saw the beauteous cause,
I thought that I had found

A fairy of a different type,
Yet full of spells, as strong
As ever any fairy wove ;
Within the mystic throng.

Her brow was fair, and black her hair
With lustre of the sloe ;
Her lips and cheeks were as a peach
When in its primest glow ;

Her eyes were like the violets
Which hide among the grass ;
And her breath was as their fragrance
Which greets us while we pass.

In truth, a very pretty maiden
Of summers scarce nineteen !
Was she who thus came playfully,
And broke upon my dream.

I knew her well, and she knew me,
For we had long been friends ;
And so I said full pleasantly,
' Dame Fortune smiles and sends

' You, little sweetheart, just in time,
To give your welcome aid,
To help me gather up this lot ;
So come along, sweet maid !'

Together then, with right goodwill,
Picked we the mushrooms white,
Till speedily a basketful
Rewarded labours light.

XI.

We laughed and talked, and happy were,
And cheerful as the day ;
As home we walkèd, side by side,
Along the rural way,
Which ran right through an avenue
Of oaks with branches long ;
Whilst on the left a rivulet
Was full of Nature's song.
An aged hedge of twisted thorns
Grew on the other side ;
Whose haws and sloes, were full of glows,
Resplendent far and wide.
The birds they sang about our path
From every bush and tree ;
Or fluttered round us as we went
All most confidingly.
The kine stood in the rivulet
With water to the knees ;
On shallow fords and tongues of sand,
O'ershadowed by the trees.

At times a water-wagtail would
Flit sprightly to and fro ;
And oft a sportive fish would leap
From out the depths below.

Then once we saw, like meteor float
Athwart the winding stream,
A kingfisher in brilliant coat,
Of orange, blue, and green.

While swallows ever and anon
Would dart around and round,
Frequently singing as they flew,
A joyous sort of sound.


Thus on we went till soon appeared
The village cots and hall ;
The little houses and the big !—
Where dwelt our great and small.

Then at an old and moss-grown gate
We parted for the day ;
She going down the village street,
And I the other way.

Thus ended an eventful walk,
Which lives in memory yet ;
And having furnished all this talk,
You likewise won't forget !

GOD IN CREATION.

WITH sacred awe I now approach
And speak Thy sov'reign Name :
Jehovah ! Father ! God ! I Am !
Thou dost for ever reign !
When first creation heard Thy voice,
All, all was one vast night !
Thy Spirit brooding o'er the void
Diffused an essence bright ;
Then rolled away the darksome clouds,
The waters stood alone,
Whilst earth came forth—Thy footstool, Lord—
And heaven Thy royal throne ;
But, oh ! how rugged then the face,
The new-born world assumed ;
When from the chaos of that night,
Its mighty mountains loomed.
Gaunt precipices, crags, and scaurs,
Huge craters, caves, and cliffs,
Stood grimly forth in nakedness,
Amid volcanic rifts.—
But like a veil soft verdure came
In every shade of green ;
A carpet vast and beautiful !
With lovely flowers between.



Then round those lofty mountain-tops
The hardy pine did grow,
And eidelweiss adorned the crags
Above the torrent's flow.—
Whilst vines and olives on the hills,
With wheat upon the plain,
Each flourished forth as doth the rose
Beneath a gentle rain.—
Thus barren hills and arid plains
Were clad at Thy decree,
With grass, and herbs, and flowerets fair,
With fruit and forest tree.—
And in due order setting forth
The wisdom of Thy plan,
The sun and moon with stars of light,
Their courses now began.—
Look up and view those glorious orbs,
That glisten in the sky !
Each is a witness of the might,
Of Him who reigns on high.—
How sweetly they together sang !
When first from out His hand
They started on their circles vast
Obeying His command ;—
How gladly did the mighty sun,
Effulgent spread his beams,

At morning, noon, and dewy eve,
Attendant on the scenes !—
And earth invigorated rolled
Rejoicing on her way,
As through her veins she felt this power
Of life begin to play.—
Then fishes to the waters came,
And birds that fly in air ;
Whilst creeping things and insect life
Were met with everywhere.—
The lark now first amid the sky
Its music richly poured ;
A ministering priest to thee,
Its Maker and its Lord !—
The nightingale with winsome note,
The silence of the night,
Awoke with eloquence of song
And carols of delight.—
The eagle with his pinions wide,
And eyes so fierce and keen,
Soared heavenward unto the sun
And sported in its beam.—
While doves, sweet birds of innocence,
Cooed mid the verdant trees,
And all the air was resonant
With troops of humming bees.—

The salmon sported mid the streams,
The whale amid the deep ;
And on the prairies antelopes,
And mid the mountains sheep.
The lion with a royal mien,
The monarch of the plain,
Stalked forth magnificently bold
And entered on his reign.—
Thus cattle and the animals,
Which woods and fields adorn,
With beasts that prowl in search of prey
To light and life were born.—
Thus was the earth and all her host
Made ready for a guest ;
With everything that heart would have,
Pronounced by Thee the best.—
That guest came forth, formed from the dust,
A keystone for the whole,
Endowed with life from out Thine Hand,
Thine Image, and a soul.—
And for a helpmeet, Thou didst give
A sympathizing friend !—
A being taken from his side !—
Her life with his to blend.
Then to them gave Thy blessing rich—
A paradise of joy,

Thy Presence and an intercourse
Sin only could destroy.—
How many ages rolled away
As swept those changes on ?
No effort of the scientist
To ravel yet hath won ;—
Yet all was done and at the last
Pronounced by Thee most good,—
Still further for the weal of man,
Thou didst decree, he should
For ever keep one day to Thee—
One holy day in seven—
In which to rest and meditate,
And taste the joys of Heaven.—
Most wonderful, Almighty Lord !
Who thus the earth upreared,
And for the honour of Thy Name
Its tenants thus prepared,
Shall we not praise Thy matchless skill ?
Shall we not love Thee, Lord ?
Yea, God our Father and our Friend !
Be everywhere adored !

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

It was an eve in summer-time,
The day was well-nigh done ;
And all the western heavens wore
The glories of the sun.

A group of men sat 'neath the elm,
Which grows in Coxwold's Street ;
That rural village in which Sterne
Found such a calm retreat.

They chatted pleasantly and smoked,
Whilst children round them played ;
When most distinct the voice of one
Unto the others said :

' I'll tell to thee, as tales are told,
A story of my prime ;
When I was lusty, young, and bold,
And fit for any clime.'

The speaker was an aged man
Of four-score years and three ;
Yet still his strength, and manly fire,
Shone forth conspicuously.

The Farmer's Daughter

Renowned was he both far and near
For sterling common-sense ;
Which is a faculty most rare,
And one we can't dispense.

Attention soon reigned all around ;
For all did love to hear
The stories that the veteran told,
Replete with lessons clear.

I fancy that I see him now
Amid that listening group !—
A figure tall above them all,
With just a little stoop.

Clad in a rustic, homely garb,
His honest face aglow ;
And hair and beard with winter's white,
Resembling drifted snow,

In kindly tones he then once more
Began the following tale :—
'Tis now full fifty years ago,
When in this pleasant vale

There dwelt a noble-hearted man,
A wealthy farmer he ;
Whose stacks and stock, whose fields and crop,
Were worth the while to see.

He did not starve his beasts or land ;
Nor did he grudge to hire,
A goodly band, to work the land :
He knew their worth, did squire !

But far beyond all other wealth,
He loved his daughter Kate ;
Who at the time I speak about
Was turning twenty-eight,

A woman fair with auburn hair,
And lovely English face,
On which refinement and goodwill,
One easily could trace.

She was not tall and angular,
Nor petit as a girl,
But of a medium stature,
Developed quite a pearl !—

How fair her form at early morn !
Mid poultry of the farm ;—
Whilst pigeons, too, around her flew
Without a thought of harm.

Forth from their stall the calves would all
Group heads outside the door,
In haste to meet the little treat
She often had in store.

Old Blossom, too, and trusty Trim,
A favourite horse and hound !
Would follow her from place to place
As if by duty bound.

Such was the farmer's daughter Kate,
The heiress of the Meads ;
And in my heart I loved her well,
Yet love full often bleeds.

For though this maid had winsome charms
In figure, face, and eye ;—
And well I knew her heart was true,
Her nature good and high,

Yet such sweet grapes oft hang too high,
For lads like me to reach ;—
For reasons known to those who try,
And which I'll try to teach.

Some maidens' parents seem always
To fish for wealth and power ;—
It matters little what he is,
If he's the coin to dower.

Unprincipled debauchees, rogues,
Fops, ninnyhammers, rakes,—
These all by gold, though bad and bold,
Yet fascinate like snakes !—

And so mamma and dear papa,
Their pet lambs give away,
With smiles unto a wolfish crew,
For money and display.

Thus beauty, youth, and maidenhood,
Unite with sere old age ;—
And barter all their principles,—
For riches and a cage !

In vain the manly and the true !—
The noble and the brave !—
Who have not wealth do all they can,
To rescue and to save.

But no ! her parents both combined,
Such efforts only slight ;—
Ambition must be gratified !—
And, gold is very bright !—

So though I oft had longed to wed
Sweet Kate refined and good ;
Who had an income which, with mine,
Right well might rear a brood,

Her father he had other views,—
As once he said to me,
When pressed upon a certain point,—
And said so testily.

Those words they made my blood to boil,—
For thought of humble birth,
I am not one of those who think,—
The poor are little worth !

But hold it as a sacred truth,—
A man with honest heart,
Possessing nothing, still is rich !—
Though often made to smart

By churls and fops and purse-proud fools !—
Whose selfishness and pride
Proclaim them such to every man !—
Much as they try to hide !—

And so I answered in my wrath,
That I was proud as he !
And scorned to use such wretched views !
Such sordid slavery !—

Said he, ' Young man ! Why, then, do you
Come courting daughter Kate ?'
' Because I love her, sir !' I said—
' Would have her for my mate !

' Give her to me, with just enough
Of income which, with mine,
Will serve to keep a household up ;—
And favour our design.

I ask no more ! I crave no more !—
I want not wealth and power !—
I only pray for just enough,
To meet the passing hour !—

Said he, ' Young man, I quite forbid
Your intercourse with Kate !—
Said I, ' Good sir, your words with me
Bear very little weight !—

' I care not for your mighty moods !—
Your fashion forms I hate !—
Talk not to me of intercourse !—
For I will speak to Kate !—

We parted thus in surly mood !—
The young dog and the old !—
Full oft, I ween, such scenes have been,
Wrought out for love of gold !—

From that time forth sweet Kate and I
Did scarce each other see ;—
For never came she forth alone ;
They'd always company !—

Months rolled away ! three years sped by !—
When on a sunny morn,
Once more amid the fields, alone,
I saw her bonnie form.

' At last, dear Kate, we meet again !
Such meeting is a bliss !—
And now, my lass, canst thou refrain,
From granting me a kiss ?'

The maiden looked demure and shy,
As maids are wont to do ;
Yet answered with a roguish eye :—
' Perhaps you'll steal a few !'

I rather fancy that I took—
But there, I will not tell !—
So just imagine those I stole ;
And that will do as well.

The converse of that hour was sweet ;
We felt repaid for pain ;
It was a satisfaction meet
When we two met again.

We plighted once again our troths,
And made out sundry plans ;
In order to defeat the schemes—
Her father's harsh commands !—

When who but he should then appear
By some design or chance,
Armed with a gun and with his dog,
Both barring our advance.

'Now, Kate, my lass, prepare for storms !—

We've got to face your dad !—

So bear up bravely for the fray !—

'All right !' said she, 'dear lad !'—

And saying this, she caught my arm,

And firmly held it fast ;—

As if she meant to lean thereon

Till danger should be past.

Thus on we came to meet the foe,

Who stood erect and stern.

'A pleasant morning, sir !' quoth I ;

He smiled a grim return.

At length he said, 'Tis pleasant, sir,

I doubt not unto you !—

In fact, you are a pleasant pair—

Like doves, you bill and coo !

'Yet, if I recollect aright,

I think I once did say—

I would not have this sort of thing !—

No, not another day !'

'Your memory, sir,' I here put in,

'Is wonderfully good ;—

So you'll remember at that time

I also said, I would !'

' You see yon river flowing on
To join its goal, the sea ;
Stop that from doing so, and then
You may succeed with we !'—

' My father,' here spoke noble Kate,
' In all things I'll obey,—
Save in this matter of our love !
So let us have our way !'—

Now, while we spake and firmly stood
Like soldiers under fire,
It seemed to me that suddenly
A smile o'ercame his ire.

Like sunbeam through the rifted clouds
Sometimes in storms we see,
So broke that smile athwart his face,
And changed it wondrously.

' My children,' said the worthy man,
' I understand you quite ;
I did but cloak my better self
To read your hearts aright.

' 'Twas but to see your constancy,—
To test your manly worth,—
That I dissembled all I could,
Of kindness showed a dearth.

' I love thee, Kate ! I love thee, Jack !—
My daughter and my son !—
And worthily you've stood the test ;
And both my favour won.

' I would not mar your happiness,
Nor cross you in your love ;
For all the gilded, golden baits
That ever Fortune wove.

' An honest-hearted, healthy man,
Whose limbs are sound and strong ;
Who loves his God and fellow-man,
And scorns to do a wrong ;

' Though earning but a scanty wage,
In place of poor degree,
Is far before the rich, yet poor,
Disgraces of society.

' So, take her, Jack, and have him, Kate !—
I give my full consent !—
And if I acted harsh awhile ;
Know now 'twas kindly meant !'

Then thanked we him most cordially,
Gave hearty grip of hand ;
And all together homeward went
Across the meadow-land.

Now, as we walked, the old man talked,
And, smiling, thus said he :
'I little thought when I set out
To have your company.

'Of hares and birds I shot not one,
And only saw a few,
Yet have I had most pleasant sport,
For I have captured you !'

We laughed, and were the best of friends,
For, now the test was o'er,
Each one did try to make amends
For having been a bore.

'Twas thus we came unto the hall,
And thus we entered in ;
And when the house received the news,
Was ever such a din !

Congratulations, wishes, smiles,
We met on every side—
A steady flow which served to show
The turning of the tide.

And all the village folks were glad,
And quick to show it, too ;
Indeed, it seemed a welcome news
Where'er the tidings flew.

Here paused the speaker, and then said,

‘ My friends, you’ve listened well !—

So, therefore, at some future eve

The sequel tale I’ll tell,

‘ All pregnant with the bridal veil,

The orange wreath and bride ;

And bouquets choice of fresh-cut flowers ;

With friends from far and wide.

‘ But now, I see good company !—

The hour is rather late !—

So, think it right to say, good-night !

And hie me home to Kate.’

Then all arose with one accord ;

And, as by one consent,

Gave thanks unto their aged friend ;—

And likewise homeward went.

AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE IN THE SPRING.

Our England in the springtide

Is cold and winterly ;

Yet then the starlike primrose,

With all its witchery,

Comes forth amid the woodlands
· In groups of golden bloom,
To brighten with its presence,
Like sunshine light, the gloom.—
Then, too, the little daisy,
Snow-white, with eye of gold,
On sunny banks of greensward
Once more we may behold ;
And, mid the shelter of the grass,
Nigh hidden from our view,
That modest flower of rarest scent,
The violet, peepeth through.
So, though full oft the heavens
Show scarce a sign of blue,
While north-east winds are piping
To skies of dull gray hue ;
Yet, mindful of the winter,
With joy we hail the green,
Of hedgerows, trees, and meadows,
Which now adorn the scene.—
Ay, lovely is our landscape
To cheer the hearts of men,
With beauty of its moorlands,
Its rivers, meads, and glen !—
Come, let us from a hilltop
Look down the Vale of Rye

To yonder heights of Hambleton,
Soft blue against the sky ;
While nearer home the moorlands,
With ling and heather brown,
Have nestling in their valleys,
Some village or a town.—
Then undulating hilltops
Stand forth conspicuously,
Upon their crests a farmstead,
A flock or rookery ;—
While fallow fields, all ruddy,
And meadows green and fair,
Descend therefrom with hedgerows,
Like strings of emeralds rare.
And next to these stand forest trees,
All verdant, close together,
Contrasting with their foliage
The dark-blue hills and heather.—
Then comes the long, wide valley,
With fields of springing corn,
And here and there at intervals
The blossoms of a thorn,
Pure white amid the hedges,
Like crests of fleecy foam,
Oft seen as caps on billows,
Where stormy winds do roam.

Next, pastures thick with cattle,
With here and there a farm,
Or pretty, red-tiled village,
With church and spire and barn,
All mingled sweetly mid the trees,
Nigh hidden from our sight,
Yet forming thus a beauteous scene
That thrills one with delight ;—
And at our feet a ploughman
Is busy with his team,
Preparing for the sowing
Of later crops, I ween !
His furrows brown are dotted
With troops of hungry crows ;
Which follow fast the ploughshare,
Wherever that it goes ;
Intent on juicy morsels,
Of beetles, grubs, and worms,
Wherewith to feed their young ones,
Who wait their quick returns.—
And in that seed-field yonder
A noble flock of sheep
Are nibbling mid the clover,
While lambs in frolics leap.—
How graceful, too, those ash-trees,
Just out in gala dress !

They show full well from hither,
In all their loveliness ;
With those grand, gnarlèd oak-trees
At intervals between ;
Whose sprays of tender foliage
From bronze are turning green.
And mid it all the river,
The pleasant river Rye !—
Flows onward like a mirror,
Reflects the sunny sky ;
Now flecked with many cloudlets,
Like ships unto the view,
Which sail along in beauty,
Toward the hilltops blue.—
There in that far-off distance
They rest, that white-sail'd fleet !—
Above the earth so lovely,
So close it seems to meet.—
Now, on the gentle breezes,
Which round about us blow,
We hear the songs of throstles
Alternate, ebb, and flow.
The blackbirds, too, and cuckoos
Give forth their dulcet notes ;
Whilst round about the swallow,
Delightful stranger, floats ;

And high o'erhead a tiny dot,
Nigh hidden 'neath a cloud,
That glorious little minstrel,
The lark, sings sweet and loud ;
While from those golden catkins
On yonder willow-trees,
There cometh forth the humming
Of many belted bees.—
Such is an English landscape,
In days of welcome Spring !—
When Nature is reviving,
From Winter's rime and sting ;—
When sometimes for a season
His frosty chidings cease,
Replacèd by the south winds,
Which warmly whisper peace.—
Oh, sweet indeed and pleasant
Is such a scene as this ;
To store up in the memory
For future happiness !—
And well may England's children,
Wherever they may roam,
Tell of her hills and valleys,
And long for home, dear home !

Composed at Brawby, June 13-25, 1891. Salton Hill is the place where I stood and photographed in my memory, for future happiness, the above described scene ; from it a lovely panoramic view of the surrounding country can be obtained.

FELICIA.

FELICIA, thy dear name recalls
The sweetness of thy smile ;
That sunny gleam of happiness !—
Wherewith thou didst beguile
My youthful heart to love thee—
Love thee, oh so well !
Far more than Poesy,
With all her bards, can tell.

Ah ! how it bringeth back again,
Like sunbeams of the morn !—
Those love-looks in thy glorious eyes !—
Thy bonnie face and form !—
Which drew my heart to love thee !
Love thee, etc.

Thy blue-black hair in tresses rare,
Which like a cloud would lie
Upon thy breast, as when the west
Unfolds the sunset sky ;—
It wooed my heart to love thee !
Love thee, etc.

But far above such graces, love,
I prized thy purity !—

Thy deeds refined which speak the mind !—

Thy woman's sympathy !—

Which won my heart to love thee !

Love thee, etc.

Felicia ! Felicia ! darling !

Sweet is thy memory !

Ay, sweeter far than morning star !—

Or violets of the lea !—

My longing heart doth love thee !

Love thee, etc.

Composed at Brawby, July 4, 1891, in the schoolroom, after reading some of Burns' Scotch songs. The original Miss F. H. is well worthy of the song. The last three lines of the first verse are repeated in each of the others.

ROSALIE.

How lovely are the roses,

So sweet upon the spray,

Which come to us in summer,

And deck the rural way !

How welcome are the breezes

Which softly round us play,

Fresh laden with the fragrance

Of buds and blossoms gay !

But sweeter far than roses
That come in summer time,
Art thou to me, dear Rosalie !—
My heart is truly thine !

I love thee for thy beauty,
Thy gentle womanhood ;—
I love thee for thine actions,
So noble, pure, and good.—
Thy neatness and refinement
Tell of the choicest taste ;
Not loud, nor coarse, nor showy,
But, like thyself, most chaste.—
Ay, sweeter far than roses
That bloom in summer time,
Art thou to me, dear Rosalie !—
My heart is only thine !

To me thy form and features,
With love-light in thine eyes, .
I love beyond all creatures
That men are wont to prize.—
More winsome than the blossoms
Upon the wayside thorn !—
More lovely than the dewdrops
Beneath the beams of morn !—
And sweeter far than roses
Which come in summer time,

Art thou to me, dear Rosalie !
My heart's queen, I am thine !

Composed at Brawby, Saturday, July 18, 1891, in the schoolroom.
The original of this song is Miss R. H., a lady whose noble life is but the outcome of that wealth of nobility and refinement which reigns within her whole being. Among the few friends—out of the many acquaintances—which I have made so far on the journey of life, I count her one of the best.

OLD SONGS.

COME, sing to me, Annie, again !
Old-songs that we used to love to sing ;
And while I shall list to their strain,
Kind memory around us shall bring,
The visions of years which have gone,
The echoes of days that have fled,
The music of joys we have known—
Gone now, love, for ever and sped.

Sing me the songs which have soothed
Brave hearts of dear friends far away ;—
Tell me the words which have moved
Vast thousands of young and of gray ;—
In cities and towns with their charms,
In meadows, and halls, and in lane,—
By ploughboys who work on the farms,
And artistes who glory attain.

These sing to me, Annie, again !—
 Old songs that we loved long ago !—
And Memory shall waken her train,
 Sweet fancies that round us shall flow,
To carry us back to the times,
 So youthful and joyous and grand !—
And sweeten our lives for awhile,
 By a touch of her wonderful wand.

ENGLAND.

To the north and the south,
To the east and the west,
Afar did I wander and roam ;
 But of lands I have seen,
 In the parts I have been,
I still love thee the best,
Dear England, my country, my home !

Oh, sweet are thy valleys !
Around which the blue hills
Give shelter, and beauty, and charm ;
 To cottage and village,
 To orchards and tillage,

And clear, winding, bright rills,
Each flowing by pastures and farm.

Sweet, too, are thy moorlands !—
Where bees, mid the heather,
Full often do murmur and rove ;—
 Where the rough granite shows,
 With the wild English rose ;
And, close grown together,
Blackberries each schoolboy doth love.

But sweeter than moorlands,
'Neath the breath of the morn,
Thy sons and thy daughters are seen !—
 The one manly and true ;
 And the other we sue,
For that charm, which is born
In our race, where woman is queen.

Thy coasts long and rugged
With cliffs, coves, and bays,
Doth nourish bold seamen and true ;
 They full oft on the main,
 When returning again
From lands far away,
Feel glad when its outlines they view.

The arts of thy cities,
And the works of thy towns ;—

The commerce thy children command,
Have built up by their worth,
Mid the realms of the earth,
To their uttermost bounds ;—
An empire majestic and grand !—

Dear land of my fathers !—
What a history thou
Hast writ on the pages of Time !
What a glorious record
Of the pen and the sword
Is wreathed round thy brow !
Won well from past ages and clime !—

In the north and the south,
In the east and the west,
Wherever we wander and roam ;
Mid the continents wide,
Or the deep rolling tide,
By those who loved best,
Dear England, our country, our home !

LOTTIE.

NUT-BROWN hair has Lottie !
In many a graceful tress ;
And well enough the lassie knows
Its witching loveliness ;
For in its lights and shadows,
Its curling waves of brown ;
The hearts of many laddies
She hath securely bound.

CHORUS.

Lottie ! Lottie !
Darling little Lottie !
Joy of my heart and my life !
How sweet it is to love thee !—
Love thee !
Oh, love, wilt thou be my wife ?

Dark-brown eyes has Lottie !
Gems that match her bonnie hair !
And sparkling, beaming, laughing, bright
Tempt laddies on to dare
Oft her rosy lips to kiss,—
Her sunny smile to woo ;
Each as fresh, and sweet, and fair
As flowerets wet with dew.

Bonnie face has Lottie !
With many a winning charm ;
Suffused full oft with blushes
Like peach glows soft and warm ;
When to her heart most tender
There comes, like flight of dove,
The glances of a lover,—
The one she best doth love !

Blushes sweet of Lottie !
More sweet and dear to me
Than all her other outward charms
Of winsome witchery ;
For tell they not most truly
All that I would request—
The true love of the maiden !—
The lassie I love best !—

Composed at Babbacombe when home for my holidays, August
18-19, 1893.

OUR GOOD SHIP.

OUR good ship is bounding !—
Bounding o'er the main !—
Rushing through the billows !—
Sailing home again !

Our Good Ship

Pleasantly the breezes
Speed us swift along !—
Merrily the cordage
Breaketh into song.

Buoyant is her motion !—
Graceful is her form !—
Flitting o'er the ocean,
Braving wind and storm.

Many hearts are waiting
For the gladsome day ;
When, her voyage ended,
We anchor in the bay.

Then shall come our sweethearts !—
Then shall come our wives !—
Then shall come the dear ones !—
Who brighten up our lives,

Standing on the pier-ways
By the landing-place,—
Gazing out towards us
With enraptured face.

Longing for to meet us,—
Bid us welcome home !—
Standing there to greet us,—
Safe across the foam !

Then we'll sing for gladness,
As we grasp their hands :—
Dear England, how we love thee!—
Before all other lands !

MINNIE.

LOVE of my life !
How sweet that early morn
When first we met !
No shadow then of agony
Which pains me even yet ;
But all was bright and beautiful
With love, and hope, and youth ;
And peerless mid the beautiful,
Wert thou, my love, in truth.

As one who looks upon
Some lovely flower
He ne'er hath seen before ;
So did I gaze on thee,
Enchanted with thy winsomeness—
Thy soul's sweet rarity!
Our eyes they met,
Then turned away,

To meet full oft again ;
And every glance our love bespoke,
'Twas to each other plain.
For as the wayside well reflects
The form of him who draws ;
So doth the heart reflect itself,
And pleadeth well its cause.

Thus gradually and silently,
As opes the budding flower,
There came upon us peacefully
A blessed, holy dower—
A confidence and influence
Known only heart to heart ;—
Yet strong, and full, and durable,
Love only could impart.—
Yea, though we were but children then
Scarce entering on our teens,
Still in our hearts there grew first love
With all its golden scenes ;
And all its little courteous acts
Which pleasant make the hours ;
And round life's pathway gently strew
The fragrance of sweet flowers.

Returning homeward from our school
One mellow close of day,

Some schoolmates wild with jealousy
 Stood menacing the way ;—
Then was it seen the force of love
 To conquer and restrain ;—
To quell the anger of the lads,
 And make them blush with shame ;—
For, like a flash, from mid a group
 Of homeward-going girls,
Dear Minnie came, and stood by me,—
 Then dared them harm a hair,
Lest her displeasure on them fell ;—
 So let them all beware !

In memory still I see her now !—
 Nor shall that memory fade !—
Whilst life shall last within this heart !—
 And strength to do and brave :—
A girlish figure, tall and slim !—
 Her features all aglow
With rose-tints, like carnations sweet,
 Which summer winds do blow !—
And blue-black hair, in tresses rare ;—
 Match for her bonnie eyes !—
Then bright and sparkling, like the seas,
 When all their waves arise ;
And on them radiantly the sun
 Doth beam like living gold ;

While every little tossing crest,
Has beauty manifold ;—
So did she stand in loveliness !—
In beauty all her own !—
In fascinating winsomeness !—
The very ground her throne !—
For she was every inch a queen !—
This noble Cornish maid !—
And worthily upon the scene,
Her queenly part she played.

Abashed, then, and blushing deep,
The lads they moved away ;
Yet smiling approbation sweet
For her whose brave display
Had won their hearts,
And checked their hands ;
Had calmed their jealous ire,—
Who, to obey her least commands,
Would willing walk through fire.

Well, as for me, I scarcely knew,
So sudden was the scene !
The right or wrong thing best to do ;—
But stood as in a dream ;
While o'er me rolled in tidal waves,
Of ever deep'ning power,

The influence of that loving act,
Felt to this very hour !—
I took her hand, I could not speak !
And pressed it with mine own,—
Our eyes meanwhile in volumes spoke,—
Though tongue-speech there was none.

A little incident, that's all !
Perchance I hear you say ;
And yet 'tis graved upon my heart,
E'en to this present day ;—
Though twenty years have since gone by
Since that auspicious eve ;
Yet memory with matchless charm,
Around me still doth weave
The items of that youthful time !—
The events of that day !—
The picture of that maiden fair !—
Who since hath passed away :
Ay ! on her grave hath daisies grown
For many a changeful year,—
Yet in my heart I still do own
Her memory most dear ;—
For incidents which thus unite
The dear ones whom we love,
Are treasured, and their influence felt
From earth to heaven above.

To me she was God's messenger !
Who taught the power of love,—
Her very presence causing peace,
And thoughts of things above ;
And in the years which since have flown
From youth down to this hour ;
By various acts my life hath shown
That influence still has power,—
To check the evil of my moods !—
To cheer me when I'm sad !—
To elevate and raise my thoughts !—
And make my heart feel glad.

Thus often do my thoughts turn back
Towards the wild Land's End !—
Towards St. Sennen's quaint old church !—
Where rests my little friend.
Her body rests there, not the soul !—
For that were far too bright
To sparkle anywhere, or rest,
Save in the halls of light !—
Amid the treasures of the King !—
The jewels of His throne !—
There only may it find a rest !—
Yea, there, and there alone !—
Oh ! who can estimate the power
For very good or ill

A beauteous being makes each hour
By virtue of her will?
See, then, ye daughters of our land,
Ye use that power for good!—
So shall ye reap, on either hand,
A harvest free from flood!—
Yea, harvest in the springtide,—
The golden days of youth;—
Then, harvest in the summer-time,
To give it further proof.—
Next, harvest in the autumn,
The falling of the year;—
When ye are getting olden,
And winter draweth near.—
Thus, as the seasons pass thee,
The good deeds thou hast done
Shall come again to bless thee,
And brighten as the sun!—
Shall lighten up thy journey,
And cheer thy lonely road,—
Illuminate death's valley,—
And guide thee home to God.

Composed at Brawby during February, 1896, to the cherished memory
of my dear friend and schoolmate, M. V. T., who departed from this
earthly life September 27, 1876, aged seventeen years.

FILEY BRIGG.

UPON the rugged Yorkshire coast,
And shelt'ring Filey Bay,
There is a jagged tongue of rocks,
Which stretches right away
Far out amid the billows ;

That ever round it roar :—
Such is the famous Filey Brigg !
Which centuries have wore
From out the ever-crumbling cliffs,
With sleet, and snow, and rain ;
And frosts of many winters,
And waves of hurricane.

One morn I went to Filey,
Just when the tide was low,
And after looking through the town,
Went on the sands below.—

The sands and bay of Filey
Are worth the while to see :—
A crescent path, a golden plain,
Set off exquisitely !

With crested waves to seaward,
And rugged cliffs around,
Whilst overhead the seagulls
Their shrilly cries do sound ;

But the Brigg's the chief attraction,
As everyone doth know,—
Therefore my steps instinctively
Soon thither turned to go.
And as I went I passed
A group of fisher-folk,
Whose high-topped boots and oilskins
Their calling well bespoke.

The fishermen of Filey
Are pious, hardy men !
And in their cobbles bravely
'Gainst wind and wave contend ;
Yet fishing is precarious,
For oft the weather's rough,—
Therefore the summer visitors
Are welcomed glad enough.
And shouldst thou go to Filey,
Before thy visit ends,
No doubt among the fisher-folk
You'll have a lot of friends.

Thus mused I as I sauntered
Beside the sounding sea,
Till presently I wandered
Just where I wished to be.—
It was a novel station,
Far out upon the Brigg,—

Upon the seaward portion,
And on its furthest rigg,—
Surrounded by the billows
That ever round me rolled,
Like hungry wolves besieging
Some solitary fold !
I looked me to the eastward,
And saw them, row by row,
Come onward like an army,
With clamorous ebb and flow ;—
The Brigg the solid rampart !—
'Gainst which they hurled in vain
Their most gigantic warriors,—
The monarchs of the main !

Ay, line on line came onward
In splendid majesty !
With little wavelets leaping
Around them boisterously ;—
And rushing forward furious
Toward the Stoic Rocks,
There hurled themselves to fragments,
With most convulsive shocks,
That sent the white foam flying
All seething mid the air ;
Like spirits of the ocean,
Which fall back in despair,

Amid the roaring torrents
And cataracts of rills ;
That hurry downward quickly
To join the liquid hills,
Which on again are coming,
Intent on victory,
And chanting forth sonorous
The music of the sea.
In wrathful indignation,
In tossing swells of foam,
They meet those hoary warriors
That ever shoreward come.—
There in a battle furious,
Fought out amid the sea,
Retreating and advancing,
Both struggle mightily ;—
Then lifts the ocean proudly,
And swells its aged breast ;
Soon other ranks rush forward,
Obeying its behest.—
Thus, backward in confusion,
Before advancing waves,
The shattered, broken billow
Is forced, despite its rage,—
Till, mingling with them freely,
It taketh heart once more,

Filey Brigg

And with its charging brothers
Recharges for the shore ;
Where here again 'tis broken,
As wave on wave repeats,
This conflict of the ocean,—
Advances and retreats.

Long did I stand there gazing
On this tumultuous war !—
Upon the billows' raging
Around that rugged scour !—
The scene was full, and varied
With life and form and sound,
As wave on wave rolled onward,
And backward did rebound !—
The wind came fresh and breezy
From out the Northern Sea,
And whistled round me freely
A song of liberty !—
The bell-buoy in the distance
Tolled loud its warning note !—
And running in for shelter,
Went by a fishing-boat ;—
For on the leeward station
The bay was calm and free,
Protected by this rampart
From all the heavy sea !

One day, perchance, when Science,
Takes Filey Brigg in hand,
A noble refuge harbour
The east coast will command !—
So thought I when this shelter
Before me I espied,
In contrast to the warfare
Upon the other side.

Then, as the tide was flowing,
Or just begun to flow,
I turned me, scarcely knowing,
And landward movèd slow,—
Oft looking out to seaward,
Or halting here and there
To pick up sundry relics
From out their rocky lair.
These bits of wood and pebbles,
With now and then a shell,
The waifs and strays of ocean !—
Cast here at length to dwell ;
Till storms again remove them,
And toss them to and fro,
Away to various regions
Not one of us may know !—
I felt a strange attraction,
Towards these waifs and strays !—

Filey Brigg

Which evident were fragments,
Of things of better days.
Who could recount their stories
Their journeys on the deep,
The record of their tossings,
Where mountain billows leap ?
These playthings of the ocean !—
These relics from the sea !—
Are like, methought, to pilgrims,
Of poor humanity.—
God only knows the future,
Or where our lot is cast ;—
For in His hand the waters
He ever holdeth fast.

From out these ruminations
I presently awoke !—
And even as I did so,
A mighty billow broke,
In tumult and commotion ;
And silv'ry showers of spray ;—
As if it said, ' Take warning !—
It's time to move away !'—
Then, too, far off by Scarborough,
I saw a rack of foam
Come scowling o'er the ocean,
With edges white and torn ;

Which, even as I paused,
Sent heralds through the air—
These white and feathery snowflakes,
That also said, ' Prepare !'
Well, not caring to be found there,
To face the sleet and snow ;
With scarce a place of shelter,
I speedily did go.—
And thus I left behind me,
Wrapped in a squall of sleet,
The grand old Brigg of Filey !—
And gained a safe retreat.

GENERAL BOUDIER.

WHILST travelling through this wilderness,
I now and then have found
Some men well worthy of the name !—
Who neither advertise themselves,
Nor sound
The silver trumpet of their fame
Upon the public streets !—
Nor yet within

The columns of the daily press,
With clamorous puff and din,
Bid high for brief notoriety ;—
Or seats wherein,
Folks frequent find much bitterness.

These men they mind not worldly things !—
Nor seek such selfish ends !—
But rather love to make themselves
Of poor humanity the friends ;—
No scornful pride dwells in their hearts,
Like Pharisees of old !—
Nor do they flatter with the tongue,
Or fawn because of gold !—
But cheerfully, contentedly,
Go onward day by day ;
With tokens of a loving heart,
Which oft doth find display,
In many little courtesies—
And various kindly deeds,—
Proclaiming them to all around
The sowers of good deeds !—
Which bloom again in blessing
Amid their fellow-men,
And thus in part redressing
The ravages of sin.

And so they gain a sympathy,
Which binds men heart to heart ;
Beyond what golden bands may do,
Or buy in any mart.

Such was General W. E. Boudier !—
A man well known in Babbacombe
For nearly twenty year !—
In gentleness and kindness,
In manly sympathy,
In sturdiness of character,
And grand integrity,
With evenness of temper,
And cheerfulness of mien,
United to a candour,
Not very often seen.
He was a great example,
Of what a man should be ;
Who daily lived out in his life
His Christianity.—
His childlike faith in Jesus,—
His love of All Saints' Church,—
His interest in its people—
Proclaimed him without search
An almost perfect warden !—
To whom they could entrust

Their interests and welfare,—
Well knowing he was just !—
Thus, year by year they knew him,
And, knowing, learnt to love ;
Till God in wisdom took him
To be with Him above.
An ear of wheat well ripened,
The Master gleaned him in,
And placed him in His garner,
Free from the tares of sin.—
Yet many hearts do miss him,
And mourn his loss severe ;
But, chief, his wife and children,
To whom he was most dear.—
And shouldst thou go to Babbacombe,
There, just inside the church,
Upon the left side as you enter,
You'll find it without search !—
A stained and figured window,
In memory of his name,
Recording he was warden,
And the year when he was ta'en.—
This is the outward tribute
And token to his worth !—
But what the inward love may be
Will not be known on earth.

It often is a wonder,
Beyond what words can tell !—
Why God removeth from us
Those whom we love so well,
Just when they're in their beauty
And at their very best !—
Is it because that on them
Maturity doth rest ?
For, 'tis a fact most certain,
As everyone doth know ;—
That farmers reap in autumn
The corn in spring they sow !—
Thus, too, we may be aiding
In working out some plan,—
Some great work God's preparing
For us and fellow-man.—
And thus we are His husbandry,
Each planted by His will ;—
And growing or transplanted,
That great design to fill.

THREE RIVERS.

THREE rivers fair in Devonshire
Run southward to the sea :—
One is the Exe, whose stream reflects
Much pleasant scenery,—

The chief of which are pastures rich
Along its upper reaches ;
With parks and trees, the eye to please,
And Exmouth's bar and beaches.

Here on a night when stars are bright,
'Tis sweet to cross the Ferry !—
With moon on high, in tranquil sky,
On launch, or swan, or wherry.

Likewise the city looketh pretty
From river points of view !
When looming tall its cathedral,
Stands in the centre true.

* * * *

The next the Teign, of placid mien !—
That looks exquisitely !—
When full and wide, in flows the tide,
'Twixt Newton and the sea.

And boats come down unto the town,
With clay for distant ports,—
Whilst all around with varied sound
The graceful sea-bird sports.

Oft have I seen upon its sheen,
As in a looking-glass,
Reflected clear, these birds appear
With sky, and trees, and grass.

Their colours, too, were in the view,
A harmony of mixture !—
And thus did show above, below,
A most entrancing picture !—

Like silver then on to the den,
And by the lofty Ness,
Past bridge and ships, by quays and slips
It ever on doth press.

A lovely stream, 'neath morning's beam !—
Or when the day is done !—
When on its breast doth sweetly rest
The jewels of the sun.

* * * * *

The third the Dart, well known to art,
By picture, song, and story !—
Recounting clear, both far and near,
The treasures of its glory.

Of these I love that scene above
Where Totnes comes in sight ;—
That quaint old town which looketh down
Upon the river bright !—

Then Dittisham, too, is fair to view,
With woods along the ferry,—
Renowned for its damson plums !—
As Kent is for the cherry.

Whilst further south, and near its mouth,
There stands its ancient port ;
With castled crag, and many a flag
Of yachts which here resort.

And that old ship, full well equipped
For training of cadets ;
Who hence may stand and give command
When valour fame begets.

Oft in this town I've wandered round
Amid old streets and houses ;
And peopled them with forms of men,
Whose names emotion rouses.

These to and fro again do go
As in the olden time ;
When on the main they fought with Spain,
And they were in their prime.

Here Raleigh came, when in his fame,
And likewise Francis Drake ;—
And Davis too, and many a crew,
Who kept the Dons awake.

But now I pause, yet not because
I've all the story told ;
For still the muse could if she choose
Much further yet unfold.

Therefore, farewell, thou lovely belle !
Thou fairest English stream !
Thy beauty bright is to the sight
Like to a heavenly dream !

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH at Babbacombe
Is very dear to me ;—
For with it is connected
Much pleasant memory.
I've known it since my boyhood,
Some twenty years ago !—
And watched the masons building
Whilst going to and fro.—

All Saints' Church

I saw them add the chancel
Unto the central nave ;
And then the tower and steeple
Which overlook the wave ;—
Whilst rearing up the latter
An incident took place ;
Resulting in a panic
Within the sacred place.

One stormy Sunday evening
When folks were in the church,
And Mr. Hewett preaching !
Upon the roof and porch,
A scaffold pole came falling,
And on its way to ground
Sent forth the most appalling,
Quick, clamorous bursts of sound.—
The congregation, startled,
In terror of the tower,
Rushed madly for the doorway
And strove with all their power
To gain a hasty exit,—
To beat a safe retreat,—
Thus emptying as they did so
Full well-nigh every seat.

The vicar soon concluded !
The choir had flown away !—

And of the few remaining
None seemed inclined to stay ;
So thus the sermon ended
Upon that Sunday night ;
As many still remember,—
By virtue of the fright !

I saw them put the bells in,
And heard the ringing peal
With which the eight announced
Their quality and zeal.—
Since then on Sunday evenings,
And on a Wednesday night,
I've heard them oft with gladness
And feelings of delight.—
Ay, after years of parting,
Returning home again,
Have listened to their pealing
With pleasure nigh to pain !—

I saw them paint the ceilings
Of chancel and of aisles
In many varied colours,
And cleverness of styles.—
And then the organ also,
And stained windows too—
I saw them added yearly,
And each enriched the view.

All Saints' Church

Then last the walls were built
Which gird the church around,—
Protecting thus the fabric,
The grass and flower-ground.

Come, then, and I will show thee
The beauties of the place !—
Its many features lovely !—
To charm thee with their grace ;—
Note well the nice position,
In which the church is found ;
Upon a gentle hillside,
With copse and villas round !—
Then gaze upon the tower
On which the spire is built,
Surmounted by its weather-vane,
A bird of golden gilt ;
It is a graceful arrow,
Wrought out in various stone !
While chiselled decorations
At intervals are shown.—
Now look along the building
To where the chancel stands !
Whose trellis-work and panels
A word of praise demands.
All ranged around the window
Which doth the eastward face !

And giving to this portion
A beauty and a grace.—
See near to it an angel
Stands quietly alone,
Suggestive of devotion,
Carved out of solid stone !—
Next gaze upon the fabric
And look it to and fro,—
Surrounded by its stone walls
Where clinging ivies grow !—
And tell me as thou viewest
The hallowed place around,—
The outside it is handsome !—
So may inside be found !—
For things should be in keeping,
As taught our Saviour dear,—
By cursing of the fig-tree,
Which pleasant did appear,—
With many leaves upon it,
Extended far and wide,—
Yet not the slightest fruitage
For all this outward pride !—
How many pass as Christians,
Who are very much the same ?
Plenty of grand professions !—
But actions weak and tame.

All Saints' Church

Come, now, and we will enter
This very pretty porch !—
By which we gain admittance,
And pass into the church.
As thus we gain the fabric,
Be reverent, and take care !—
Remember, 'tis Jehovah's !—
Then breathe a fervent prayer !—
Here by the font of blessing
We will awhile remain,
And, looking to the eastward,
Behold the sacred fane.
How beautiful the chancel,
' With dim religious light ' !
And glorious figured window,
With colours fair and bright.—
The four-and-twenty elders
Around the glassy sea
Are praising Him who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.—
How often have I gazed
Upon this holy scene !—
This great artistic sweetness,
To which my soul doth lean ;
With feelings and emotions
Beyond the reach of words,—

Exalting the devotions,
And binding with their cords !

How sweetly fair the table
From which the sacred food,
Is given to disciples
To strengthen them for good !

Most lovely, too, the flowers
One always seeth here :—
Fair emblems of the powers
Perfection holdeth dear !—
Here meet the true and faithful
In memory of their Lord,
And plead His precious merits
With solemn, sweet accord.—
And thus they join with heaven
In worship and in praise,—
And thus they get God's blessing
Throughout their earthly days.

Now, look upon this basin !—
Amid its marble walls,
Of pillars and of niches,
Of canopies and stalls ;
It is a font most lovely !
Where oft a winsome babe
Receives the sacred symbol
Of Him who died to save :

All Saints' Church

Admitted to His blessing,
And joined to the lot
Of Christ, who loved the children,
And never them forgot.—
Oh, mothers, bring your infants
Unto the Saviour dear !
Oh, fathers, train your children
To have a holy fear !
Lest things devout and sacred
Should ever from them flee,
And leave a desolation
Like to a desert sea ;
Where storms indeed are frequent,
And loneliness doth reign ;
But comfort, peace, and blessing
'Tis hopeless to obtain.—
Amid the storms of ages
That Time doth ever roll,
One only Power assuages
The troubles of the soul ;—
It is in God the Father !—
It is in God the Son !—
Complete with God the Spirit !—
The ever Three, yet One !—

Next, glance along the ceiling,
And view its painted ground ;—

Then note the marble pillars
Which everywhere abound !—
Look well upon the windows
On each side as you pass ;
For they are very poems
Of records wrought in glass !—
The chief of which are Moses
A-smiting of the rock !—
Nathaniel and the Saviour !—
And the angel who did shock
The soldiers who were watching
Around the sealèd stone,
When on that Easter morning
Dark Death was overthrown.—
Here stand the women gazing,
Who came at dawn of day,
With spices and with ointment,
Their tribute sweet to pay,—
Each looking at the angel
With awe of holy fear,
Who, to their sight amazing,
All glorious did appear.—
The scene is truly graphic,
Impressive on the mind,
And is as sweet memorial
As in the church you'll find.

Now move we to the chancel,
And view its polished floor,
Wrought out in coloured marble,
All thickly studded o'er
With forms and figures many,
Of geometric shape,
Inlaid and bound together—
A beautiful mosaic !
Then note the four Apostles,
Who by the altar stand ;—
Also the shields of marble :
Straight up on either hand ;—
And then the candelabra,—
And gates of solid brass,—
Likewise the pretty lectern,
We in the transept pass :—
Each beautiful in workmanship,
Bespeaking perfect taste,
And adding to and making
One harmony and grace.—
Then, too, there is the organ
Just yonder on the right,
And lovely little window,
Of which we get a sight.
The subject is most holy—
The Saviour on the cross,

The story of redemption,
And its tremendous cost.
Upon the left the pulpit,
Well worthy of the fane !—
Wrought out in polished marble,
From which you can obtain
A good view of the seating ;
And of the space behind,
Made up by church and tower,—
In which you'll surely find
Another window, telling
From out the tower alone
That story of the Saviour ;
By whom were overthrown
The tables of the changers ;
Who dealt in temple gold,
When He cast out the oxen,
And they who bought and sold,—
Saying, with an anger
Which deep impression leaves, —
' My Father's house, that is for prayer,
Ye've made a den of thieves !'

From out this rostrum I have heard
Sermons good and many,
Delivered with an eloquence,
Surpassing almost any

All Saints' Church

It has been my lot to hear
In city or in town,
Or in the great cathedrals,
Where men of mark are found.
The preacher, too, the vicar,
Whose great ability
Shines out in public speaking;
And in a mastery
Of church and parish business,
Requiring tact and skill,
With energy and courage,
And plenty of goodwill.—
These hath he shown full frequent
Throughout a long career,
And still they shine most brightly,
As year succeedeth year.—
To him is due this fabric,
Beneath whose roof we stand ;
His able brain conceived it,
For it he toiled and planned,
Through many years of waiting,
Through periods of distress,
Till last it stood completed,
In all its loveliness—
A monument most noble
To speak when he is gone,

And witness to posterity,
And those who hither throng.
A clever man and able,
In actions and in mind,
Is the first Vicar of All Saints',
As here and there you'll find !—

Then, too, whilst I am speaking,
I'll give a word of praise,
To those whose wealth and talent
Contributed to raise,
Supplies as they were needed
To carry things along,
Who asked not, nor received,
The tribute of a song.
Of names I best remember,
Whom worthily we prize,
Are Hanbury and Robson,
Duke, Rivington, and Wyse ;
Then Boudier, Grant, and Eddins,
With Oughton, Myers, Rose,
Likewise Smith and Colson,
With which the list I close.

Now, ere we leave the building,
I'll fancy once again,
The festivals I've witnessed
Within this hallowed fane.

All Saints' Church

These, Easter-tides and Christmas,
The Octave of All Saints,
Thanksgivings for the harvests,
And others memory paints.—
How beautiful the fabric
Upon such days as these,
With flowers in every window,
To charm the eye and please !—
When font and gates and altar
Are lovely to behold,
And all the church is radiant
With beauty manifold !—
Such scenes by force of merit
And their artistic worth,
Raise high the soul and spirit,
Above the dross of earth !—
And when the organ pealeth
In glorious notes around,
And every arch vibrateth
With harmony of sound,—
When holy songs are swelling
The congregation's praise,
Their tribute to Jehovah,
To whom their hearts they raise,—
Then sweet indeed and pleasant
It is to worship here,

And join in the devotions
With relatives most dear !—
Full often with my parents,
And with my sister, too,
I've tasted of this sweetness,
As I to manhood grew !—
And now that we are parted,
And scattered here and there,
We still are constant-hearted
Toward this house of prayer.
Well, now I think I've shown you
The salient points around ;
Therefore we'll leave the others
Which here and there are found,
Till you attend the service,
As you are sure to do !—
Or come again at leisure,
To have another view.—
Now as we quit together
This beauteous house of God ;
Whose courts re-echo praises,—
Where reverent feet have trod,—
Our visit shall remind us,—
How pleasant is the lot,
Of those we leave behind us !—
Who worship in this spot.

BEAUTIFUL DEVON.

LOVELY Devon !

Who hath seen the beauty
Of thy sea-girt shore,
White with pebbly beaches,
And billows breaking o'er !—
Where old red sandstone cliffs
Look out upon the sea,
Clad to their very summits,
And that luxuriantly ;
With ivy and with hazels,
With brambles, grass and fern,
Exhibiting fresh grandeur
Whichever way you turn ?—

Beautiful Devon !

Who hath seen thy moorlands
Beneath the morning sun ;
Or sauntered by thy streamlets,
Just when the day was done. ?—
Who hath scaled thy granite tors,
Or rambled mid thy coombes,
Where honeysuckles, traveller's-joy,
And many a floweret blooms.—
Or hath walked thy country lanes,
Beneath their arch of trees,—

Those quaint old-fashioned roadways
That charm the eye and please !—
Where primroses and violets
With ferns and ivy grow,
And rabbits mid the high banks
Oft scamper to and fro ?—

Fair Devon !
Who hath seen these treasures,
Tasted of their bliss,
Viewed thee in the glory
Of thy loveliness ?—
But has felt within him
Of thy peaceful charm,
And hath said with fervour,
Fervour true and warm,—
Sweet Devon ! thou art lovely !—
Lovely as a dream !—
Of English counties worthy,
For beauty to be queen !

DEAR OLD CORNWALL.

LONELY, rugged, rocky land !
 Away in the south-west,—
Full oft my thoughts return to thee,
 And feelings deep attest
The love I bear to Cornwall
 And for her children dear :—
A hardy, kindly, courteous race
 As earth did ever rear !
Her sons are full of enterprise,
 As many countries tell ;—
Her daughters sweet, affectionate,
 And beautiful as well.
Ay, many have in them the blood,
 As old traditions show,
Of the Phœnicians, who for tin
 Came hither long ago.

How pretty are thy villages,
 By bay, and cliff, and moor !—
How grand thine island scenery
 Along thy western shore !—
Where flowers in dawn of springtide,
 Ere winter's course is run,
Come forth in countless thousands,
 The children of the sun.

Where in the fields in April
Potatoes may be seen
Luxuriant in blossoms,
And leaves all glossy green.

Oh, land of old-time legends !—
Land of the Druid ring !—
Land of the Celtic crosses
And cliffs where castles cling !
How ancient are thy cromlechs !
Thy Logan Stones and mines !
Thy lonely, rugged, granite cairns !
Mid which the chough still finds
Secure retreat impregnable
To almost every foe,
With lofty beetling crags above,
And foaming seas below !

Oh, land of many fisheries !—
Of pilchards, prawns, and crabs,—
Of mackerel and mullet,—
Of gannets, gulls, and shags !
How fruitful is thy story
With magic and romance,
And many a legend hoary
From Tamar to Penzance !—
Of Lyonesse and Arthur,
Of Druids and of saints,

Dear Old Cornwall

Of Britons and of Romans,
And others history paints.
Whilst linked to these brave stories
These deeds of old renown !—
Some modern ones well worthy
Will here and there be found ;
Which are thy valued heritage,
The growth of many years,—
Which with thy land and people
Full cordially endears—
Ay, speaks throughout the empire,
Beyond the power of pen,
The praise of dear old Cornwall !—
And of the Cornish men.

Composed at Brawby Lodge, June 18-28, 1896.

BONNIE YORKSHIRE.

OH, Yorkshire, thou art bonnie !
With hill, and dale and moor,
With stream, and wold, and forest,
And abbeys nigh a score.—
Most ancient are thy churches :—
Kirkdale and Lastingham !—

And famous, too, thy great towns :
Leeds, Hull, and Rotherham,—
While Middlesbro' and Sheffield
Are known both far and wide,
And York with its grand minster
Is spoken of with pride.—
Then ample are thine acres
And great thy woollen trade ;
Such centres of industry
Have England's fortune made —
And given her a station
Of influence and worth
Behind none other nation
Upon the face of earth.

The history of thy people,
Among thy sons to-day,
Reflects itself in actions ;
Which truthfully display
The Saxon and the Northmen,
Their sires of long ago !—
Whose vigorous blood still active,
Most generously doth flow,
In candour and in courage,
In energy and skill,
With manliness and kindness—
The outcome of goodwill.

Ay, Yorkshire men and women
Are worthy of their fame :—
Grand types of Britain's children !—
An honour to her name.

THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.

COME, let us sing of Jesus !—
Who is the sinner's friend,—
Whose precious blood redeemed us,—
Who loves us to the end.

In Him are all the promises
From Adam until now,
Well sealed with types and prophecies,
And many a solemn vow.

He is the Star of Ages,
Of royal David's line !—
Who lights the sacred pages
With glory all Divine.

He came at time appointed,
The blessed Virgin's Son ;
And thus the Lord's Anointed
His manhood here begun.

His was a twofold nature—
A man as well as God ;—
United and yet separate,—
And thus this earth He trod.

For us He condescended
To pay the debt of sin ;
And suffered death upon the Cross,
That we might heaven win.

Then in the grave was buried ;
The third day rose again,—
O'er death and hell triumphant ;
And evermore doth reign.

And now with God the Father
He sits enthroned on high ;
While angel hosts adore Him
And ever ' Holy ! ' cry.

From thence in might triumphant,
He shall return again,
With all the holy angels
Attendant in His train.

And at His coming all men,
The quick, also the dead !—
Shall gather round His footstool,
Where judgment shall be said.

The Saviour of the World

Then shall the righteous only
Return with Him to reign ;
But those that love the evil
In evil shall remain.


This is the glorious Gospel
The Scriptures doth unfold !—
The pearl of priceless value
Beyond the power of gold !—

To sinners it is welcome,
It cheers them mid the strife ;—
To them the old, old story
Points out the path of life.

Then let us praise the Saviour,
For all have gone astray,
And wandered from the Father
Upon an evil way.

We praise Him that He sought us
When we were rebels bold,
And with His life-blood bought us,
And took us to His fold.

We thank Him that He shows us
How we may noble live,
By force of that example
He to the world did give.



We thank him for the Spirit,
The Comforter Divine !—
He gives unto His children
To cause their face to shine.

To lift up the affections,—
To strengthen the new man,—
To elevate life's actions,—
And consummate God's plan.

And then that sweet communion, —
That sacred, holy joy,—
He gives unto His people,
Which nothing can destroy,

Save only sin, that separates,
That keepeth man from God !—
And raiseth up the barriers
Which darkeneth his road.

There is no greater happiness,
Upon this earth below,
Than that which love of Jesus,
Doth cause in hearts to glow !—

'Tis He that gives us righteousness !—
'Tis He that gives us peace !—
And joins us to a brotherhood,
Which ever shall increase.

The Saviour of the World

He is our Mediator !—

Our Advocate alone !—

Our Prophet, Priest, Creator !—

Our King upon His Throne !—

He is the Sun of heaven !—

He is the Light of earth !—

Who to man's fallen nature

Gives life and second birth.

Therefore, we pray Thee keep us,

O Jesu, Saviour, Friend !—

Most faithful through life's journey,

Till death that journey end.

Then, when the morning breaketh,—

The morn of heavenly life !—

We shall, as each awaketh,

Be safe from sin and strife.

LOVINGKINDNESS.

SOME men love Eve's daughters

For figure, form, and grace !—

For beauty of expression

And loveliness of face.

Enhanced by fine manners
And dress in latest style !—
Such are enough for some men,
And doth their hearts beguile !—

Now, whilst with eye artistic
Men love to see all these,—
There still is something lacking
To charm the heart and please !—
And that is Lovingkindness,
For which all men do sigh ;—
In that the charm of woman
Most certainly doth lie.

Without it, they are flowers
Men idly cast away,
When fades their bloom and lustre
Before some younger spray ;—
But Lovingkindness always
Draws ever near the heart ;—
And as the years roll onward,
Death only can it part.

Composed at Babbacombe, August, 1896.

TO MISS MARGARET D——E.

GENTLE lady, of the noble name !—

And of a nature nobler still,
I would that I thy meed of fame,
Could in a measure richly fill
With grateful feelings from the heart.

All through thy life thy path hath been
An ever-broad'ning road of love ;
Like to the just, whose rays serene,
Lead wand'ers home to God above,—
Thou blessed messenger of good !—

Upon thy brow refinement, truth,
Have set their seal indelibly,
With sweetness, too, and good, forsooth,
Replete with winsome charity,—
And manners of the lady born.

I'm privileged to call thee friend,—
For thou hast been a friend to me !—
In kindly actions, kindly words,
And gracious, pleasant courtesy,—
Reflecting clear thy soul within !—

Full often when I think of thee,—
Those holy women in the Word,

Who followed forth from Galilee,
And ministered unto the Lord,
Stand out revealed from shades of time !—
For thou with them hast many things
In common, like unto their worth.—
Each handmaid of the King of kings !—
Each minister of good on earth—
As such to thee, I pen these lays,
Accept them as thy well-won praise !

Composed at Brawby Lodge, November 23-26, 1896. From boyhood I have had the happy privilege and honour of knowing and esteeming the friendship, virtues, and sincere Christian life of this truly noble gentlewoman, who holds a deservedly high place of merit in the hearts of our family.

FREEMASONRY.

HERE is laud to the craft,
That is lawful and right !—
To its members wherever they're found !—
Whose watchwords are ' God, Brotherhood, Light,
And Charity ' all the world round.
It has stood ere the time
Of the pyramids old !—
Its brethren to help and to bless !—
As the centuries around it have rolled,
Has succoured and soothed their distress.

'Tis dreaded by despots,
And loved by slaves !—
For its comrades are loyal and true !—
And their object is, manhood to save,
From those who would grant it to few.

Then give laud to the craft,
That is noble and good !—
And its members wherever they're found !—
Who full oft have oppression withstood,
And tyranny, fettered and bound.

Composed at Brawby Lodge, November 26, 1896.

THE BUTTERFLY.

BRIGHT wanderer of summer hours !—
Gay rover of the spring !
Full well I love thee mid the flowers,—
Thou blossom on the wing !—

And frequently in boyhood's day
Have watched thee in thy flight,
As joyously athwart my way,
Thou fluttered onward bright.

Oft high in space amid the sky,
Upon thy painted wing,—
I've seen thee like a fairy sprite
Most pretty wandering

To fields of clover red and beans,
Whose fragrance filled the air,—
Where belted bees and melodies
Came sweet beyond compare.

Oh, charming little wanderer !
Beloved by every boy !—
To mankind surely thou art sent,
A source of guileless joy !—

To tell him of a future life,
By reason of thine own,—
So full of strange development,
Through many changes shown !—

From egg to caterpillar-worm,—
From chrysalis to fly,—
Thou teachest souls of men, to yearn,
For realms of bliss on high.

For who would think on finding thee,
A worm upon the earth !—
That in such creeping, crawling state,
Thy lovely form had birth ?

The Butterfly

Or seeing thee a chrysalis,
All dormant, quiet lie,—
That here reposed the life and germ
Of beauteous butterfly?

What change—what mighty change is here!
What transformation given!
When thus an earthly thing becomes
A creature of the heaven—

A wingèd creature clad in robes
Of various colours bright!
And suited to its fresh abodes
Amid the halls of light,

With tastes and habits different
From those it had before,—
Enabling it, to nectar sip,
And other worlds explore.

Oh, living lesson from the Lord!
To all who choose to learn,—
We bear the witness with accord
That in thee we discern

A type of immortality!—
A likeness of man's soul!—
When this frail earthly life is past,
Then heaven shall be its goal.

THE LAND'S END.

ONCE more I stand upon these cliffs !—
And look me out to sea,—
Enjoying much the pleasant breeze
And rock-bound scenery.

Beneath me lieth the Land's End,
Renowned throughout our land !—
A granite cape of jagged shape,
Girt with an heather band.

And round its ancient deep-scarred base,
The winds and breakers whirl,—
As if they sought to interlace,
With roar, and rush, and curl.

While out beyond a passage wide
The Longships Reef is seen,—
With the Shark's Fin, a sullen rock,
A-peeping up between.

And nearer home the Armed Knight,
With Ennis Dolman, too ;
Likewise the Irish Ladies' Leap
'Neath crags of Ped-maen-dhu.

The Land's End

Around that cairn the Cowloe lies;
And by it Sennen Cove ;
With Whitsand Bay and Genyer Sands,
Where oft I loved to rove.

Then further on Cape Cornwall looms
With the Botallick Mine,—
As famed in the days of old,
As those of modern time !—

Here off the shore the Brizzons stands,
An isolated rock !—
Known well to cormorants and gulls
Which hither love to flock.

For down amid and almost hid
By crevices and stones,
Those wanderers of sea and sky,
Find refuge safe and homes.

Away upon the horizon,
The Scilly Isles show clear ;
Whilst the Wolf Rock and Seven Stones,
Much nearer home appear.

Towards the east there stretches forth
A headland, rocky, rude ;
With little stacks of peaty turf
Amid its solitude.

Behind me is the Common old,
With furze and heather clad,—
Close grown together, beautiful!
Elastic as a pad!

A carpet full of golden flowers,
Upon an emerald ground!
Which with its purple heather bells
Sheds sweetest fragrance round.

Here troops of bees and butterflies,
Together roam along ;—
Whilst the Atlantic gives a breeze
That charms the heart to song—

A breeze sweet, fresh, and beautiful!
Soft laden with ozone,—
That soothes the tired traveller
Till weariness has flown—

A wind which makes the heart feel glad !—
As round it rushes free,
Amid the gray mossed granite crags,
From off the billowy sea,

And sings along in pæans sweet,
That tell of other days,—
Of other countries, other climes,—
Its mighty Maker's praise.

Oh, wind of God ! oh, fragrant breeze !
Thou comest not in vain ;—
Mine heart reflects thine ecstasies,
And joineth in thy strain.

* * * *

Here, too, the antiquary finds
Cliff castles, cairns, and barrows,
Druidic circles, graves of kings ;
And now and then flint arrows.

What stories could these heights reveal,
If one could read their pages !—
Since first they rose from out the sea
As barriers to its rages !

Of battles and of social life
When all was wild and rude ;—
Of British chieftains and their tribes,
A warlike multitude ;

Of Druids and their mystic rites,
At Maen, where lies the stone,—
The ancient tolmen of a race
Scarce to tradition known !—

* * * *

I've wandered here when storm-winds blew,
And boisterous was the main ;—
When mountain seas o'er Ped-maen-dhu,
Dissolved in sheets of rain ;—

When Longships Reef and the Land's End
Were hid in wrack and foam ;
As billows broke incessantly
With hoarse and hollow moan ;—

When flying clouds of fearsome form
And many a darksome hue ;
Like giant legions of the storm,
Athwart the heavens flew.

To cross the moor were hard work then,
And trying to the best,—
Yet oft I've done so, when the shore
Was white, from east to west.

With clam'rous breakers hurling round,
In tossing wild commotion,
The seething wrath their billows found,
Within the troubled ocean.

When thus Land's End lies on the lee,
God, keep all ships away !—
Much better then far out at sea
Than in by Whitsand Bay !—

* * * *

I've stood me here at early morn,
When gentle was the tide ;—
So free from din that the shark's fin
Scarce ripple roll'd beside ;

Have seen the little fishing-boats
Hie hither here and there—
For on such day 'tis mere child's-play
To row them anywhere—

In quest of pollack, mullet, bass,
Of conger, cod, or bream,—
When like a polished looking-glass
The peaceful waters gleam.

The ancient cliffs of granite stones,
Thick clad with lichens gray,
Stood out like mighty, vacant thrones
Set for the King of Day !—

Who on them threw like living gold
His sunshine warm and bright ;
A thing of beauty to behold,
And gladsome to the sight !—

But sweeter than his morning smile
Is that when day is done,—
When 'neath the ocean as a wheel
Sinks down the glowing sun.

Then all the vaulted element
Is richly robed with red,
Commingled with a thousand tints,
From other hues outspread !—

Here opals, pearls and amethysts
With brilliant glory shine,
Amid the glowing, golden flames
Of chrysolite divine !—

Thus weaves the sun a mantle vast
With splendour all its own ;—
Then on the rolling billows casts
This jewel from his throne !—

A dream of beauty on the wave !—
A privilege to see !—
And one that does not quickly fade
From off the memory.—

Here on such soothing hour as this,
I've watch'd the vision bright,
Change imperceptibly, recede,
Then vanish into night ;—

Have seen the moon and stars come forth
Amid the tranquil sky,—
Likewise the lighthouse lantern's gleam
From reef and rock hard by.

Then home have sped toward the cove
With feelings sweet and calm,
Reflected from these works of God ;
And laden with their balm.

* * * * *

A score of years have sped since then !—

Boyhood for ever gone !—

Yet still the same these ancient cliffs

And memory liveth on !—

And once again I seem to breathe

The golden prime of youth.—

Yet what a gulf 'twixt then and now !

What changes, too, forsooth !

I am the same, yet not the same,

As when at school a boy !—

For separation, lapse of time,

And growth, bring in alloy.

Old friends are gone ! yet still a few

With families remain ;—

I make inquiries, seek the rest—

Such efforts are in vain !—

For time and change have swept them far,

Upon life's troubled sea ;—

That none may tell where now they are—

O solemn mystery !

Mysteriously we hither come !—

Mysteriously depart ;—

Mysterious, too, our earthly life

From finish to the start !—

So, too, perchance when we are gone,
A thousand years or more !—
Mid sim'lar scenes these cliffs shall stand,
As they have done of yore.

For man is like the passing ship
Out there upon the main !—
Whilst God, and these,—His handiwork,
For ever doth remain.

Composed at Brawby Lodge, December, 1896, after revisiting the
Land's End, August, 1896.

SALTON AND CHURCH.

LET's take a walk to Salton !
And view it from Cliff Hill ;
A picture will reward us
Of meadow, moor and rill.
Of Normanby and Edstone,
With Appleton and Ness,
And sev'ral other townships,
Like flowers upon a dress ;—
While at our feet lies Salton
Mid many grand old trees,
That well have stood cold winter's,
And summer's warmer breeze,—

Salton and Church

Which lovely look in springtide,
And in the autumn, too ;
When leaves and buds are glowing,
With tints of every hue.—
Full pretty then the village,
Seen from this higher ground ;
Its houses tiled, and gardens,
That thorny hedges bound.—
In front stands out the vicarage,
The manor house and farm ;
With church and school and tower,
And other sites that charm.—
Here often have I gazed
Upon the picture sweet ;
And thought 'twould give an artist,
A rare artistic treat !—

The little church is bonnie !
And worth the while to see ;
'Tis namèd from that worthy,
St. John of Beverley.—
In shape it is an oblong,
With chancel, nave and aisle ;—
The walls are gray with stonework,
The roof is red with tile ;—
It has a Norman archway,
And Norman windows, too ;

The tower, the porch, the doorways
Are firm as if they grew.—
The seating is all oaken,
The altar-rails and roof,
The pulpit and the lectern,
The ancient chest of proof.—
To east and west the windows
Are made of stained glass,
And the fabric well is lighted
By hanging lamps of brass.—
The chancel end is curtained,
The vestry has a screen ;
While on the walls are tablets,
And brasses bright between.—
The font is stonework sturdy,
In keeping with the wall,
And stands beside the entrance,
A pillar quaint and small.—
Near the communion-table
A tiled floor is found,
With two oak chairs reposing
On its mosaic ground.—
Here sacramental Sundays
With love and awe we kneel
Beneath the eastern window,
Whose colours bright reveal

Salton and Church

Upon the cross the Saviour,
Two women standing near ;
While round and o'er them angels
On wings of light appear.—
St. Hilda and St. Wilfrid
Along the base are seen,
With good St. John enthronèd
The central seat between.—
These honour'd are at Whitby,
At York and Beverley,
As pillars of the principles
Of Christianity.—
Yon brass and tower window
Of William Abbey tell ;
For forty years as Vicar
He served this parish well,
Till Death the Reaper took him,
Removed him from the scene ;
Yet still with many people
His memory is green.—
Now notice on the stonework
Those ruddy tints that glow ;
Such colours speak of fire
In years long, long ago,
Ere this restored building
Did upward raise its head,

In other generations,
Gone now, for ever fled ;—
For on this spot have churches
Stood nigh a thousand years,
From whence through many changes
This present one appears.—

Such is our church at Salton,
For Brawby forms a part ;—
We all and each regard it
With honest pride of heart.
For is it not most worthy
To stand among the best
That you will find around us,
If you should seek with zest ?
Here reg'lar have I worshipped
For quite a dozen years.—
How short, though full and varied,
Such lapse of time appears !
Here on a Sabbath morning,
Or on a Sunday eve,
Full pleasantly the service
Doth good impressions leave.—
And often, too, the fabric
Gives meditations sweet,
Which chant, and psalm, and sermon
With blessing doth complete.

Then, too, it is a pleasure
To meet each holy day
Our brethren altogether,
And kindness to display ;—
To join in hymn and prayer,—
To sweet thanksgiving raise,—
And, thus united, share
Our duty and our praise.—
Small wonder then we love it,
Amid its hallow'd ground !
Where many friends are sleeping
Their last long sleep profound ;
Where we perchance may join them,
And as in days of yore,
Awake with them together,
When time shall be no more.—
Then in that other country,
One endless Sabbath day,
Shall be the sweet fruition,
Of these that pass away.

Composed at Brawby Lodge, December 28, 1896, to January 5, 1897.

THE APPLE.

I SING of the apple,
Ripe, rosy, and red,
That brightens the orchard
When summer has sped !

How sweet is its fragrance !
How pretty its form !
How lovely the branches
Its clusters adorn !

From the time of its birth,
To the close of the year,
Bud, blossom and fruit,
All glorious appear,

Delighting the vision
Of childhood and age ;—
A song for the poet !
A theme for the sage !

Its juices most pleasant
In cider are found—
A drink of our nation,
Through all the year round !

The Apple

For cooking and eating,
Preserved or raw,
Its virtues are priceless,
A gem without flaw !

Then, here's to the apple,
Green, golden, or red !
That graces the orchard
When summer has fled :

The joy of our childhood !
The pleasure of age !
The song of the poet !
The theme of the sage !

Composed at Brawby Lodge, January 4, 1897.

JEHOVAH-JIREH.

GENESIS xxii. 14.

THOSE strong, brave words of Abraham,
So full of faith and cheer !
Still shine from out the night of time
With lustre sweet and clear.

Though thrice a thousand years have flown,
Since that supreme event ;
When, tested on the altar stone,
His faith through trial went,

Yet, still they speak as cheerful now,
From out the sacred page ;
As they have done in days of yore,
To each successive age,

And tell us of abiding trust
Upon a Father's care,—
That teaches mortals of the dust,
To hope and not despair.

Then let us in temptation's hour,
Our need to God confide ;
And say with faithful Abraham,
' Jehovah will provide !'

Composed at Brawby Lodge, January 4-5, 1897.

AMY.

AMY, beloved, sweet thy name !
Like music to mine ears !
And sweet thy memory has been,
Through many lonely years.

How womanly thy gentle love !
So tender and so true !
It seems to me but yesterday
Since I that rapture knew.

Yet years have sped away since then
In swift and silent flight !—
As morning heralds in the noon ;
And noon the eve and night.

Still yet there lives the thought of thee,
As in the days gone by !—
And thus thy winsome influence,
Hath charms that cannot die ;

For love is such a sacred thing !
Unselfish and sublime !
And comes to us mysteriously,
A blessing for all time !

Composed at Brawby Lodge, January 9, 1897.

THE COMMEMORATION DAY OF QUEEN
VICTORIA'S SIXTY YEARS' REIGN, JUNE
22, 1897.

HAIL, gentle lady, Britain's Queen !
Whom sixty years as monarch
The British race has seen.
On this historic morning,
Thy record reign adorning.
May blessings on thee beam !

For never such a Sovereign,
Sat on our throne before,
Though we have been a nation,
A thousand years or more!—
As mother and as ruler,
As matron, wife, and maid,
Thy wisdom, love, and honour,
A glorious path has made !
In family joys, and home life,
In Council, and in Court ;
Therefore thy subjects love thee,
Thou Queen of good report !—
And children of thine Empire,
Who rest beneath thy sway,
Are gathered from all quarters,
Throughout the world to-day ;
To do thee heartfelt homage!—
To praise thy royal worth !—
Victoria, Queen and Empress !—
The greatest Queen of earth !—

* * * * *

Then heartily, my brothers,
Join in the festal throng !
Throw out the arms of welcome
To those who've journeyed long,
From Canada and India,
Australia and the Cape,

New Zealand and the Islands
 Which help the Empire make ;—
 Who gathered are to London
 On this eventful day,
 The triumph of old England,
 To witness and display.—
 Up with the Royal Standard
 For castle, court, and seat !—
 Throw out a million banners
 O'er every crowded street !—
 Flock to our grand Metropolis
 The pageant bright to see !—
 'Twill live for ever in your minds
 A cherished memory !—
 Our noble sailor laddies,—
 The flower of all the fleet !
 Will with their soldier brothers,—
 So handsome, brave, and neat !
 March in a grand procession,
 In honour of our Queen,
 With bands of music playing
 At intervals between.—
 And princes to this triumph,
 Their brilliant suites shall bring,
 From Europe and from Asia ;
 Which round the day shall fling



A halo of deep interest !—
A history that endears !
And known to our posterity,
In future far-off years,—
As the commemoration
Of good Victoria's reign !—
Wherein the British nation
Won empire, wealth and fame.—
Thus when confederation,
The British race shall bind,
These islands and their colonies !—
In unity and mind ;
Then shall the mighty Empire
Remember well this day!
And history in chronicles,
Most truthfully shall say—
There never was a monarch,
That reigned like her before ;
Though we have been a nation,
A thousand years and more !—

* * * * *

Then on, O Queen, rejoicing
Through thy remaining years !—
For mid our ablest Sovereigns,
No name like thine appears !—
And in this zenith of thy fame,
We would that with thee stood,

Thy noble-hearted husband,
Albert the Wise, the Good !—
But that, perchance, is wishing
'Gainst Heaven and its decree ;—
Therefore as finite creatures,
Who know not what should be ;
We thank the God of heaven,
For all that thou hast been ;
Those sixty years unto us,
Through many a varied scene !—
And shout with those that see thee
On this historic day :—
' God bless good Queen Victoria
For ever and for aye !'

Composed at Brawby during the latter part of June, 1897.

CRADLE SONG.

PEACE, Baby, peace !—
Hush thee, my dear !—
Fret not, my Darling !—
Mother is near !—
Rest, Baby, rest !—
Sleeping-time's come !—
No one shall hurt thee,
Rest, pretty one !

Sleep, Baby, sleep !—
Sweet be thy dreams !—
Visions of beauty !—
Fairy-like scenes !—
Robes of the eve !—
Gems from the night !—
All things most lovely,
Beauteous and bright !—
Angels to guard thee,
Vigils shall keep !—
Rest thee, my Darling !—
My little one, sleep !—

THE ALMIGHTY.

My God, I love Thee ! 'Tis because
Thou art to me a Friend ;—
One who can soothe and sympathize,
And help till life shall end.
No other friend is like Thee !
Nor can with Thee compare ;
For Thou dost know my sorrows,
My pleasures and my care.—
I could not do without Thee,
Thou centre of the soul !

Thou art its source and fulness,
Its glory and its goal !—
All wisdom and all beauty,
All strength in Thee are found,
Mid earth, and air, and ocean,
And in the heavens round !—
All merciful, all loving,
Forgiving every day,
Delighting in repentance
Of those who err and stray !—
Therefore, with faith instinctive,
I come as one who knows
Thou art a joy in sadness !—
A balm for earthly woes !—
A God that's true and tender
When trials sore are rife !—
In dangers a Defender ;—
And sweeter far than life !—
In Thee as God the Father,
In Thee as God the Son,
In Thee as God the Spirit,
Thou ever Blessed One !—
I worship, and I praise Thee,
I love Thee, and adore !—
And trust Thee, now, hereafter,
And on for evermore.

Composed at Babbacombe, August 23-24, 1897.

BYLAND ABBEY.

IN the lovely vale of Mowbray,
Amid romantic scenes,
Made by the hills of Hambleton,
And woods and moorland streams ;
There standeth Byland Abbey,
In pleasant Bella-land—
A ruin now that's noble,
And once superb and grand.—
The north and west fronts standing
Still speak of what has been ;
Also a spacious chancel,
And a transept ivy green ;—
The windows, too, and arches,
Triforia, and the aisles,—
The doorways three, and pavement,—
The grass-grown débris piles,—
With length and breadth of structure,
Which mark the sacred fane,—
Each telleth forth most truly
The glory of its reign—
A kindly reign that lasted
For nigh four hundred years !—
Till came the Dissolution,—
When, robb'd by King and Peers,

Its wealth and lands were taken,—
The Monks were driven away ;—
And it despoiled, forsaken,
Abandoned to decay.—
Long years have sped since that time !
Yet still the ruin stands ;
Its rugged walls appealing,—
Like supplicating hands !
Toward the Heaven above them,
As if they silent said,
' Restore again this Fabric !
Give life unto the Dead !'
And Time—the gentle Healer—
The ivy hath entwined
Around the wounded building,
As if to soothe and bind.
Whilst thorn-trees, ash, and elder,
The bramble-bush and weed,
Grow in the nave together,
And propagate their seed.—
Then pigeons, too, and sparrows
Make here their home and nest.
And throats vie with blackbirds,
To sing their very best ;—
Whilst belted bees melodious
Make music all around,

A flitting mid the flowers
 Within the sacred ground.
These hide the wounds of ages,
 The débris of decay,
And beautify the ruins
 In Nature's own sweet way.

One morning in the Springtide,
 When gentle was the gale,
And budding trees and flowers
 Made lovelier the vale,
I sauntered up from Kilburn,
 As oft I'd done before,
Enchanted with the song-birds
 And brooks from off the moor ;
Whose waters rushed and sparkled,
 All full of life and song,
As through the primrosed meadows
 They gaily bounded on.—
A husbandman was ploughing
 Beside the Abbey grounds,
As I came nigh the gateway,
 That marks its outer bounds.—
Here, 'neath an arch I rested,
 And sat me in the shade,
Delighted with the picture
 The grand old Abbey made :

With meadows fair around it,
In which fed kine and sheep ;
And further on Wass village,
And woods that downward sweep
From off the hills of Hambleton,
Fresh clad in mantles green,
With here and there a farmstead
A-peeping out between.—
From off these hills most charming
The valley doth unfold
A wealth of views enthralling,
Each glorious to behold :
The Abbey in the centre,
The fertile vale around,
At morning, noon, and evening,
All beautiful is found !

Now, as I gazed in rapture,
On this romantic scene ;
I thought me of Gundreda,—
And saw, as in a dream,
The wanderings of Gerald,
And his companions twelve ;—
Who, driven forth from Furness,
Came here to live and delve.—
I saw them and the lady,
Likewise her noble son,

And Robert de Alnato,
Who aided them each one.
From Thirsk to Hode, old Byland,
From Oldstead to this place,—
Their wanderings and trials
For forty years I trace,—
Till came the hour of triumph,
In which the monks were paid,
Full well for all their sorrows,
And efforts they had made ;
By seeing rise in beauty,
A splendid sacred fane !
Of which the present ruins
Are only but a name.—
Here, clad in robes Cistercian,
In garments pure and white,
In honour of the Virgin,
They sang by day and night ;
And taught the various children
Who came unto their school,
Relieved the poor and needy,
And generously did rule.—
Enriched by popes and princes,
By emperors and kings,
The centuries flew onward
As if on golden wings ;

Byland Abbey

But not without their incidents—
As on that noted day,
When clamorous the valley,
Resounded with the fray,
Fought there by Scot and Saxon,
In deadliness of hate,
Mid which the second Edward
Dashed through this very gate ;
As, fleeing from the Scotchmen,
And from the battle-strife,
Discomfited and beaten,
He swiftly rode for life.

Here, too, at different intervals,
Death took the true and brave !
And summoned them from earthly scenes
To lives beyond the grave.
Thus here the good Gundreda,
And Roger de Mowbray—
The founders of the Abbey—
When they had passed away,
Were buried with high honour,
And many a loving word ;
Whilst on his tomb was carved
The figure of a sword.—
And here repositeth Wymond,
Bishop of Isle of Man !—

Comrade and friend of Gerald !—

He fought with many a clan

Along the coast of Scotland,

Till, taken by surprise,

They captured him, imprison'd,

And tore out both his eyes.

At length, released from them,

He came to end his days

At Byland, with the brethren,

And meditate and praise.—

Here too good Abbot Philip,

And thirty Abbots more,

Were buried by their fellows

Beneath the Abbey floor.—

Then came the rude, sharp ending,

The roughest scene of all !

When monastery and building,

Were left to waste and fall.—

I see the monks departing,

Each hanging low his head,

Their cheeks all wet with tear-drops

That they in sorrow shed ;—

On either side their people

Do line the rural way,

All weeping and all grieving

On this most mournful day.—

Along the road I see them

Move slow, then disappear ;

Byland Abbey

And nevermore in Byland
Behold their presence dear.—
No more their praises daily
Fall on the ambient air !—
No more the bells of Byland,
With music sweet and rare,—
Tell out the hour of Vespers,
Of Matins and of Prime !—
For they are gone for ever—
Departed for all time !

As thus I musèd sadly,
A robin on a spray,
Upon the arch above me,—
Began a roundelay ;
And as I listened to it,
Enjoying much the song,
The sadness of my musings
Departed and was gone.—
I felt, if God allowed it,
He did so for the best ;
And though such things are puzzles,
Which all our efforts test ;
One day, perchance, we'll know them,
Shall see them all quite clear ;—
Though now, their meaning holden,
All veiled they appear.

Composed at Babbacombe, August 20-31, 1897.

FRAGMENTS.

SUNBEAMS of morning,
And sunbeams of eve,—
Arrows of beauty,
That beauty doth weave,—
In the flash of a dewdrop,
Mid the heart of a rose,—
On the crest of a mountain,
Where sparkle the snows,—
In the garb of the eve,
Or the dress of the morn,
When the splendours of cloudland
Alternate are born,—
When the breast of the ocean
Seems covered with gold,
Or its waves opalescent
With joy we behold,—
At all times we love thee,
As onward we plod—
Source of life ! source of beauty !
Sweet sunbeams of God !


SPEAK, little flower,* with golden eye,
To one who, absent far, yet's ever nigh,

* The flower mentioned above is the *Forget-me-not*, which grows abundantly by the riverside at Brawby, in clusters and groups of bewitching loveliness.

And tell her with thy tiny petals blue,
This heart to hers remains still true ;—
And if she would possess that heart,
Implore her, not to let it smart ;
But to herself and love restore—
Peace, love, and happiness once more.

LIKE ships upon the sea,
We meet to part again !—
One short brief interview,
And then the white sails fill ;—
As on our vessels speed
Toward a land and port unknown.—
Full soon the distant horizon
We gain, then fade and disappear ;—
Yet still there lives the memory
Of those that we have seen—
Of friends we've met, and loved, and lost,
Who vanish'd as a dream.

SAVIOUR, when united
To that dear heart of Thine ;—
And our spirits plighted
To be only Thine ;—



Oh, round us draw Thy Love !
All cold unkindness kill ;—
Come gentle as a dove,
And mould us to Thy will !—

LITTLE by little,
What work may be done !
From the dawn of life's morn,
To the set of its sun.—
Little by little,
Of ill or of good :—
Evil committed, or evil withstood !
Little by little, every day,
Good traits developed,
Or left to decay.—
Thus little by little,
Our lives leave a mark, —
Small, bright, and vanishing,
Gone like a spark !

CAME softly down the valley,
Borne on the evening wind,
A sound so pure and holy,
It soothed the wearied mind.

And wayworn hearts grew bright
As the western sky at eve,
When sunbeams kiss the night,
And round her blushes leave.

IN sailing o'er life's waters,—
While on its troubled main,—
Let's steer for right and goodness !—
Though not for earthly gain ;—
But do so for their beauty,
Their pure unselfish love ;—
Then shall we find this duty,
As sweet as heaven above !

WE each and all are workers,
Weaving in the loom of Time ;—
Each fashioning and making
Some wondrous deep design ;—
Which well the Master Worker,
With His exquisite skill,
Shall join and piece together
According to His will.—
Like shuttles we are flashing
Through warp and woof to-day,
And now and then quick passing
From out life's web away.—

Thus, onward to the evening,
Which cometh sure to all ;
When rest unto the weary
And quiet night shall fall.—
Then from that night a morning
Shall dawn with heavenly light ;
When work and workers, perfect
In the great Master's sight,—
There, radiantly effulgent,
With joy we shall behold
The pattern we were weaving
On earth in days of old !—
Then arm in arm, dear brothers,
And heart with heart press on !—
Work well for that that's noble,
And down with that that's wrong !—
Aye, though sad sin assail us,
Yet happy still our lot ;
For God will never fail us !—
Though oft by man forgot.

ALL through the darkness moves the earth
Towards the morning light ;—
And surely shall the morning come,
And everything be bright !—
So deep within the hearts of men,
The germs of righteousness,

Though hidden for a little while
By wrongs done to excess,—
Shall blossom forth in coming years,
Despite dark doubts and scorn ;—
And brighten up the hemispheres,
Like sunbeams of the morn !



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P R O S E .



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS TO THE READER.

IN the following pages I have endeavoured to set forth in as brief, lucid, and honest a manner as I am capable of, the Christian Belief and Sacraments.

The conclusions arrived at are the result of much personal experience, careful study of the Bible, and corroboration from the same and other sources.

In obtaining these, I find I have instructed and educated myself not a little, and so, in a certain degree, have been repaid for the trouble taken in their production.

I myself unfeignedly believe the statements herein expressed, and I have the temerity to hope that any Christian who reads, marks, learns, and inwardly digests them, may, with some degree of confidence, be able to give a good and sufficient reason for the belief and hopes which are within him or her.

Should this result be the fruition of my efforts, I shall rejoice, for I shall then know that the book has not been written in vain, and that knowledge will also be some recompense for the time, study, effort, and expense expended on it.

I dare say not a few will wonder to see prose of such a theological and religious nature in a book of songs and poems. Well, my reasons for placing it here are as

follows: I most certainly believe in Sin, the Atonement, the Spiritual Kingdom of Christ here below, and the Future Life beyond the grave. Now, believing thus, their study is to me the most important thing in the world, all other sinking into insignificance in comparison therewith. Therefore it is small wonder that I have caused these teachings to appear in the first and, perchance, the only book I may ever publish or produce.

It is quite possible, however, should the book prove a success, that they may be issued in a cheaper form, with the addition of one or more essays of a similar nature.

I most sincerely desire that those who read these productions will not take the statements contained therein without the most careful study, analysis, and corroboration by the Bible—the inspired Word of God to man. It is nothing but ignorance and indolent indifference to spiritual life and welfare that constrains a man or woman to accept unconditionally statements which are made by writers and preachers on things religious. As God has given you the gift, so criticise, analyze, and examine for yourselves whether these things be so. If, after doing so, you arrive at the same conclusions, you are strengthened and substantiated in the same; on the other hand, if you see just cause to disagree, well, you have developed and made stronger your spiritual growth and well-being by the stimulus of research and study which you have given it.

Doubtless you will find imperfections if you so seek; but what work of man is perfect and without blemish? I trust, however, that you will find nothing herein contrary to sound doctrine, as I have not the remotest

desire to act the part of the casuist or the sophist in behalf of any sect, party, or individual. My aim in placing these Teachings thus before you has been the desire of doing something for God's kingdom, His honour, and His glory. Perchance it may stimulate some in their spiritual life ; others may receive instruction in matters whereof they were unlearned ; and, again, there may be some who, desirous of presenting a gift to some relative, friend, or acquaintance, may consider this book a suitable one for so doing, by reason of its contents. At any rate, I sincerely hope it will do good, not only to myself, but to others, and that it may very materially increase, strengthen, and instruct the members of Christ's spiritual kingdom of righteousness here on earth.

Though a member of the Church of England by choice and self-consent (because I sincerely believe its Prayer-Book to contain the purest, highest, and most congregational form of Christian devotional service extant throughout the world), yet I desire to be considered also as belonging to that great universal Church of God where there are no distinctions of sectarianism, but Christ is all and in all (see Col. iii.). I believe that this Church is made up of many parts, but all of one body and having one Head, even Christ. Believing thus, I think the duties of each individual member thereof ought to be mutual improvement, mutual protection, and mutual love. In this spirit I present this book unto you, trusting it may be received in a similar manner.

Life was not given unto us simply to live for the pleasures, ambitions, and vanities of this world, neither was it given unto us to labour like a slave or beast

of burden in order to favour some scheme of others or of our own ; or simply to eat, sleep, and obtain the common necessities of sustenance. Such a life is void and unprofitable ; the things of this world are transient—they pass away ; but the spiritual life and the things pertaining thereto are eternal.

It is very true that the burdens of the poor are often made by the follies of the rich, the greed of the miser, and the cruelty of the heartless and indifferent ; yet it is also patent as a fact that the evils of our common humanity are due, not to any one particular section of the community, but collectively to the whole. Every individual leaves a mark along the pathway of life wherein he or she has walked, either to the establishment of good or evil—sometimes to both, for none are perfect. Therefore as no one liveth unto himself, or herself, but each one has an influence, though sometimes exceedingly small, let us cast it in the scales of time for good.

In this way we indeed become God's husbandry—workers with Christ Jesus, builders up of that spiritual kingdom of righteousness which He established here on earth.

Perchance we may stumble, make mistakes, and fall 'neath temptations at times, for 'to err is human'; still, if we have fervent charity within our hearts towards God and man, and are resolutely determined to do our best, the Holy Spirit helping us, to lead a godly, righteous, and sober life, we shall find some outlet for our talents, and life will not be lived by us in vain.

While we have time, let us do good and distribute, for with such sacrifice God is well pleased. Let us not bury our talents in the ground like the miser, nor waste

them on self like the worldling ; for one good action, though it may be as trivial as the gift of a cup of water, is better and more acceptable to God and man than a lifetime of empty, canting talk, empty sentiment, empty self-advertisement, empty respectability, and empty humbug.

Of course, the Christian's spiritual life is not a bed of roses. It is not easy to take up the cross, deny ourselves, and follow the path the Saviour trod—that is the reason so few find it and walk therein—yet this striving for the mastery, this overcoming, brings forth all our noblest qualities, and is well worthy of our high calling as sons and daughters of God. By it we perpetuate good, collectively and individually, among the children of men, and in a measure, only to be revealed in the great hereafter, work out the plans of the Great Architect of the Universe whom we call our Father.

Composed partly at Babbacombe, and partly at Brawby, August 2 to September 16, 1896.

GOD.

‘THE fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.’ Truly, he must be a fool, and a great one, who could honestly say so, either in his heart or in his head.

Wherever man is or has been found there are evidences to show that God is, or has been, acknowledged and worshipped. Holy Writ, antiquarian research, and the records of explorers, all and each tend to confirm this.

The Hindoos and the people of the East acknowledge and worship the Divine Being through the medium of

Buddhism and Brahminism ; the Persians and Parsees through the medium of the sacred fire and the sun. The followers of Mahomet have ever acknowledged the existence of God, and consider Mahomet His one true and great Prophet. The North American Indian, with the simplicity and candour characteristic of a child, accustomed to Nature as evidenced on the prairies and mid the mountains and forests of his native land, looks up and calls God the Great Spirit.

Amongst the nations of antiquity the Aztecs made Quetzalcoatl the medium of their intercourse with the Most High, whilst the Assyrians, Phœnicians, and Canaanites regarded Him through the medium of Baal, the Greeks and Romans through Jupiter and the pagan deities of Olympus. Among the ancient Egyptians, God was worshipped in His attributes, by gods many and various, the principal of whom were Osiris, Isis, Horus, and Apis, and our Scandinavian forefathers also worshipped Him through Oden, Woden, and Thor.

To the seed of Abraham, however, in the days of old, was committed the truest knowledge and conception of the Great Invisible, the One true and holy God. This knowledge was carefully guarded and jealously preserved. They—the children of Israel—ever regarded themselves as the chosen of the Lord, a holy nation, a peculiar people, set apart as a city upon a high hilltop, from whence the lights thereof could be seen far and wide.

To the Sun of Righteousness, though, who came as the Light of the World, was it reserved to make known the Supreme Being in all the fulness of His glory, as Creator, Father, Disposer Supreme, Judge, and the very essence of love, nobility and justice.

From the foregoing we thus see, that though the conceptions of Jehovah, and the manner of worshipping Him among the heathen of the past and the present, may, through the lapse of ages, the growth of sin and other potent influences, have become crude, dark, and grossly idolatrous, when brought into comparison with the full, pure light, beauty, and peace of the followers of the Son of God, yet, were not the conception of God in their midst most assuredly, we should not have any such worship or idolatry ; for such is but the outward evidence of an inward fire of belief inherent in the souls of men.

There are some among us who say,—‘A man’s god is that which he loves best!’ Now, I do not believe this ; I fail to see that even to the victims of the various greeds and passions which take possession of the hearts of men, and quite usurp the place of God, such can in any way be called by the sacred name of God. No, the sanctifying conception of the Almighty One in every human breast (though almost obscured by degrading habits, and the mists and storm-clouds incidental to poor humanity) is something higher, loftier, and nobler than that.

Why does the professing atheist then say, ‘There is no God’? Not because he is a fool entirely, but because he not unfrequently adds to that term the qualities of a knave. He knows full well in his heart that there is a God ; but he wishes from that same heart that there was not ; and so, in order to cheat himself into the belief of the non-existence of such a Creator and Divine Being, he preaches it. In course of time it is quite possible that by so doing he may delude both himself and others into such a belief, for such things frequently become a mania, and the man is then, in very deed and truth, a

fool ; but there shall come a rude awakening from such dreams, either at the last hour of earthly life, or the first moment of the dawn of the life hereafter ; for then the shadows shall flee away, and they shall behold God.

What being endowed with intelligence can contemplate the grand, the vast, the mighty, the wonderful, the beautiful works of the universe, and its myriad inhabitants so delicate and complex in their component parts, yet so marvellously adjusted, that the subtlest imagination of art and skill, or the grandest achievements of the intellect of man, will not for one moment bear comparison to the most common of God's creation strewn around us so lavishly on every hand — what mortal, I say, can do this and look up and honestly say, ' There is no God ' ?

Of a surety all the works of God praise Him ; they each and all set forth His many attributes, for in them we see wisdom of design, beauty of art, strength of almighty will, providential foresight, and the everlasting love of a great, a beneficent, and all-loving Creator.

The seasons, in their courses, the sun, the moon, the stars, and all the heavenly host proclaim silently, yet eloquently, God ! The ocean, with its myriad waves, seen in the majesty of the tempest, or lying calm and shimmering under the benign and softening influences of a moonlit night, speaks of God. The hoary and eternal mountains, with summits clad in virgin snow, whisper as they catch and reflect the sunset glories or the beams of the dawn, God ! The forests of pines, and other children of the woods rocked by the winds, chant forth sonorously, God ! The mighty cataracts of

the Zambesi and Niagara, as they leap their foaming precipices, shout aloud and thunder forth the name, the sacred name of God! The giant rivers of the earth, slow winding to the sea, the vast inland lakes of either hemisphere, the lonely prairies, the parched deserts each tell of Him. The clouds as they sail along in their ever-changing beauty acknowledge Him as their Pilot and Creator. The flowers,—the stars that enamel the earth with their loveliness,—praise God with incense-bearing breaths every moment of their existence. The birds, like choirs of angels, sing of Him. The cattle on a thousand hills, and the young lions seeking their prey, own Him as their Lord and Master; and man, the glory and masterpiece of the Creator, so Godlike in his abilities, so potent for good or evil, cannot help but join in the universal chorus, and sing, 'The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth'; or, in the beautiful words of the Benedicite, or the Psalms of David, give Him praise, and the honour due to His name.

Architecture, receiving fresh inspiration from Him, has raised to His honour temples of wondrous beauty. Art, awakening 'neath His influence, blossoms forth in dreams and pictures of splendour, loveliness, and glory. Science, advancing, stands in awe at the majesty of His revelations. Literature and Poesy, enriched by His bounties, render Him homage.

Among the poets who, like David of old, have sweetly sung His praise, I may mention Milton in 'Adam and Eve's Morning Hymn,' Thompson in his hymn appended to 'The Seasons,' and Coleridge in his 'Hymn before Sunrise' in 'The Vale of Chamouni.' This last I esteem as one of the sweetest and sublimest songs in the English

language, and cannot refrain from giving the last portion of it :

' Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain ;
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?
God ! let the torrents like a shout of nations
Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
God ! sing ye meadow streams with glad some voice,
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds,
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

' Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagles' nest !
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm !
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
Ye signs and wonders of the elements !
Utter forth, God ! and fill the hills with praise.'

Finally, we have the Revelation of God as given in the inspired writings of the Bible—that peerless book 'gainst which none other can compare. Here He is seen by the aid of the Holy Spirit as in a mirror—the Almighty Creator of heaven and earth, the eternal Father, the Triune God, from everlasting to everlasting eternally the same ; full of pity, love, and the tenderest forbearance and compassion, united with the most sovereign justice toward the creatures of His handiwork.

When such a mass of testimony, both internal and external, lies around, I can only think of a person, in the gall and bitterness of some great and crushing disappointment, or series of disappointments and sorrows,

saying, as he or she looks upward mid the storm-clouds and wrack of their environment, or the deep dark blackness of their night of trouble, 'There is no God!' Awful words, and awful the tempest-tossing of the poor soul that thus in agony of spirit sayeth them. Yet, O mariner on life's stormy main, take heart! The darkest hour is found full oft quite close unto the dawn! Think of Him, thy Saviour, in His agony on the cross, with the chastisement of thy peace upon Him; with the blackness and darkness of that pall of suffering, of trouble, of sorrow, and of wrath, earthly and heavenly, lying heavily around Him; with God's face hidden from Him,—His beloved Son, in so much that He (the Man of sorrows, and the One acquainted with grief) cried out, 'My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?' Think of that, and then thou shalt feel comforted by the contemplation thereof, and wilt feel also vastly inclined to say with the centurion who stood opposite Him on that ever-memorable and never-to-be-forgotten day, 'Truly, this Man was the Son of God!' Then, too, God in the person of His Son shall come to thee (like as on the Sea of Galilee He came walking on the wings of the storm), and saying to His wearied followers, 'It is I; be not afraid. O thou of little faith! wherefore didst thou doubt?' And ye, feeling the Divine light and healing of His Presence, shalt say, as they of old, 'Of a truth, Thou art the Son of God.' Yea, who is like unto our God? He shall be our Guide for ever and ever, even unto, and past the dark valley, and river of Death.

This and the following pieces were composed at Brawby, from February, 1894, to December, 1895.

JESUS CHRIST.

I.

'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'

You have doubtless heard this expression hundreds of times. Well, do you know what such words mean? From personal experience I may hazard a guess. It is this: That those whom you heard them from never explained them to you much further than by saying that Jesus Christ had suffered on the cross for all mankind, and that therefore all who believed this were saved from the punishment of their sins, and had a free pardon, entrance to heaven, and eternal life extended unto them. This is what the majority of people would say, and, as far as it goes, it contains certain elements of truth. It, however, displays a very crude, elementary, and selfish knowledge of the nature and work of the Saviour.

Do you not think that those who know Christ no further than such a construction implies know Him only, and believe in Him only, for the benefits which they receive thereby? To believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and to pay court to His ministers for the sake of the loaves and fishes, is a very common failing of humanity; it is, in fact, the religion of a vast multitude. But by no stretch of the imagination can it be called the religion of Christ. Don't you see, His religion is one of unselfishness, self-sacrifice, and self respect; whereas such as mentioned is a religion of selfishness, self-gratification, and meanness.

By the reading of the Bible, and by careful and

prayerful consideration of such reading afterwards, you may come to see and to know that belief in the Lord Jesus Christ means :

First, that not only is He the only-begotten Son of God, begotten of His Father before all worlds, but that He is also God of God, Light of light, Very God of very God ; begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father ; who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven ; and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made Man.

We therefore believe and confess that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is God and Man : God, of the substance of the Father, begotten before the worlds ; and Man, of the substance of His Mother, born in the world ; Perfect God, and Perfect Man ; of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting ; equal to the Father, as touching His Godhead ; and inferior to the Father, as touching His Manhood. Who, although He be God and Man, yet He is not two, but one Christ. One, not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking of the Manhood into God. One altogether, not by confusion of substance, but by unity of person. For as the reasonable soul and flesh is one man, so God and Man is one Christ.

Who suffered for our salvation ; descended into hell ; rose again from the dead ; and ascended into heaven ; and sitteth on the right hand of the Father God Almighty ; from whence He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead. At whose coming all men shall rise again with their bodies ; and shall give account for their own works.

You will observe that the preceding three paragraphs

are taken from the Trinity of Creeds as given in the Prayer-Book of the Church of England. I have made these extracts from it, not only because I am a member of the Church of England, and believe that next to the Bible the Prayer-Book is about as perfect and good a book as imperfect humanity can put together, but because I am ever ready to acknowledge goodness and truth wherever I may find them, and I cannot think or bring forth anything so forcible or so truly representative of my belief in the Second Person of the Holy Trinity as is so clearly put and contained in the Creeds. I would that every brother and sister in Christ Jesus not only knew the three Creeds by heart, but could also explain them when called upon to do so; for not only are they an epitome of religion, but comprise within themselves the very pillars of the Christian faith.

Having travelled thus far, let us see what else is meant by believing in Jesus Christ.

Well, in the second place, I take it that belief in Him is to accept Him as our Saviour. Now, how did He save us? or, How does He save us? You are doubtless aware that sin separates the sinner from communion and fellowship with God. This much we have all learnt, I suppose, by bitter personal experience.

The first proof of it was given when Adam and Eve, conscious for the first time of sin, hid themselves from God. Again, sin bringeth death and its various attendant ills, sickness, pain, sorrow, poverty, etc., in its train.

Now, the Triune God, looking down from heaven and regarding the children of men, saw that their hearts were set to imagine and to do evil continually, and repenting

Him that He had ever made creatures who, instead of being a source of pleasure unto Him and ministering to their own true happiness and His glory, were otherwise bent on their own destruction, and by every form of wickedness continually grieving His Holy Spirit, He resolved on their extermination ; yet, full of Divine justice, wisdom, and mercy, He saved Noah and His family because He had seen righteousness in him, but the rest were all drowned and swept away by the great flood.

After such an awful and convincing lesson of the hatred and abhorrence which God has against sin, one would have thought that mankind would have walked circumspectly before their Creator ; but such is their malignant nature that, as all history shows, they did not, but again and again provoked Him to anger.

The next event in this great struggle between life and death was the selection by God of a chosen people, and the delivering to them, for their guidance and conduct, the Ten Commandments. These, with the prophets sent from time to time, prepared the way of Him who was to be 'a Light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of His people Israel ;' and in the fulness of time the Desire of Nations came.

We believe that He was the long-promised One, the Messiah of whom the prophets spake. The chief reasons for our belief are the following :

(a) The Old Testament Scriptures (which were jealously guarded by the Jewish people, and by that people were, and are, thoroughly believed and considered to be the revealed and inspired Word of God) fit and dovetail into the New Testament of Jesus Christ so beautifully, and

bear such overwhelming testimony in favour of Him, that one cannot well be faithless, but believing.

(*b*) It is almost universally conceded that Jesus Christ was a Prophet and a good man. Not only did He, whilst here on earth, speak as never man spake, but He also showed an unselfishness and self-sacrifice united to a noble humility never known in man before. He went about doing good and preaching the doctrine of a kingdom of righteousness, authenticating the same by miracles, and signs, and divers proofs.

(*c*) Again, what a beneficial influence has Jesus Christ had on the life and history of the world ! Men have become ennobled through Him, leaving behind them their besetting sins, and bringing their bodies and attendant passions into subjection to His will, and into accordance with His life and teaching. Women have been raised by that same influence to an equality with man in the social conditions of their lives. Slavery and despotism have been checked throughout the world, and in many cases entirely abolished, through the restraining power of the countries which have embraced Christianity. In these and other ways it may truly be said that in Christ Jesus all the nations of the earth have been, and shall be, blessed.

(*d*) If He was a deceiver, as His enemies said He was, how could He possibly have fulfilled the following, over which, as a man, He had no control whatever ?

(*e*) He was born in Bethlehem, as foretold by the prophet (Micah v. 2).

(*f*) He was born of a Virgin (Isa. vii. 14).

(*g*) He was rejected by the Jews (Isa. viii. 14).

(*h*) He was sold for thirty pieces of silver, and the potter's field bought with the money (Zech. xi. 12, 13).

(i) He was crucified in the same month, on the same day, and at the same hour in which the Israelites were ordered to kill the Paschal lamb.

Now, it is quite possible that only a few here and there among the children of Israel ever for one moment thought that the Paschal lamb was a great and true type of the Messiah which was to come. They simply kept up the Feast of the Passover because they were so ordered, and as a memento of their deliverance from death and Egypt.

The meaning thereof was hidden from them, for the thought that they, the chosen people of God, were to be the instrumental means whereby the Messiah was to be put to an unjust, shameful, and agonizing death, would have been too awful for contemplation in its maddening intensity.

For a similar reason the knowledge of the personality and kingdom of Christ was also mercifully withheld from them. 'Tis true that St. John the Baptist, the great herald of Christ, when he saw Jesus coming to him, pointed him out as 'the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world ;'—but we must not forget that John was the greatest of the prophets, and that it was in a spirit of prophecy that he uttered those remarkable words. Those disciples who, hearing their Master thus speak, followed Jesus, very evidently did not understand their significance as far as the sufferings and death of Jesus were concerned, as evidenced by their conduct and words to our Lord afterwards, especially seen in the case of St. Peter.

(j) The parting and casting of lot for the clothes of Jesus Christ (Psa. xxii. 18).

(*k*) Like the Paschal Lamb, a bone of Him was not broken (Exod. xii. 46 ; Numb. ix. 12 ; Psa. xxxiv. 20).

(*l*) His hands, feet and side were pierced (Psa. xxii. 16 ; Zech. xii. 10).

(*m*) He was crucified with the two thieves, and died in their midst, and he was buried in the grave of the rich man, Joseph of Arimathæa, by Joseph and Nicodemus (Isa. liii. 9).

The fulfilment of such prophecies as these, and the various types of Adam, Isaac, Melchizedek, Moses, Joshua, the brazen serpent, and the Feast of the Pass-over, with many others, are, I should think, abundant evidence of Jesus Christ being the true Messiah, the Son of God, the promised One.

* * * * *

Let us now look at His life and work, and see what we may learn and believe from them. By His wondrous Incarnation He humbled Himself so infinitely, that it can only be equalled or measured, by His infinitely great and wondrous love, for poor, erring, sinful, death-deserving man. His baptism, fasting, temptation, ministry, agony in the garden, betrayal, denial, trial, agony on the cross, and the final seal of death, were each and all the price He paid to redeem and save mankind.

Moreover, this life which he lived, and sealed with His life-blood, was a perfect life. Never before in the history of the world had there been a sinless and perfect man. He was the only one who thoroughly fulfilled all the law of God in its entirety, and He was able to do so because He combined in His person both God and man. He was, as has been said, God in the person of Jesus Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself. Thus

we call Him the Lord our Righteousness simply because He fulfilled all righteousness for us (Jer. xxiii. 5, 6).

Having thus done, naught remained for Him to do but to give up His sacred life as a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice and oblation, the just for the unjust. This He was willing to do, and, with a humility and love only to be compared to that shown at His incarnation, He humbled Himself and became obedient even to the death on the cross.

‘ Greater love hath no man than this. Glory be to His dear name !’

This tremendous sacrifice of infinite love, this perfect offering of Himself,—the Lamb of God, the beloved and only-begotten Son in whom the Father was well pleased,—was acceptable, and accepted, by that same Father as the payment, the ransom which redeemed the world from the curse of eternal death or eternal separation from heaven and God. Alleluia !

Death was thus swallowed up in victory, and Jesus Christ Himself became the firstfruits of that,—the greatest victory the world ever saw,—for God the Father to give proof to all men of His acceptance of this great offering and atonement so splendidly consummated by the Saviour when on the cross. He said, ‘ It is finished !’ and then bowed His head and gave up the ghost ; raised Him from the dead and gave to Him not only life for evermore, but the keys of hell and of death.

The other gifts which He then won for all who, acknowledging their wickedness with a childlike, confiding faith, turn to Him as their Saviour, and with a hearty repentance not only resolve to forsake their evil ways and besetting sins, but actually do their best, by the

Holy Spirit's help, to weed them out and keep them in subjection, are, in addition to eternal life and the forgiveness of sins, cleansing or the making clean from sin and victory over it by the grace of the Holy Spirit ; reconciliation with God, whom we had separated ourselves from and by our sins offended ; perfect righteousness, and the various gifts of the Spirit.

This plan of salvation not only shows the love of God, but also exemplifies His wisdom and justice. For, as by the transgression of one man (Adam) sin and death entered the world and passed upon all men, so, by the obedience of one Man (Christ Jesus) perfect righteousness and eternal life have been won for all men.

The work of Jesus was also a finished work. We can add nothing to it, neither can we detract therefrom. It was a full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice and oblation for the sins of the world offered once for all, insomuch that no further offering was, or is, necessary. All that is required of us is to believe in it, to accept it, and to walk in newness of life as becometh good children and the heirs of such an inheritance.

We further believe that after the death of Christ He was buried, and whilst His sacred body remained in the tomb, His spirit went into the Spirit Land and told those there the joyful news of the World's Redemption.

We believe that after this He arose from the Dead, thus sealing by that action the triumph of His life.

That a great change had taken place during the interval that elapsed between His death and that of His resurrection is very evident, as instanced and shown by the non-recognition of Mary, the two disciples on the

road to Emmaus, and His appearance in the upper room to His disciples when the doors were shut. Yet He had the same body, for He said unto them, 'Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself, handle Me and see ; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see Me have. And when He had spoken thus, He shewed them His hands and His feet.' It is clear, then, that He had fully risen with body, soul and spirit ; but in some mysterious manner there was a change. Of that change we know simply nothing, save the knowledge that His body was for ever free from death and all its ills.

In like manner we also believe that we shall, after this transitory life is over, similarly arise from the dead to a joyful Resurrection and an everlasting life by His merits. At this Resurrection our bodies also shall be changed and made like unto that of our Saviour, the glorious Head of the Church ; and thus waking up in His likeness, we shall be satisfied.

We further believe that this Resurrection is but the counterpart and consummation of a still greater and holier Resurrection (if that be possible) wrought out in each follower and believer in Christ Jesus by the grace imparted to him by prayer and the Holy Spirit, when becoming convinced of the hateful, mysterious and deadly nature of sin, and of its destroying, degrading effects on his own soul and the world at large, he, with a sorrowful and repentant heart, turns, believes, and accepts the salvation God has prepared for him in and through Jesus, and from that time lives a godly, righteous and sober life to the best of his ability.

This life not only shows the man's true repentance

and belief, but it also beareth witness that such a one most thoroughly comprehends that part of Christ's life and doctrine which to a great extent is not known, or else ignored, by the majority of so-called Christians of to-day. I refer to the words of Jesus Christ when He said, 'The kingdom of God is within you' (St. Luke xvii. 21 ; Romans xiv. 17). Now, these words set forth a truth which is not grasped in the present day as its importance deserves, viz., that Jesus Christ not only came to suffer and die, that mankind might through Him obtain forgiveness and cleansing from sin, with reconciliation to God the Father,—but in order to make the world better, as well as to prepare us for our inheritance in glory, as becometh heirs of eternal life. He thus came to found a kingdom of righteousness, of which each true believer is a citizen and Christ the King.

In this way do His disciples become stones in the temple of God, of which the head and corner-stone is Jesus ; lights on the difficult hills of life, to guide weary pilgrims below ; salt which sweetens all that it comes in contact with, and checks and overcomes the deadly contagion of sin. As the little leaven they work in the world, and by doing good, not only put to silence the ignorance of foolish men, and the sneers of the sceptical, but improve and make better the morals, principles and actions of the universe, and thus leaven the whole.

For this purpose the Son of God was made manifest, that He might destroy the works of the devil, and for this purpose is this, His kingdom of righteousness, founded here on earth, and for this purpose are all members of the Church militant called upon to watch

and pray, lest they enter into temptation, and to fight the good fight of faith.

By so doing not only do they show the Holy Spirit's working within them, and have its witness that they are the children of God and joint heirs with Christ, of immortality and glory, but they also show that they are in very deed and truth branches—not dead and withered or unfruitful—of Him the true Vine, rather fruitful of good works.

Thus, we believe, does Jesus save His people from their sins by giving them the victory over them, and thus is He the author and finisher of their faith.

Finally, we believe that Jesus Christ is now exalted as a Prince and a Saviour at the right hand of the majesty of God the Father in heaven. There He, as our great High Priest, our One Mediator and Advocate, ever liveth to make intercession for us.

From thence at the appointed time will He come to be our Judge, and from Him as Judge, His true followers and believers need fear no condemnation, for 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit' (Rom. vii. 1).

On those, however, who, whilst professing Christianity and belief in Jesus, still go on, either openly or secretly, in their pernicious ways, and daily bring forth the fruits of darkness and of evil, on such a just punishment will doubtless fall. There is also no neutral zone; those who have the advantages of the Gospel of Jesus Christ must either be in unison with Him and His kingdom, or in warfare against Him and it (see 2 St Peter ii., and especially verses 9-22; also St. Luke xii. 47, 48;

St. James iv. 17 ; Rom. i. 20-32 ; ii. 17-29, and many other references.

To what a great and holy design are we then called ! Let the thought encourage us that we are fellow-workmen with Christ, building up a temple and kingdom of righteousness to the glory of God the Father, and renovating and conforming the world to the goodness and pleasure of the Most High, and in so doing forwarding the happiness and best interests of the world and of ourselves. This truly is a work and an end worthy of the followers of the Son of Man, and a glorious preparation for the life hereafter.

We may compare ourselves like unto Israel in Egypt, saved, and brought forth from bondage and death, chiefly by means of the Paschal Lamb,—leaving behind us in the Red Sea of His blood all our sins, pressing onward through the wilderness of this mortal life, led by the great Captain of our salvation, till, finally, crossing the river of death, we enter the promised land, a great, a mighty nation which no man can number, there to dwell in the new Jerusalem, the inheritance of the saints in light, with the Triune God as King for evermore.

II.

The parable of the prodigal son not only very beautifully, but also very perfectly, sets forth the Sinner and his ways, and also shows the Father's generous love and nobility towards him. The first picture in that graphic series portrays the condition of man before the Fall. He is then in communion with God the Father,

and walks with Him in Paradise. The next scene reveals a series of temptations enticingly put before the youth of both sex, in the shape of pleasures and knowledge of the world, and of the flesh.

These produce, as Satan intends them to do, discontent, curiosity, and a covetous desire to have and to know of them. Soon this is followed by a rebellion of the will against the ordinances of God, and then, as a consequence, comes separation from Him and from His house, and His people. Gradually, little by little, man drifts farther and farther from God, and from all that is holy and good and true, until he finally finds himself in that far country towards which he has been hastening or slowly drifting ever since he took that first step from his Father and his home.

Now, having reached the far-off country, away from God, away from home, away from loved ones, away from good associations, away from all restraint, surrounded by all that can conduce and induce to sin, bad companions, worldly pleasures, and fleshly lusts, what does he do? Well, he has his fling; he goes the pace. He sinks deeper and deeper into the mire of degradation, misery, and remorse, which separation from God and companionship with sin and sinners in the far country involves, till at last we find him among the lowest of the low—the swine.

It is wonderful that the love of God and the fire of faith pierceth the human heart when in this lost, sad, and miserable state, so far removed from what man might have been, so steeped in guilt, so case-hardened. Nothing but the knowledge of that Father's love, and a firm, full faith in it, could ever have brought man to

himself. Were it not for that, he would have perished in the leprosy of his sin, but that Divine touch of love made him whole, and restored him to his Father and his home.

The next picture shows the repentant, believing man, returning to the paths of righteousness, leaving behind him the companions and haunts of sin. Observe he did not remain in the far country, the servant of sin, the companion of swine ; but he arose, turned his back on it and its surroundings, and, step by step, walked away from that land of false pleasure and degradation.

He journeyed on day by day towards his father and his father's house. What were his feelings on that journey? Every individual soul must answer that question for himself or herself. We feel sure, however, that he found the first stages of the return journey very painful and difficult, that he had many hills to climb, many slips and rolls backward in overcoming them, many scratches from thorns, many bruises from stumbling stones, now and then an encounter with a wild beast, or with the serpents which love to bask on the stones of the hill-sides. Again, he might have had to walk on a narrow path skirting the face of some awful precipice, where a single false step would result in his destruction. Rivers of difficulty would sometimes obstruct his course, swollen by heavy rains ; then he would have to wait until they once more resumed their proper and common level, or until he found a ford or bridge where he could cross in safety. Perchance he might have hot, dry, sandy plains to pass over, where he would feel weary and thirsty, or marshes and bogs, where he met with fogs, causing him to lose his way, and making him cold and benumbed ;

where also he would find it difficult walking, on account of the mud, mire, and sloughs of despond so frequently found there.

All these and many more difficulties would he encounter. On some days it would be fine weather, and on others rough. Still he struggled bravely onward day by day, step by step, getting fresh experience and return of vigour and strength as he moved ; for the thought that he was going home, and going every step nearer to his father, cheered his heart, buoyed him up, kept him from fainting, and helped him on.

He was a very different man now to what he had been as he was travelling into, and unto the far country. Then he was young, hot, rash, and impetuous. Now he was older both in years and also in knowledge and experience ; he had tasted and drank deeply of the wine of life and of sin, had, indeed, drained its goblet to the dregs, and knew full well the meaning of that speech of the serpent, 'Then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.' In very truth his eyes were opened, and, fortunately, not too late, for not only did he see, but he also had the blessed privilege and power granted him to return.

When going into the far country he had bounded along heedlessly, intent only on pleasure. The way then did not seem long or wearisome, for he was strong and vigorous, blessed with riches and gay company. Now, however, he was weak and worn in his constitution, without riches or boon companions, and well-nigh at times overcome because of the hardness of the way ; still, the faith in his father's love, the knowledge of the home that he had wandered from, that it was there awaiting

him, held him up, and he struggled, with many a prayer for strength, towards that father and that home.

His struggles, his prayers, his faith, his true repentance,—as evidenced not only by his sorrow for his former ill-spent life, but also far more truly by his leaving the far country and its people, and returning to the paths of righteousness, which eventually led him to his true home,—were not in vain ; for while he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and ran to meet him, and fell on his neck and kissed him.

Here again the love of the father is prominently set forth. He did not wait for the son to come to the house and crave his forgiveness, neither did he go slowly towards him ; but he ran, and, in token of full and free pardon and reconciliation, he embraced and kissed him.

The son confessed his misdoings, as he had said he would, by saying to his father, ‘ Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.’ But at this point he stopped ; he did not finish it as he had purposed when he set out to come home. Then, you will see, he said also, ‘ Make me as one of thy hired servants.’

What made him pause and refrain from saying this latter portion ? I think, in the first case, that he saw that it would grieve and pain his father to mention such a thing ; and, secondly, by his struggles, sufferings, and victories won on the journey homewards, he had regained some small portion of that self-respect which he had well-nigh lost whilst in the far country.

At any rate, perfect reconciliation took place, and the father and son, in sweet communion and fellowship, now journeyed the remainder of the way together, re-

joining in each other's society, till, finally, they arrived at home.

Here the father immediately gives orders for the best robe, a ring, and shoes to be brought for his son, and a feast to be prepared, of the best they had in the house.

Whilst these preparations were going on, doubtless the son, according to Eastern custom, had a bath, and a thorough cleansing from the stains and dust incidental to his journey. The best robe was then put on him, the shoes were then placed upon his feet, and the ring on his hand ; the fatted calf was killed, the feast was made ready, and they sat down to eat, and were merry.

Now, all these things are emblematic. The cleansing represents the making clean of the sinner's soul in the blood of Jesus.

The best robe is the righteousness of Jesus Christ, which is given or imputed to us. Our Lord clearly shows us, in the parable of the wedding garment, that His righteousness must be accepted and put on by us, if we wish to be partakers of the marriage-feast of the Lamb. We must not think to partake of the benefits of His passion clothed in our own righteousness and morality ; for, not only were that a grievous personal insult, well meriting our ejection, but our robe of righteousness, when contrasted with that of Jesus Christ, is, in the Father's sight, even as filthy rags full of leprosy and plague-spots.

Shoes were placed on his feet. This clearly shows that he was fully reinstated to the rights and privileges of sonship in the father's sight, and that he desired his servants and the members of his household so to regard

him, for shoes were seldom worn by slaves or servants—they generally went barefooted.

The ring not only was a correct emblem of eternal life by having no beginning and no end, but it also denoted authority. In olden times rings were frequently given to people to invest them with power. The ring was also a token of respect, friendship, and peace. All and each of these did the ring which the father gave signify to his son.

The feasting and rejoicing which took place was but an outward manifestation and memento of the inward joy and happiness which fills the hearts of God the Father, the holy angels, and all good people when they see a sinner turn from the error of his ways and walk in newness of life in the paths of righteousness.

The conduct of the elder son is somewhat difficult of explanation, but it may possibly set forth the jealousy, bigotry, and intolerance of a Christian sect, shown now and then to another, or to other Christian sects—a jealousy altogether unreasonable, and opposed to the teachings of Christ, and which, but for the goodness and restraining influence of God the Father, might work a great deal of mischief, damage, discord, and unhappiness in the household.

When will the Christian sects begin to know that they are each and all members of the body of Christ Jesus, of which He is the Head, and that they cannot hurt each other without causing the Head and whole body to suffer? More unity, brotherly love, and Christ-like actions are required. Let every Christian, then, pray for the Holy Spirit to bring about such a consummation of love and goodwill.

Our Lord again sets forth this jealousy in the parable

of the labourers called to work in the vineyard, where those who had worked from the first hour of the day, receiving no more than those who had wrought one hour, grumbled at the good man of the house.

We may also learn from this that the blessings of Christ's atonement, given unto us because of our belief and Sonship in Him, so transcendently surpass all our best efforts to obtain them, that we must not for a moment harbour the notion that we deserve them by any good conduct on our part. They are gifts of grace, won for us by the finished work of Christ; and when we have done our duty, and our very best, as far as coming up to God's standard of holiness is concerned, or winning His gifts, we may count ourselves unprofitable servants.

All our salvation is begun, continued, and ended in Jesus Christ. By the grace of God we are brought to Jesus, kept in Him throughout our earthly pilgrimage, and finally received into glory everlasting. Christians, therefore, should pray for the Holy Spirit to rest on the Unconverted and on each other; for, by so doing, they would greatly forward the Kingdom of Christ here on Earth.

Furthermore, the eldest son may be taken to represent the Children of Israel; the youngest, the Gentiles. Happy indeed will it be if, through the ingathering of the Gentiles, Israel be stirred up to a holy jealousy of good works and zeal for God.

The elder son (God's chosen people) was ever with him, as the father said, and, as the Great Apostle of the Gentiles clearly shows, will be saved by the election of God, thus proving the truth of the father's words, 'Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine.

We do not read of the son going back to the far country, or of his leaving his home again. He had full freedom and power so to do if he wished ; but he had seen and experienced quite enough of that sort of life, and so he never desired to leave, or left, his father's house again, but remained there, a good and dutiful son.

You will doubtless remember that when God commanded the Israelites to make ready their first Passover, He also told them to 'remain in their houses until the Morning, and not to go outside the door'; if they did, they would be cut off from Israel. Similarly must we abide in Jesus Christ until the Morning of the Resurrection.

O Jesu, Thou in whom all fulness dwells, in whom all the longings and desires of the human soul after things heavenly do culminate, and find their centre and resting-place—O Thou, who, like some lofty mountain peak soaring heavenwards, high, and lifted up above Thy fellows, clad in the spotless purity of Thine eternal righteousness, reflecting the earliest and the latest beams from the brightness and glory of the majesty of the presence of God ; to Thee we humbly pray that ever through the wrack and storm of this our mortal night, we may see Thee lifted up in all the beauty and loveliness of Thy character and Godhead, and find Thee mighty to save. Draw us unto Thee, so that, leaving sin behind, we may be found in Thee when the day shall dawn, and the shadows and clouds of darkness which have hitherto hid Thee from us shall fade for ever away in the revealed light and splendour of Thy dwelling-place.

III.

I recently came across a man who firmly believes that once a man is saved, he is always safe, and he quotes the following to prove the truth of his faith : St. John x. 27-29, where Jesus says, 'That He gives His sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of His hand.' He also quotes St. John iv. 36 : 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life,' and many more similar passages.

I should not have referred to this, only I believe there may possibly be many more persons holding the same views ; and as I consider them not only destructive to Christian energy, but also adverse to God's kingdom of righteousness here below, I feel that I should not be doing my duty as a citizen of that kingdom were I to let them go unchallenged.

To my mind, such a belief is like Satan coming as an angel of light and deceiving folks. I should like to know whether, when a man accepts salvation as it is in Christ, God takes away from him at the same time his free will?

Does man become a mere machine in his worship after he has accepted Jesus as his Saviour? I maintain that man still has his free will, and can, if he so likes, exercise it by giving up and renouncing Jesus Christ and his belief in Him as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

A case of this sort came under my own personal observance some years ago. A man who had often preached to others from the pulpit, and also from the example of his life and faith shown that he believed the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, gradually altered in his belief, and in

the course of five or six years he renounced Jesus as being the Son of God and the Lamb that taketh away the sin of the world, and took up a belief and views very similar to those of the Unitarians (2 St. John 7).

He said that he believed Jesus to have been a good man and a great teacher, but he was not prepared to follow Him any further. Now, such a faith as that limits Jesus Christ to the rank and level of such men as Socrates and Plato. For my own part, I cannot believe such heresy, and I pity those who do.

Not only is Jesus Christ set forth as the Messiah by the various proofs of types, prophecies, miracles, and signs, as contained in the inspired Scriptures, but I further think, if he was a good man, as accounts show Him to have been—His very enemies not being able to convince Him of sin—that He would not have gone about acting the part of a deceiver, and making such statements as are contained in the following: St. John iv. 26, x. 30, xii. 44-46, xiv. 7-10; also St. Matt. xvi. 18. In the latter part of this verse Jesus refers, not to Peter as being the rock, but to the great truth which Peter had just pronounced—viz., that Jesus was ‘the Christ, the Son of the living God.’ That the Apostles, taught by Jesus Himself and inspired by the Holy Spirit, so regarded Him is very evident to those who read their writings (see 1 John v. 7; Col. i. 5-20, ii. 6-10; 2 Cor. v. 19).

Now, this instance of a man forsaking Christ after he had formerly believed and trusted in Him is not, I suppose, a solitary exception; rather is it to me a proof that one can leave Christ and give up the salvation which is in Him. It is a very sad thing, I will allow; nevertheless, I believe it is possible.

Again our Lord teaches us similar lessons in the parables of the unmerciful servant (St. Matt. xviii. 23-35), the ten virgins, the talents (xxv. 1-30), and the true vine (St. John xv. 1-8).

The great Apostles, St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John, all bear witness to this; see St. Peter (ii. 19-22); St. Paul in his Epistles to the Hebrews and the Corinthians (Heb. vi. 4, 9, x. 23-39, xii. 1, 2; 1 Cor. ix. 24, 27); and the First Epistle of St. John (i. 6, 7, ii. 3, 4); also the Second Epistle (vv. 9-11).

I know St. John in his First Epistle (iii. 9) says: 'Who-soever is born of God doth not commit sin, for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.'

These words and expressions I take to mean simply this: Man, by reason of his fallen and weakened nature, transmitted through the centuries from one generation to another, cannot please God. By his belief in, and acceptance of, Christ Jesus, a new birth, fostered by the Holy Spirit, is raised up within him, and groweth daily. This new nature cannot sin, because it is born of God.

The old nature, however, is still there, and only kept in subjection by the man yielding himself to the workings of the holy nature given unto him at the new birth.

Sometimes man slips and stumbles and falls into sin by giving way to the old nature, and not heeding that of the new. The two natures ever war against each other whilst the man is in the body of this mortal life, and only death, which we now see is a blessed design of God, can separate us from the evil of our mortal nature.

It is thus we fully see the truth of St. Paul's statements in 1 Cor. xv. 42-58 ; Phil. iii. 7-21 ; Col. iii. 1-10 ; and of St. John in his First Epistle (iii. 1-3).

A man may be (and many are) as weak as a bruised reed or smoking flax in his religious life on account of the old Adam-nature clinging to him ; but if he yields his will to God and abides in Christ, he will have grace given him to remain faithful unto death, and in the righteousness of Christ he stands complete in the sight of God the Father. We are, as some have said, ' Like students copying the work of some great artist. Some copy so much better than others that they can be said to excel, while some there are who make a poor scrawling daub of the great picture.' Perhaps they have not aptitude for the work ; perchance they are idle ; it may be, they do not listen to the instructions of the master ; or, if they do, they heed them not, or else forget them. At any rate, as all men have not faith, so all men have not the same gifts and abilities in religion as others ; still, as long as they abide in Christ, and do not deny Him by expressing their unbelief in Him, and showing that unbelief by turning their backs on Him and His and going out from Him, though they may fall and have many a slip and stumble into sin, yet they belong to Christ, and these their weaknesses shall be burned and destroyed, so that no one shall remember them any more for ever ; but for their good works, however small and trifling, even as a cup of cold water given in Christ's name, they shall receive a reward. If, however, they have rejected Christ and are not found in Him, how can they expect reward from Him ? The idea is simply preposterous, and consoling only to those who, in ignorance

or selfishness, accept such plausible casuistry, such unenlightened sophistry.

Saviour ! when united
To that dear heart of Thine,
And our spirits plighted
To be only Thine,
Oh, round us draw Thy love !
All cold unkindness kill.
Come, gentle as a dove,
And mould us to Thy will.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

GOD the Holy Spirit, the Third Person of the ever Blessed Trinity ; who proceedeth forth from God the Father and God the Son ; who spake by the mouths of the prophets (Heb. i. 1) and holy men of old ; who at the creation moved upon the face of the waters ; who, as the breath of God, was breathed into the nostrils of the first man, Adam, inspiring him with life and soul ; who at the baptism of Jesus Christ descended upon Him in the form of a dove, and on His disciples on the Day of Pentecost in cloven tongues like as of fire, He it is who is not thought about, prayed for, or searched after, according to the mighty influence and spiritual power which He wields and exercises in the kingdom of God, and among the members of Christ's Church militant here on earth.

The Holy Spirit is He whom Jesus said He would pray the Father to send His disciples to comfort them, after He was taken from them (St. John xiv. 16-18, 26 ;

also xv. 26). Notice here how Jesus identifies Himself with the Holy Spirit and with God the Father.

This same truth of the Trinity is again graphically shown at the baptism of Christ : God the Father speaking from heaven, and bearing witness to God the Son, who had just come out of the water, whilst God the Holy Spirit was seen in the form of a dove alighting upon Him. There is also a remarkable verse in the First Epistle of St. John (v. 7), which speaks most explicitly on the same point.

Again, the Holy Spirit is the very essence of the new birth begun in all believers in Jesus Christ, as clearly put before us in that interview our Lord had with Nicodemus (St. John iii. 1).

He it is who also sustains this spiritual existence and unity in Christ ; without Him we can do nothing. He brings forth in us the various fruits of righteousness, love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance, as mentioned in Gal. v. 22-26 ; see also 1 Cor. xii. 8-14.

In comparing the Holy Spirit with the wind which men cannot see, though they feel the effects thereof, and which bloweth wherever it listeth, no one knowing whence it cometh, or whither it goeth, three verses are suggested to me :

The first in Gen. ii. 7, where God breathed into Adam's nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul.

The second in Ps. xxxiii. 6, where God is said to have made the heavens and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth.

The third in St. John xx. 22, where Jesus appeared

after His resurrection unto His disciples in the room where they were assembled, and after a few remarks, we are told 'He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.'

Such passages as these not only show that the Holy Spirit is the gift of God (Acts viii. 20, xi. 17), but that He also proceedeth forth from God. Figuratively, the Holy Spirit is also shown to be as essential to the spiritual life of mankind as the air they breathe is absolutely necessary to their physical existence. Christians can no more live and grow in grace without Him than can the natural man without air. The Holy Spirit is also the guide, instructor, and illuminator of those to whom the Father gives Him, convincing them of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, and guiding them into all truth (St. John xvi. 7, 16).

Being, then, so essential to Christian life, and the glory of that Kingdom of Righteousness which the Saviour founded here below, it behoves all members of that kingdom to follow the example of their Lord and Master, and to pray the Father to send the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, unto them, and to abide with them for ever.

In everything should Christians consult and pray to God, and then not only may they expect to receive good things from Him (St. Matt. vii. 7-12 ; xxi. 22), but with the Holy Spirit, the best gift of all, they will be able to live and move and have a healthy and happy existence in Christ Jesus, building up to the glory of God the Father a holy temple (1 Cor. iii. 16, 17 ; vi. 19, 20), and becoming in very deed and truth the people of God (2 Cor. vi. 16) and fruitful of good works (see also Ephes. ii. 18-22).

It is worth while noticing the various occasions and manners on and in which the Holy Spirit came in the days of our Lord and of His Apostles.

In the case of our Lord, we know He descended in the form of a dove at His baptism, and it has also been shown that He transmitted this power to His disciples by breathing on them, confirming the same on the Day of Pentecost by the gift of tongues, etc. (Acts ii. 1-4).

It was also given by the laying on of hands, as instanced in the Ordination of the seven deacons by the Apostles (Acts vi. 6), and the appointment of Barnabas and Saul to go to the Gentiles to preach (Acts xiii. 2-4).

You will observe here that this was a special setting apart in both cases by a solemn Ordination of particular persons for particular work. All these had the Holy Spirit before, as is clearly shown ; but a special measure of the gift of God was vouchsafed them for their special need and work.

In the case of the people of Samaria, who believed the preaching of Philip, we see that though they were baptized by an ordained deacon, yet the Holy Ghost came not upon them, until Peter and John, sent by the Apostles, which were at Jerusalem, came, and, as was customary, prayed for them, and laid their hands on them, when the Holy Ghost was given, much to the astonishment and envy of Simon the Sorcerer (Acts viii. 5-24).

Again, in the conversion of Saul we see God in a vision telling Ananias to lay his hands on him. This act, which was duly performed, seemed not only to give sight physically to Saul, but spiritually also, and to ordain him to become a chosen vessel unto God

(Acts ix. 10-22). It is singular to remark that in this instance the gift of the Holy Spirit was given first, and baptism took place immediately after.

The same thing is exemplified much in the same manner in the conversion of Cornelius and his household. Here the Holy Ghost fell on them, which having received, they were baptized in the name of the Lord (Acts x. 44-48).

It seems, therefore, from such instances as these that deacons had the power of preaching and of baptizing granted unto them ; but the gift of the Holy Spirit could only be transmitted through special agents and agencies, such as the Apostles and the laying on of hands.

That it was entrusted, however, to others, and not limited to the Apostles we have proof in the case of Ananias, whom God sent to lay hands on Saul, that he might receive his sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost.

St. Paul also, it is clear, gave the gift of transmitting the Holy Ghost to others unto Timothy, by the laying on of his own hands (see 2 Tim. i. 6), exhorting him not to neglect the use of it (1 Tim. iv. 14), yet warning him to be discreet, and to lay hands suddenly on no man (v. 22).

We thus gather from the foregoing the evidence of there being an Ordained Ministry of the Church of Christ, and of certain degrees of office in it, such as deacons, priests, and bishops, each and all appointed by and fulfilling their sphere of work according as the Holy Spirit rested on them (see 1 Cor. xii. 28-31).

We further learn that the gift of God came in various ways and at various times, not being controlled or limited to any in particular, being, as our Lord truly said, like the wind.

The Holy Spirit, then, is He who sanctifieth the people of God (Rom. xv. 16), and beareth witness within them that they belong to His kingdom (Rom. viii. 16, 17); and through Him they hope to receive wisdom, faith, charity, and knowledge in things spiritual, until finally, passing through this temporal life, they gain the eternal life beyond.

As the dew cometh down from heaven silently, mysteriously; as the gentle rain falleth, refreshing the parched earth; as the sweet breezes sing us songs of other scenes, and reinvigorate our weary frames, so come, Holy Spirit, with Thy dove-like presence, refreshing and reinvigorating our life in Christ, filling us with the music of the Gospel and of the songs of the redeemed, inspiring our manhood with Thy strength to do and dare for Jesus, purging us by Thy holy fire from the dross of sin, and making us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

BAPTISM.

BAPTISM is a sacrament of Christ's Church and of His kingdom of righteousness founded here on earth. Of the two sacraments sanctioned, instituted, and commanded by our Lord, baptism is to be administered the first to all believers.

Sacrament in the days of the Greek and Roman Empires meant the taking of the oath of allegiance to the state or emperor by each soldier on his enrolment.

'Tis true they were the subjects of the emperor before this ; but we can all plainly perceive that then they became particularly attached to him and his service, and bound themselves over as belonging wholly and solely to him. Similarly the Christian, before being baptized, believes in Christ, and acknowledges Him as his God and Saviour ; but by the act of baptism he unites himself in an open and special manner with Christ. And as the Roman soldier received certain rights and privileges by taking the sacramental oath, so Christians, by accepting this appointed means of grace, receive the Holy Spirit, and are united to Christ, their spiritual Head, in a special manner.

The Church of England, in her Catechism, says that sacrament is an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, given unto us, ordained by Christ Himself, as a means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof.

The word ' baptize ' means to dip or dye.

Baptism was in use long before the time of St. John the Baptist and of our Lord. It was a ceremony both of the Gentiles, or heathen nations, and of the Jews, who practised it on proselytes on their admission to their churches. It seems to have been thought necessary, not only as an outward and visible sign to the world of the belief of the person baptized, but also for the removal of ceremonial uncleanness.

In fulfilment of the law, our Lord was Himself baptized (St. Matt. iii. 13-15), and sanctioned, instituted, and commanded His disciples to administer and observe the same (St. John iii. 22, iv. 1, 2 ; St. Matt. xxviii. 19, 20).

That they followed out this injunction of their Master is evident not only by their preaching, but by the performance of the rite (Acts ii. 37-41 ; viii. 12, 13, 36-39 ; ix. 1-19 ; x. ; xix. 1, 6. In all these instances you will perceive that belief came first ; it was the one thing needful for a candidate for baptism to have.

Repentance and confession of sin to and before Almighty God were also necessary (see St. Matt. iii. 2, 6 ; Acts ii. 38, iii. 19). Of course, these were but the fruit or outcome of their belief.

Such, then, were the essentials necessary to everyone who desired to be baptized—(a) Belief, (b) Confession of sin, (c) Repentance, or the forsaking of sins. In addition to these, the early Church, before admitting persons to the rite of baptism, deemed it right and necessary that they should be instructed in the way of righteousness, so that, anyone asking them for a reason for the hope that was within them, they should be able in all meekness and wisdom to give it.

Those thus instructed were called Catechumens, because they were learners of the rudiments of Christianity. When fully taught, at certain seasons of the Christian year (generally Easter or Whit-Sunday) they were taken to places most suitable and convenient, and there baptized in the name of the Trinity.

The giving of a name at this time was not essential to the ceremony ; but sometimes, in addition to the surname (which each inherited from their parents), a Christian or baptismal name was added. This name generally denoted some Christian virtue, trait, or character for which the baptized person was well known. Thus, in time it grew customary to give each person a name, and

so the Christian name became a common and established part of the proceedings.

Another and beautiful custom also gradually insinuated itself, and became more or less universal—viz., the habit of baptizing the catechumens in the early morning of Whit-Sunday in some stream of water just as the sun was rising. Each candidate, as he or she came up out of the water, faced the east and went towards it, in token of leaving behind them the gloom and shadows of the night of sin, and of coming out and pressing on towards Him who was the Day-star from on high, the Sun of righteousness, who in the power and glory of the Holy Spirit was then arising within them in the fire and life of regeneration, bringing into their hearts light and joy and the sunshine of peace and happiness.

Easter and Whitsuntide, the seasons of resurrection and descent of the Holy Spirit, were eminently typical and fitted for the rite of baptism, and evidently on this account they were so unanimously selected.

This doctrine of regeneration was not only symbolized by the various proceedings here mentioned, but further enforced by each newly-baptized person at once putting on a new white garment, called a chrysom. This chrysom was worn for a certain period afterwards, and not only showed to all around that the wearers thereof had been baptized, but that they had put on the righteousness of Christ, of which their chrysom was as the wedding garment, a sign, and from henceforth they intended to walk in newness of life, and worthy of their high calling as sons and daughters in Christ Jesus.

From the foregoing we can also see why the Day of Pentecost is called Whit-Sunday, and why veils and

white clothes are worn at this time of the year and at confirmations.

The remission of sins and the purification of the soul, symbolized by the washing in water, is also spoken of by St. Paul (Acts xxii. 16) and by St. Peter (Acts ii. 38).

The inward and spiritual grace of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, or newness of life, is referred to in St. John iii. 3-6, where Jesus sets forth the new birth by water and the Holy Ghost. We also find the same truth in Rom. vi. 3-11; Titus iii. 5, 6; and 1 Peter iii. 20, 21.

It will therefore be seen that baptism by water is necessary to salvation in Christ Jesus. It is also the means whereby we show our faith in Him to the world. He has commanded that we receive it from those who have the right to administer it, and by our worthy and reverent observance of this rite and sacrament we may expect the blessing of the Holy Spirit, the gift of God, to alight on us. It is also an outward and visible sign of our belief and covenant with God.

Respecting infant baptism, I would make a few remarks. I can quite sympathize with the desire of godly, Christian parents that their children should by baptism receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, and so become very members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven; that the old Adam nature born in them and received from countless generations of sin-stained ancestors might be checked by the blessed influences of the Holy Spirit thus given; and so, daily strengthened by that same Spirit, they might grow up blameless and harmless, the sons and daughters of God.

I believe that this is taught in Acts xvi. 15, 33, and

1 Cor. i. 16, where we find the households of Lydia, the keeper of the prison at Philippi, and Stephanus, mentioned as being baptized. Again, the example of the parents of our Lord should also have its effect on this matter. Not only did they conform to the ancient Jewish custom of Circumcision with regard to the naming of the Child, but they also presented Him in the temple unto the Lord (St. Luke ii. 21-40 ; Exod. xiii. 2, xxii. 29, xxxiv. 19).

Our Lord also invites the little children to come unto Him, not only saying, 'For of such is the kingdom of heaven,' but rebuking those who would have kept them away, and taking them up in His arms, putting His hands upon them, and blessing them (St. Mark x. 13-17).

Likewise, those who in faith, love, and prayer bring their offspring to the font to be baptized shall receive a blessing from on high by the Holy Spirit coming down, resting on, and consecrating them and theirs.

In the early Christian Church, however, baptism of infants was rather the exception than the rule. It was only on rare and special occasions, and by special agents, such as the Apostles, that it took place. The reasons for this were the smallness of their numbers, and the liability to many and great persecutions, with other minor causes.

It was absolutely essential to the spiritual life and welfare of the primitive Church that belief, confession, and repentance of sin should be forthcoming from every candidate who presented himself or herself for baptism. This is also shown by the remains of ancient Baptisteries, which invariably stood apart from the main building. Not only did these serve the purpose for which they

were erected, but they symbolized at the same time that until persons were baptized they were to be considered as outside of the Church.

As the Church grew, however, infant baptism grew also, and at last became a customary and established usage. No longer did she limit herself to adults and the seasons of Easter and Whitsuntide, but as soon as children could conveniently be brought to be baptized, the rite was performed.

Then the baptistery, having lost its meaning, was gradually abolished from the outside and placed within the church, in the form of an apse, with the font at the west end, not far from the entrance.

Thus, still the truth that baptism was to be met with at the beginning of the Christian life was again symbolized, and also that regeneration by the Holy Spirit, which would eventually grow up into a holy temple of the soul, meet for the service of God and for the reception of the sacrament of His sacred body and blood. To remove the difficulty experienced by the infant being entirely ignorant of such things as belief, confession, or repentance, the Church brought forward godfathers and godmothers, who stood as sureties for the child, promising that as well as they were able, with the help of the Holy Spirit, they would see that it was brought up in the faith, and instructed in those things relating unto baptism, and to its moral and spiritual welfare, until, being assured of the fitness of the child to make a confirmation of the same, they brought it unto a bishop, to ratify and sanction by his blessing its admittance into the rights, privileges, and full communion of all true believers.

How many, however, who act in this capacity not only are ignorant of the plan of salvation, but of the meaning of the sacraments of the Church, and have perchance never been baptized themselves! It is therefore highly important that ministers of Christ should see that only fit and proper persons act as godparents—people who are known for their godly, righteous, and sober lives, who have themselves been baptized, and are consistent and regular communicants.

For this purpose, who can be more suitable than the father and mother of the child, with some godly relative, as they are in constant intercourse with it, and not liable to separation so much as others, and so have many more advantages of instructing it in the way that it should go, and of the things they promised for it?

Now, although the doctrine of godparents is not taught in the Scriptures, yet you will see how necessary such witnesses are in infant baptism. You will also see their office, and how erroneous it is to suppose that they believe for the children, or confess and repent for them. They could not do these things if they wished it, and I do not for one moment think that the Church in any way teaches or means such. The godparents are simply witnesses, guardians, and instructors of the children.

Furthermore, the catechism of the Church of England says that children thus baptized are bound to perform the promises of their godparents when they come to age, *i.e.*, when they come to be confirmed of the bishop. Of course, all good children who have been properly instructed by their godparents will only be too pleased to thus honour them by so doing. In no other way, however, are they bound, because when such promises were made

for them they were thoroughly irresponsible, being too young to agree with or know of the nature of that which was being enacted for them. It was merely for the convenience and benefit of the Church that such a (if I may call it so) liberty was taken with them. 'Tis true, it was also for their good, as thereby the Holy Spirit was in a special manner granted them, whereby their unity with Christ was assured ; and as the Roman soldier from that day on which he was enrolled began a new life, altogether different from the civilian life he formerly led, so a new life unto holiness, or a warfare with the earthly or sinful nature, commences within the child, and grows with its growth, if fostered and carefully guarded.

Of such, however, the children at that time know nothing, but having come to the knowledge and belief of these things, and being desirous of continuing in the same, they are then bound to come forward, and at the Confirmation Service express themselves accordingly. At the end of the ministration ceremony of Public Baptism of Infants you will find a note which says : ' It is certain by God's word that children which are baptized, dying before they commit actual sin, are undoubtedly saved.' That I firmly believe, and I suppose that such a note is put there to convince and strengthen the belief of those who bring, or have had their children baptized, in the potency and efficacy of that sacrament.

On the other hand, if it is intended to suggest a doubt in the minds of those whose children have not been baptized as to whether a child dying, and having never received baptism, is unsaved, then I think the sooner such a note is eradicated the better. Though I believe in infant baptism, yet I also believe that the Holy

Spirit is not limited, bound, or controlled to come only at certain times and seasons, and in certain prescribed methods and ways, for, as our Lord truly said, 'it bloweth where it listeth.'

I can quite believe that in some case of dire necessity godly parents may, with prayer to God, even administer it themselves to their dying children ; but I do not believe that babes dying without having it administered unto them are cut off from Christ and heaven : such a thought is too horrible and superstitiously bigoted to be entertained.

Again, in the case of Christian parents, if the tree is holy, the fruit thereof will be holy also ; and with respect to those who are the children of unbelievers or of heathens, I believe that they will be judged according to their merits, and sanctified by the Holy Spirit, in the manner and way God sees expedient. The coming of our Lord, and the institution of His sacraments, did not limit and restrain the actions and power of the Holy Spirit, but it did extend and increase them.

We should, however, endeavour to obey the command of our Lord, who said, 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost' (St. Matt. xxviii. 19).

It is an unprofitable as well as a disputable point, whether the persons baptized are to be dipped into the water, or to have it sprinkled or poured upon them. It is the spirit, not the letter, of the ceremony that is required.

It is very possible that at the baptism of Christ by St. John the Baptist He might have stood in the river while some water was poured on His head by the

prophet. The hand in such a case would be used to dip up the water and deposit it on the head, and thus dyeing it, as it were, in the fluid. The person being baptized might stand in a stooping posture whilst the act was being performed, for not only would this position be more convenient for the one who was performing the rite, but it also would betoken—at any rate outwardly—a humble and reverent appreciation of the benefit to be received.

With some who baptized a small shell may have been used, as being more convenient than the hand ; and for this reason, perchance, shells were formerly worn in the hats of pilgrims who had been to the Holy Land, and are still to be met with as fonts in many of our churches.

Finally, as may be seen by turning to the Baptismal Services of the Church of England, baptism by dipping or immersion is sanctioned and commanded, yet it scarcely ever takes place—and why ?

Well, there are various reasons, of which the two following are the most salient : (a) the want of a suitable baptistery ; (b) the general custom of infant baptism prohibiting such tender babes on account of the danger which might happen to their health, owing to the rigour of our climate, etc. The font, therefore, is eminently suitable for the majority of cases ; still, it would not be out of place if cathedrals and churches in populous centres had baptisteries also.

CONFIRMATION.

CONFIRMATION means to strengthen, to make certain. In the English Church it is a ceremony in which those who have been baptized in infancy, and have arrived at years of discretion, may openly come forward before their brethren and make confession of their faith in Jesus Christ, and ratify and confirm the promises of their god-parents made for them at their baptism.

On such occasions a bishop is always present, who, having heard their assent to the same, makes a short prayer to God that He will strengthen them with the Holy Spirit. He then puts his hands on their heads, etc. Throughout the Bible the laying on of the hands on the heads of others signifies blessing.

It is right that a bishop should perform this function, because it can be seen from Holy Writ that only apostles, and holy men high in influence and authority in the Church of Christ, were deemed worthy to exercise it (1 Tim. iv. 14 ; v. 22 ; and 2 Tim. i. 6).

That it was used as a means whereby the Holy Spirit was given, not only after baptism, but also at times of ordination, is also evident. In fact, the person in whom this gift of giving the Holy Spirit by the laying on of hands rested could, with prayer, use it for whatsoever service of the Church he thought necessary.

It was used by St. Peter and St. John on the people of Samaria, as a means whereby they received the Holy Ghost, after having been baptized by Philip the deacon (see Acts viii. 17). Again, it was used by St. Paul

immediately after having baptized the twelve men at Ephesus' (see Acts xix. 5-7).

In the Greek Church it is still used immediately after baptism, but the Church of England very properly considers it more suitable and appropriate to administer it at a later period, especially in the case of those of its members who have been baptized in infancy.

For instances in which the Holy Spirit was given by the laying on of hands, as a means of ordination and blessing for some sacred work, see the ordination of the seven deacons (Acts vi. 5, 6), the ordination of Saul by Ananias (Acts ix. 17), and the appointment of Barnabas and Saul for mission work (Acts xiii. 2-4).

That this power not only conferred the gift of the Holy Spirit on those upon whom it was exercised, but that it could be given over or transmitted into the keeping of another, is evident from St. Paul giving it to Timothy (2 Tim. i. 6). We should remember this, as it is a strong proof in favour of an ordained clergy.

Very properly, also, the Church of England prohibits any from coming to the communion, to be partakers of the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, save those who have been confirmed, made confession of their faith, and received the gift of the Holy Spirit.

It is highly important, then, that ministers should see that only those who are leading a godly, righteous, and sober life, thoroughly in harmony with the principles and doctrine of Jesus Christ, should be admitted to the confirmation ceremony. Let them remember that the Church of God is not made up of numbers, so much as of quality, and if they present to the bishop persons whose lives are inconsistent to those principles, they are

giving unto the Church a spurious kind of strength, which in after years may not only be injurious to the Church of God, but bring upon themselves a very grave responsibility.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

THIS is the second sacrament which our blessed Lord instituted whilst here on earth. It took place for the first time on a very solemn and momentous occasion, viz., at His last supper with His disciples, immediately preceding His crucifixion. In the Gospels of St. Matthew (xxvi. 26-29), St. Mark (xiv. 22-26), St. Luke (xxii. 17-21), and in St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians (xi. 23-26), we may read accounts of what He then said and did.

Two great types also prefigure it in the Old Testament, viz., that of Melchizedek, who, meeting Abraham on his return from rescuing Lot out of the hands of Chedorlaomer, gave to him bread and wine with his blessing, and that of the Feast of the Passover.

In the former Melchizedek resembles Christ, for both are priests and kings (Heb. vii. ; Rev. xvii. 14). Melchizedek gave bread and wine with his blessing to Abraham, who was doubtless faint and weary with the strife of battle, so Jesus (in the communion) gives bread and wine with His blessing to His faithful followers, wearied in the incessant fight with sin, to the strengthening and refreshing of their spiritual nature.

In the latter we may observe that the Feast of the Passover was not only commanded and instituted, to

prefigure Christ by the Paschal lamb, but also to keep the Israelites in remembrance of their escape from Egyptian bondage. Likewise, all sincere Christians are required to keep the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in obedience to His command, and in memory of their deliverance from the bondage of sin and Satan.

The Catechism of the Church of England very appropriately explains why believers should accept of this sacrament, viz. : 'for the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ, and of the benefits which we receive thereby.'

Very properly, also, she permits, as far as her ministers are able to ascertain, only those she considers worthy to receive it, such as baptized and confirmed believers, who live godly, righteous, and sober lives, and hold the faith as it is in Christ Jesus.

Furthermore, she requireth of all who desire to come, and be partakers of this Holy Sacrament, are—'to examine themselves whether they repent them truly of their former sins, steadfastly purposing to lead a new life, have a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of His death, and be in charity with all men.'

For, should any take this sacrament in an unworthy manner, instead of receiving a blessing and spiritual strength, they bring upon themselves a curse (1 Cor. xi. 27-31).

By the Twenty-fifth Article of Religion we are taught that 'Sacraments ordained of Christ be not only badges, or tokens, of Christian men's profession, but rather they be certain sure witnesses and effectual signs of grace and God's goodwill towards us ; by the which He doth work

invisibly in us, and doth not only quicken, but also strengthen and confirm our faith in Him.'

Again, in the Twenty-eighth Article we are told that 'Transubstantiation (or the change of the substance of bread and wine) in the Supper of the Lord cannot be proved from Holy Writ, but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions. The body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten in the Supper only after an heavenly and spiritual manner, and the mean whereby the body of Christ is received and eaten in the Supper is faith. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped.

In these two Articles I think that not only members of the Church of England, but all righteous men will agree ; for, not only does it come into harmony with the prophecy of David (see Psa. xvi. 10, where it is expressly stated, 'Thou shalt not suffer thy Holy One to see corruption'), but it also coincides with the fact that our Lord was alive and had not suffered crucifixion and death at the time He used the sacramental words of 'body and blood.' Again, in the note at the conclusion of the Communion Service, you will find the following : 'For the sacramental bread and wine remain still in their very natural substances, and therefore may not be adored ; for that were idolatry to be abhorred of all faithful Christians ; and the natural body and blood of our Saviour Christ are in heaven, and not here, it being against the truth of Christ's natural body to be at one time in more places than one.'

Again, in the Thirty-first Article you may see what is

taught respecting the sacrifice of the death of Christ in conjunction with this sacrament : ' The offering of Christ once made is that perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction for all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual ; and there is none other satisfaction for sin, but that alone. Wherefore the sacrifices of masses, in the which it was commonly said that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.'

That the sacrifice of the Atonement was made once for all is clearly set forth in St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews (vii. 27 ; ix. 24-28 ; x. 10-14), and 1 Peter iii. 18. It is therefore not a sacrifice, but we take the Communion in memory of Christ's sacrifice and plead His Atonement before God. By so doing, not only do we fulfil His request, ' Do this in remembrance of Me,' but the intercessions and worship of the Church on earth are united to those of the Church above, where our sanctified Redeemer and glorious Great High Priest ever liveth to make intercession for us.

It will therefore be seen that the Church of England is very explicit in her statements respecting the spiritual union of Christ with the faithful in the Lord's Supper ; whilst she severely discountenances the material presence of the Incarnate One, or the Roman Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation.

If either priest or members err respecting this sacrament, it is not her fault ; that they do so is their own, and doubtless produced by a want of knowledge, both of the Scriptures and of their own Prayer-Book.

St. Paul is sometimes quoted as an authority for

morning communions (see 1 Cor. xi. 17 to end). These words of admonition, however, were not spoken against evening communions, or against communions at any time, as St. Paul undoubtedly would consider that when and wherever Christians met together in a holy, reverent, and loving manner, they could dutifully and obediently show forth their faith in Jesus by this great symbol of His death, and of His sacred body and blood offered up in the Atonement. What, however, St. Paul was talking about was the Agape or Love Feast, which, in the primitive Church, immediately preceded and accompanied the sacrament of Holy Communion. This is important to remember, because the two are frequently considered by the majority of people to be one and the same, whereas they are totally different.

The Love Feast preceding the Communion was taken in commemoration and in imitation of the Last Supper of our blessed Lord, which, as all Christians know, immediately preceded the Ordination of the blessed sacrament of Holy Communion, and was entirely distinct and separate from it.

Now, in the course of time, the eating of the Love Feast, preceding and in conjunction with the Holy Communion, led to many serious abuses, rendering the Corinthians open to St. Paul's righteous indignation and censure, who very plainly told them to 'eat at home,' and to 'tarry one for the other,' so that they despise not the Church of God, and come not together unto condemnation. You will now see clearly what the Apostle meant by eating and drinking the Holy Communion in an unworthy manner. He considered that the Love Feast would be best eaten at home, so that the house

of God might be held in reverence, and the sacrament of Holy Communion taken in a worthy and becoming manner.

It is very clear, then, that St. Paul said nothing regarding the unlawfulness of evening communions, or even anything adverse to them. It is also equally plain that the early Christians and the Apostles themselves, at the first celebration of this sacrament, took it after they had eaten a supper. The first bread theory, therefore, in a Scriptural sense, falleth to the ground.

On the other hand, I do not desire it to be considered that I am speaking adversely to early morning communions ; for, as a fact, I much prefer them to evening communions, and almost invariably partake of the communion at an early celebration. Neither am I adverse to fasting communions, especially where the recipient is strong and robust ; but when such is not the case, I think something taken previously, or a communion at mid-day, or even in the evening, is not a sin.

The early Church, after the days of St. Paul, profiting by the various abuses which had grown up alongside of evening communions, gradually accustomed itself to morning celebrations of this sacrament ; yet Holy Communion is nowhere limited in Scripture to any particular time, but may be celebrated at all times in an holy, reverent, and worthy manner, and when received in a similar spirit, the eyes of the recipients thereof shall be opened, and Christ shall be made known unto them in the breaking of bread, even as He was to the two disciples who went with Him to Emmaus.

I do not know of a greater act of obedience and worship than the taking of the Holy Communion in a

reverent and loving manner, and the service as given in the Church of England Prayer Book provides for this in a most remarkable and eminently becoming way. The truths, sentiments, prayers, and composition contained therein, render it not only worthy of the holy and devout men who produced them, but make it one of the noblest and finest literary productions in the English or any language.

With such a soothing, comforting, and refreshing means of grace at their disposal, it is, and has been for years, a matter of wonderment to me that people who would feel very indignant if you were to doubt or question their belief in Jesus Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of the world can yet live on, year after year, and never obey the last request that Saviour so solemnly and earnestly commanded His disciples to observe—yea, even on the night of His betrayal and agony, and the ever memorable eve of His crucifixion for them. How can abstainers from this holy rite be in union or communion with Him or His? For did not this same Jesus also say, ‘If ye love Me, keep My commandments’; and what more sacred and important command could possibly be given than this? It is not too much to say that the individual or sect which neglects and omits this sacred rite and institution of Jesus Christ does so at an incalculable spiritual loss; ay, and stands in jeopardy, not only of spiritual decadency, but of spiritual life itself.

Just in passing I would like to say that I believe the less we robe this great Feast of Love with ceremonies, the better it will be for those who communicate. Many good and holy ministers of Christ’s Church so wrap the Communion with the swathing bands of ceremony that

the ignorant lose sight of that for which all the ceremony is intended. They see the garments, and by reason of them fail to distinguish the man, Christ Jesus.

Another point has often forcibly presented itself to me when partaking of the contents of the sacramental cup, that is, the use, or rather, the non-use, of napkins. I have frequently thought it would be an excellent thing if napkins were used by the officiating ministers to wipe the edge of the chalice after each communicant has received the sacramental wine.

For my own part, I also prefer small cubes of bread and unfermented wine to wafers and fermented wine, as I think it is more in keeping with what Christ had at the time of the institution of the sacrament. Respecting the time of taking, it seems to me, that the time which is most convenient for the congregation is the best time. I know some prefer the morning, for, say they, 'It should be the first bread that enters our mouths for the day.' I prefer the morning myself, because I think it is an excellent way of beginning the Sunday, and not because of its being the first bread eaten for the day. I am not a strong advocate of this first-bread theory, as I have seen many of its adherents faint on account of so fasting and encountering the keen morning air on an empty stomach. Again, I also remember that it was evening, and after supper, when Jesus took the cup and the bread and gave of them to His disciples.

Let us, therefore, keep and observe this test of our love to the Saviour, without which, as St. Paul says in 1 Cor. xiii., everything else is vain and unprofitable. We may, indeed, have all knowledge of things religious, yet, if we lack love, we shall never do and dare for the kingdom of

Christ here on earth as we ought. We shall, however, by prayer for the Holy Spirit, by attendance on this means of grace, and by carefully reading and studying our Bibles, go far to gain and cultivate that most excellent gift of charity, without which it is impossible to live, move, or have any being spiritually.

In conclusion, let me say that God gave, instituted, and commanded this sacrament with the same intentions as actuated Him to set forth His other commandments, viz, man's true happiness and communion, and union with his Creator. The commands of God were never formulated or intended to be a grievous burden unto mankind, or to restrict their true liberty of thought or action.

They were, however, intended to keep mankind from evil and harm to themselves, from drifting away from that which is holy, good, just, and true, and, finally, from separation from God, heaven, and that glorious company who, having followed out the commands of their God and King, find a rest unto their souls in the many mansions prepared for them.

As guide-posts along the roads of this our earthly life, so are the commands of God, teaching us and telling us the right directions which we must take in order to gain the city of eternal life and happiness. If we heed them not we shall go astray, and be lost in the morasses of sin, when the mists of age and the night of death cometh and obliterated the landscape of this brief day of our mortality.

On the other hand, happy in this life, and happy in the life hereafter are those who take heed and keep the commands of God. They stand on secure ground; presently their feet shall walk the streets of the golden

city, and their voices join the anthems and songs of the redeemed. There shall they abundantly realize that land which was once afar off, but now nigh, even in their midst. There shall they see their God and King in all His marvellous beauty, and taste of those seraphic joys which eye hath not seen, or ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive thereof, but which God hath prepared for those that love Him.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

BEFORE I finish this book I should just like to make, as briefly and tersely as possible, the following remarks :

Great is the mystery of the Godhead ! Who can unravel it ? Three Persons, yet one God ! from everlasting to everlasting, without beginning or end of days ! Eternally the same ! Infinite in wisdom, justice, mercy, love, and power ! Truly, without faith it is impossible to please Him.

Great is the mystery of godliness ! Who can understand or estimate the searchings of the heart by the Holy Spirit ? Who can tell when, or why, and wherefore it cometh and resteth upon the just and the unjust ? Yet, blessed be God, that He does not leave us comfortless, but cometh unto us as the Comforter Divine, who is the sweetest gift that earth or heaven can give.

If godliness is a great mystery, sin seems to me to be a greater. We see its virulent effects on every hand. We know it cost the Son of Man His life, brought about the Incarnation, and the agony in the garden, etc. ; but

whence it is, or what it is, no one knoweth. Why one should be tempted with it more than another, or why we should be tempted with it at all, we know not. Some say it is the negative form of good, while others tell us it is rebellion against the will of God ; yet, what it is, doth still remain a mystery. Great, indeed, is the mystery of sin !

Then, what a mystery is life ! We find it so in its birth, growth, and decay. Why should we for a time go on from strength to strength till a maximum is reached ; then, from weakness to weakness on to decay and death ? It is a mystery ! What mysteries, too, hover around death ! Resurrection, and the life of the world to come !

Is life worth living ? That depends on how we live. All nature works with God and hymns His great purpose ; and if we, too, are workers one with another, and with Christ Jesus, in this earthly vineyard, towards making the world better, and establishing a higher, nobler, and happier life among our fellow-men, what happiness shall be ours ! Then shall we not fear death or regret life, for shall we not be accomplishing the end of our being ? Little by little, day by day, generation after generation, all and each of us, saints and sinners, are working out some great plan of God's which shall have its consummation in heaven. Sad, indeed, is he who retards or militates against this great purpose of God by idleness or active sin, for his reward here is unrest and unhappiness, and remorse and separation from God and all that is good in the hereafter. The true end of man is perfection !—All good work is progress, and all progress is gradual !—Little by little, like the growth of the mustard-

seed, the path of the just leadeth on to the Perfect Man, and shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Dear reader, are you squandering the life which God has entrusted to you for the purpose of aiding Him in building up this spiritual kingdom of righteousness, of which Jesus Christ Himself is the Founder and chief Corner-stone? Are you engrossed in worldly pleasures, pursuits and ambitions? Do you think and act in behalf of such, more than you think and act in preparing yourself and your fellow-men for the inheritance above? Remember the will of God is our sanctification—not that anyone is perfect in this life—that is an impossibility.

The best cultivated land bringeth forth weeds!—therefore,—‘If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us’; but the desire and design of the Most High is—that we be holy—that we attain perfection. Now, the beginning of this perfection—the commencement of this sanctification—takes place in this life, and finds its consummation in the life everlasting. God requireth that we prepare ourselves as far as lieth in our power for the home above. For, what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose this higher life, both here and hereafter? We may fall, stumble, and be weary in well-doing at times, but, as long as we keep in the narrow way and do not forsake Christ, He will never leave or forsake us. By God’s law, man is under condemnation because of sin; but—blessed be God!—by another law, proceeding from the same God, and made known unto us in the plan of redemption, which is another supreme mystery, we pass from condemnation, and, having our fruit or actions unto holiness in this life, attain in the hereafter the end of our being

—viz., Perfection and Everlasting Life. What shall we say, then, if we neglect such great salvation? Let us rather work on, though perchance in weakness, and help forward the progress of humanity, and the happiness of mankind, and God will not only help us with the grace of the Holy Spirit, but give the increase in happiness to ourselves.

Remember that this Earthly Life which we are now living is no more the end and consummation of our being than the caterpillar or chrysalis state is the end of the butterfly. It is only a step in the design of the great Architect respecting and leading upward to our ultimate perfect existence and attainment.

THE END.

